

# PHOTOPLAY

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## with **M I R R O R**

10¢

SEPTEMBER



OLIVIA de HAVILLAND  
BY PAUL HESSE

0 GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE  
GE BRENT TELLS: "WHY ANN SHERIDAN AND I WON'T MARRY"



**1** Clare Potter is a great American designer. And she looks the part. Note her distinctive pill-box hair-do, sloping shirt-waist. She excels in designs that suit the needs of American living—sportswear, street suits, simple dinner clothes. For inspiration, she turns to fabrics...has prints and colors made to order.



**2** Unlike most designers, Clare Potter works on a living model...cuts her original pattern out of the fabric itself. At right, she rests...smokes a Camel...critically eyes pyjamas-to-be, as an assistant pins and measures. Says Clare Potter: "I like Camels best. They're *milder*—they contain less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"



# Clare Potter

## AMERICAN DESIGNER

"Camels give me what I want in a cigarette...real smoking mildness plus fine taste"

**3** "Persian Bouquet"—striking dinner-at-home pyjamas of printed sharkskin, a Clare Potter original. Here the finished design is being modeled for her approval while she enjoys another Camel. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "They're the finest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

Clare Potter is outstanding among designers who are making America the center of fashion. A hard worker, she spends week-days at the shop...week-ends at her farm. "My friends prefer Camel cigarettes, too," she adds. "So I buy Camels by the carton. More convenient!"

The smoke of slower-burning  
Camels contains

**28%  
LESS  
NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other  
largest-selling brands tested—  
less than any of them—according  
to independent scientific tests  
of the smoke itself.



# CAMEL

*The cigarette of  
Costlier Tobaccos*



R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

*A few of the many other  
distinguished women who  
prefer Camel cigarettes:*

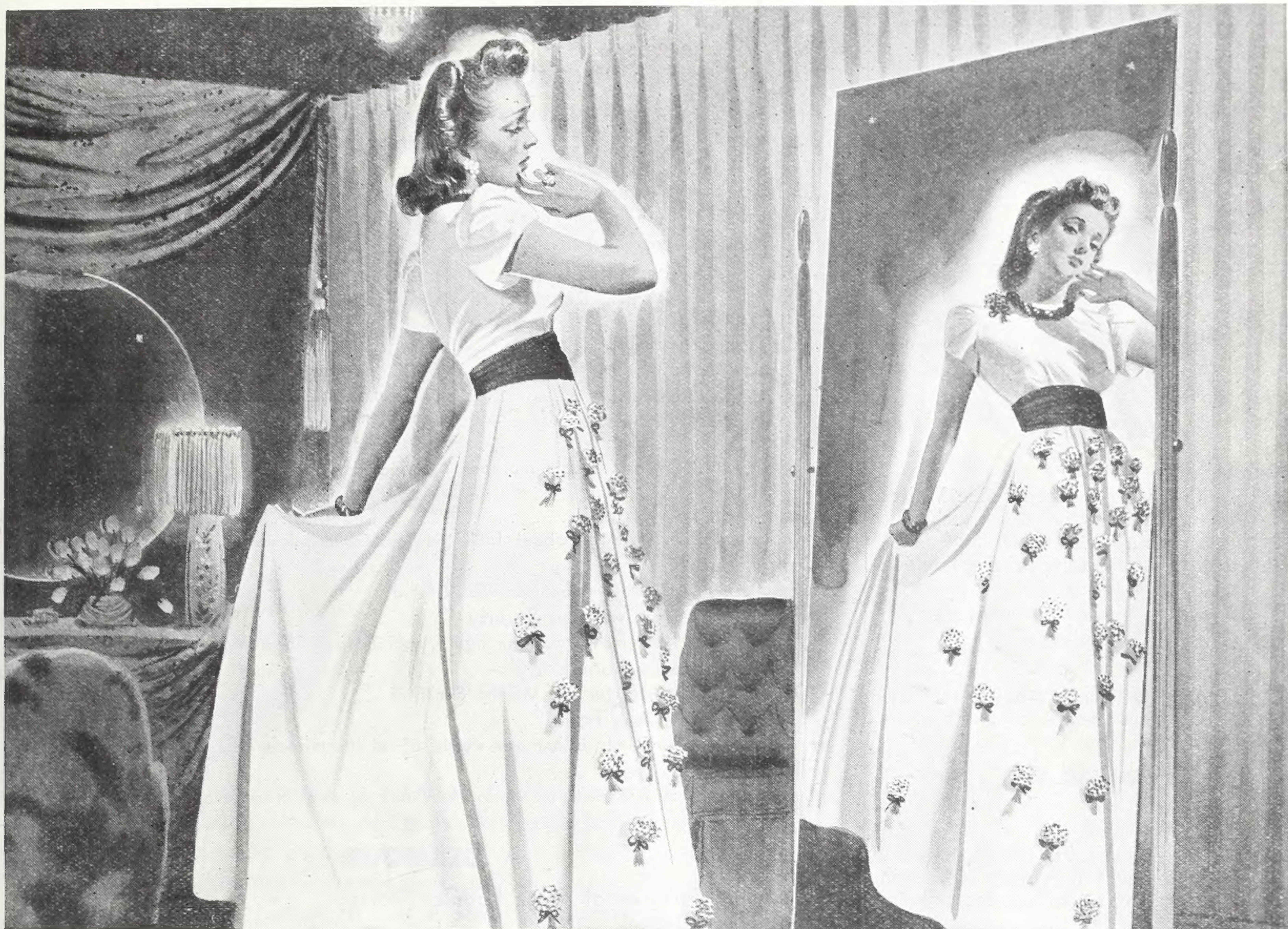
Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia  
Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago  
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston  
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland  
Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia  
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND,  
Boston  
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD,  
Philadelphia  
Mrs. John Hylan Heminway,  
New York  
Mrs. Alexander Hixon, California  
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III,  
Cincinnati  
Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer,  
New York

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than  
the average of the 4 other largest-  
selling brands tested—slower than  
any of them—Camels also give you a  
smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES  
PER PACK!**



# A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress— but the Same Old Question of a Date!



**No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!**

**N**O ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, *however fresh it leaves you*, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the *risk of underarm odor to come*. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and *never know it*.

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

**SPEED**—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

**SAFETY**—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

**DEPENDABILITY**—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS**—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.

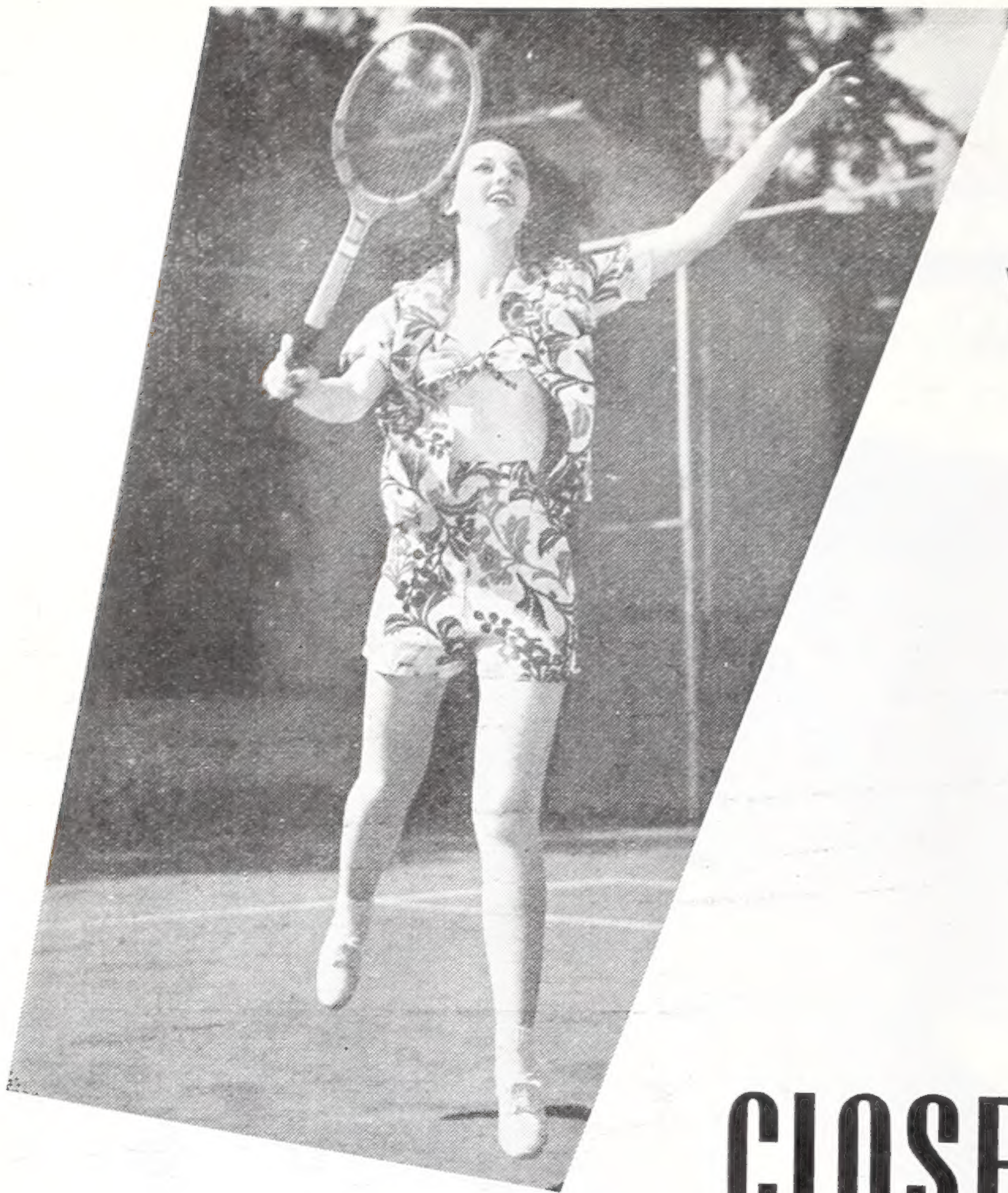
**NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!**



# MUM

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**





Left: Virginia O'Brien, who brought down the barracks at Camp Ord



Abbott and Costello, who won yells at March Field but missed out on whistles

## CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

**R**ECENTLY the MPTOA (that is, the Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association . . . or in simpler language, the exhibitors, those busy, hard-working gentlemen who own the theaters that show the movies in your town and mine) . . . met in Hollywood . . . they told the producers what was wrong with today's films . . . they gave their reasons for the box-office slump that is now hitting Hollywood . . . they blamed it on several causes . . . all the way from allowing critics to see previews (thus being able to warn you, the public, off the bad films) . . . down to that old bugaboo, the double bill (which the exhibitors started themselves and now seem unable to get rid of) . . . so here I come in with my two cents' worth . . .

I think I saw one reason for the box-office slump recently when I had the great good fortune to go to a couple of soldier camps near Hollywood while Hollywood shows were being given there for the amusement of our boys now in service. . . .

Certainly there couldn't possibly be an audience more hungry for laughter and entertainment . . . more eager to respond to performers . . . more naturally generous with their applause . . . than were those audiences of lads at Camp Ord and at March Field . . . there they were . . . receptive, youthful, eager . . . yet I saw them be bored . . . oh, so politely bored . . . by those whom Hollywood regards and rewards and coddles as



**BY RUTH WATERBURY**

top performers . . . and be brought up standing with eagerness by players whom Hollywood neglects. . . .

Now these shows at Ord and March Field were merely the beginning of the shows that Hollywood is lining up for the various encampments . . . right now, the boys in the Hollywood vicinity are getting all the breaks . . . as the center both of radio and movie producing, a score of top names are always available . . . radio is doing more than its bit . . . it isn't prohibitively expensive, anywhere in California, for NBC or CBS to "put in a line" at a camp and let a regular broadcast go out to the air from there, while the soldiers can be "in on the inside" and watch the show as it goes out over the airwaves . . . it costs the movie studios nothing but player transportation to provide some stars . . . and as for the performers themselves . . . well, they are acting as performers have always acted from the beginning of time . . . they are

giving of their time, their money, their talent, their gift for laughter . . . without any thought of recompense . . . as for the boys in service in other parts of the country . . . I know, from talking to the generals in charge of the morale department, that a "circuit" is now being worked out . . . a "circuit" that will soon mean that every camp will have its regular quota of such shows . . . also the actors in Hollywood, particularly those belonging to the Screen Actor's Guild, are working along these same lines . . . so very soon, the fun will be equally shared . . . but right now, there isn't much of this all-star cast entertainment being shown far from Hollywood . . . but even the two shows I saw should be enough to reveal to the producers themselves several uncomfortable truths. . . .

Personally, I should be much happier if I could boast that I wasn't old enough to remember movies before sound came in in 1929 . . . but I am old enough . . . and I remember that at that time there was at the box office a situation that isn't unlike today's . . . there were fine pictures then . . . but there was a "slump" . . . prosperity was all over the place yet people weren't going to the movie theatres at all unless they provided a big stage show or something "extra" . . .

Well, at the top in 1929, there was a bunch of stars who had been at the top for a long while . . . at that time . . . just as now . . . top players had

(Continued on page 17)



**ALOMA...**

**LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!**

Men fight for her heart . . . kill for her kisses! Romance that sends your heart racing . . . excitement that thrills you to the marrow . . . in the screen treat that brings together again the stars of "Hurricane" . . . the love team you never forgot!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS  
**DOROTHY LAMOUR**  
and **JON HALL** in

# "ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

IN GLOWING **TECHNICOLOR**

with  
**LYNNE OVERMAN • PHILIP REED • KATHERINE DE MILLE**  
**FRITZ LEIBER • DONA DRAKE** • Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**

Screen Play by Frank Butler, Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward

Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak

From the Play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer

**SEE** the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding . . . ceremonies never before seen by white men!

**SEE** in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.

**HEAR** the pulse-racing rhythms of Dotty Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of 'Tah-Ni!'"

**SEE** the eruption of the huge volcano . . . a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!

**ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING**



One Sunday afternoon theme: Hollywood turns out for the engagement party of Judy Garland and Dave Rose

BY  
CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
HYMAN FINK



Official Army inspection of the third finger, left hand was carried on efficiently by Jimmy Stewart, resplendent in a corporal's uniform

## Inside Stuff

Small-town gossip about big-time  
Hollywood from a veteran reporter  
noted for strictly private scoops

**JUDY Gets Her Ring:** It was a beautiful California day—a Sunday afternoon, to be exact—and Hollywood's youngest bride-to-be, Judy Garland, stood in the garden of her home and greeted the several hundred guests who came to help celebrate her engagement to Dave Rose.

Jane Withers, with Freddie Bartholomew as her escort, and looking as glamorous as any young sub-deb could, was all over the place. Lana Turner and Tony Martin couldn't wait until Judy opened their gift of cocktail mugs. Joan Crawford, glam-

orous in her latest finery, was on hand to shake Judy's hand—not the one that wore that big new diamond placed there by Dave, of course. Those in-love youngsters, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, with Bill Lundigan, Ann Sothorn, that cute couple, John Payne and Anne Shirley, were all there to view the engagement cake.

And, oh yes, Acting Corporal Jimmy Stewart, resplendent in uniform, brought along his sister Virginia, visiting here from the East.

No one could have been happier than Judy, we promise you, and all

Hollywood, Cal included, wishes her a long and a happy life.

**Bette Takes the Spotlight:** The most talked-about star this month is our own Bette Davis who has been making "The Little Foxes" (see page 44) at Sam Goldwyn's studio.

When Bette retired from the set for a two weeks' rest in the midst of production, rumors flew thicker than swallows on their way to Capistrano.

"Bette has walked out and will not return. Bette's lawyers are consulting with Goldwyn's lawyers. Bette is feuding with (Continued on page 8)



**WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME**

**...WATCH THINGS**

**BEGIN TO HUM!**



**EDWARD G.**

**ROBINSON**

*(He's mad about Dietrich!)*

**MARLENE**

**DIETRICH**

*(She's mad about Raft!)*

**GEORGE**

**RAFT**

*(He's mad about the whole thing!)*

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their  
force to tell the mighty story of

# **'MANPOWER'**

The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

with  
**ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH**

Directed by **RAOUL WALSH**

Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it  
now... it'll be ages be-  
fore there'll be another  
picture this exciting!





Secretly engaged Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper came to provide additional love interest to the Garland-Rose ring fête

Engagement gift of Tony Martin and Lana Turner to Judy was a set of cocktail mugs. The reception was held in the garden of Judy's home



## CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

The engagement ring, a square-cut diamond, was the center of attention—even took the spotlight away from Joan Crawford's matching jewel set

Director William Wyler. Bette refuses to take off her long false eyelashes. Bette is having a baby. Bette's marriage is on the rocks."

These were just a few of the juicy tidbits that cluttered up the atmosphere. Naturally, we couldn't let a situation like this hang up in the air unsolved, so we went over to Goldwyn's to have lunch with Bette in her portable dressing room.

The air most certainly was charged with unspoken and even unmentioned tenseness. Mr. Wyler, it seems, is a perfection fiend who imbues his cast with such a desire to come up to his

expectations that they sometimes overdo themselves. That's what happened to Bette in the case of the role of *Regina Giddens* (although she didn't say so). This, added to the uncomfortableness of her costume, sent her to the beach for a two weeks rest.

We can assure you Bette's marriage is sounder than a dollar in good times. "Companionship means so much," she said, "especially in Hollywood."

"We—er—hate to mention this," we finally hemmed and hawed, "but rumors have it—er—"

Bette grinned at our embarrassment. "You can say the only little things I'm knitting are these."

And she proudly held up a pair of socks intended for husband Arthur Farnsworth.

**Stars at Play:** When movie stars get together, it may not be fair weather, but it's fun, we promise that. No group of people anywhere works harder and plays harder, as witness the last costume party at the West Side Tennis Club.

First prize for the most original costume went (Continued on page 10)



# Ronald Colman TELLS ALL!

DOES THE WIFE  
GIVE FOR CHARITY  
-BUT **GIVE!**

(Like that  
\$500 kiss!)



The Cutest Little  
Bundle ever to come  
from Britain  
**ANNA LEE!**

DOES SHE FIND IT HARD  
TO GIVE ARTISTS THE  
**BRUSH-OFF!**

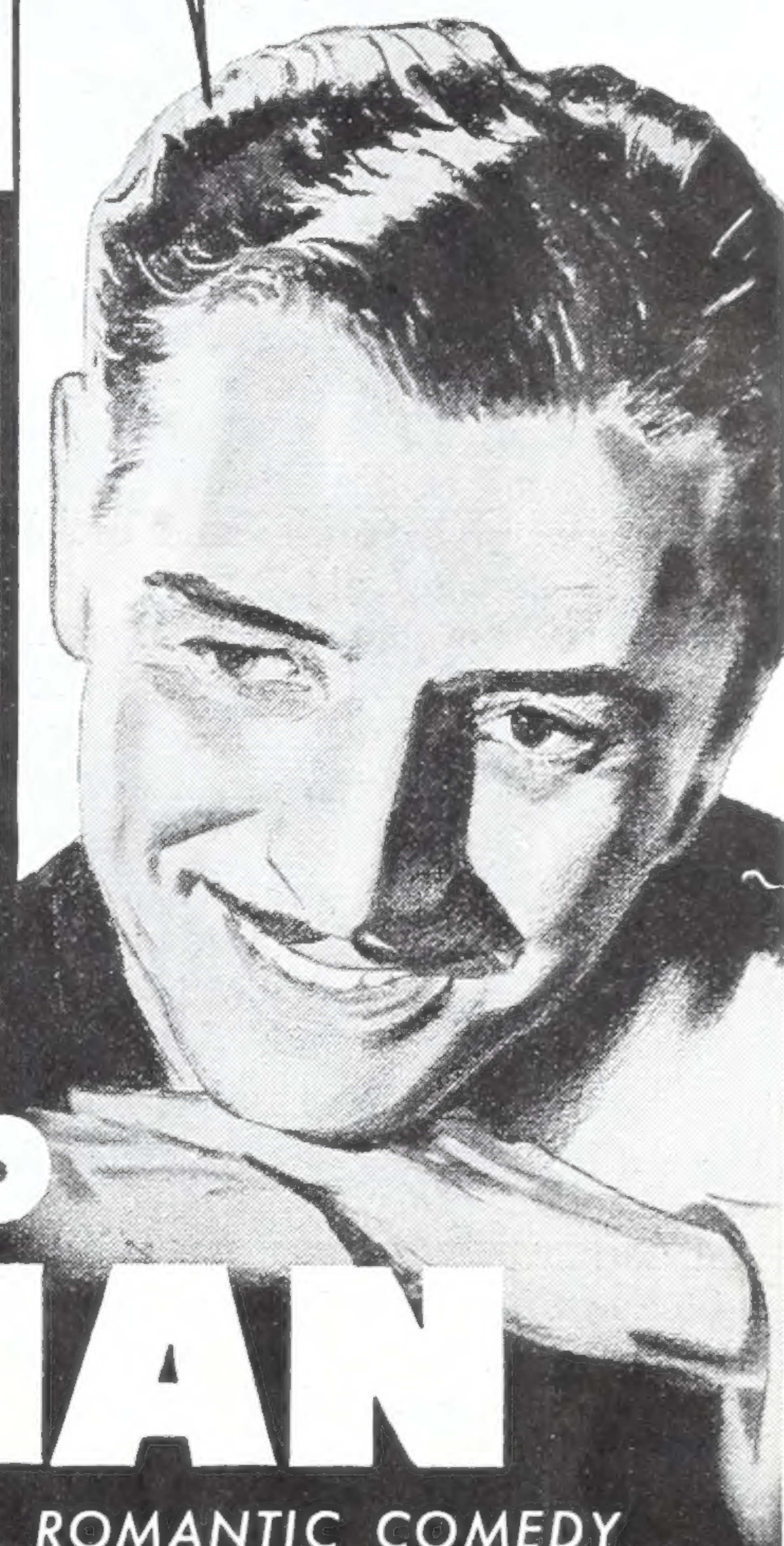
(That sculptor  
guy frinstance!)



TAKE A TIP ON  
**HOW TO RUN  
YOUR WIFE'S  
AFFAIRS**

FROM THAT  
SMOOTHIE THREAT  
TO HOME-WRECKERS...

*"That's Caroline...  
in love again  
with the last man  
to kiss her!"*



## RONALD COLMAN

IN A MODERN-DAY, ROMANTIC COMEDY  
FRISKY AS A FRENCH FARCE...

### *My Life with Caroline*

Introducing **ANNA LEE**

with **CHARLES WINNINGER** and **REGINALD GARDINER**  
**GILBERT ROLAND • KATHERINE LESLIE**  
**HUGH O'CONNELL**

Produced and Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE**

Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard

A United Producers Production  
**WILLIAM HAWKS**  
Executive Producer





## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Jean Arthur, who seldom comes out to play, wins the costume prize, as Robin Hood, at the West Side Tennis Club party. Ida Koverman presents the present; Bob Montgomery m.c.'s

(Continued from page 8)

to Miss Jean Arthur, who appeared as an alluring Robin Hood. Or should we say Robin Hoodess; and did Jean strut for that prize!

Robert Montgomery, as master of ceremonies, worked so hard at the job Mrs. Montgomery kept dusting her husband's perspiring brow with a hanky.

Among the merrymakers were that newest twosome, Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks, George Murphy as an English music-hall laddie, Cesar Romero with Priscilla Stillman, Ann Sothern and husband Roger Pryor, the Fredric Marches, Claire Trevor and, laugh of laughs, Ruth Hussey as a pickaninny. And if you think that party didn't last until dawn's early light, think again, kind friends.

The new Laraine Day-Ray Hendricks twosome had all romance reporters making swift notes on the cuff

**Cupid Reports:** Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville secretly engaged and so happy.

Roz Russell introducing Freddy Brisson to her family in the East. Could that mean . . . ?

The reason Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye can't make up their minds is family disapproval, so one hears.

Pat Dane, pretty M-G-M newcomer, is going to marry Cedric Gibbons when the divorce between him and Dolores Del Rio is final.

Everybody kept looking at her all night long—show-stealer Eloise Hart with Warners executive Bob Taplinger



**Cesar's Wife:** Ever since this magazine appeared with the story "Empty Bridal Suite" in which Cesar Romero revealed he had an empty bridal suite waiting to be filled by some young lady, letters have poured in upon the chagrined head of Mr. Romero.

Cesar, who is a good sport, as well as an eligible bachelor, withstood the avalanche of mail in good style until he came to one that stumped him. Cal thinks it so amusing we pass it on, omitting names, of course.

It reads in part:

"Dear Mr. Romero:

"I am thirty years old, modest, attractive and different from the women you meet in Hollywood. I have never had a drink in my life, but if you are as crazy about gin-rummy as I've read I might take one."

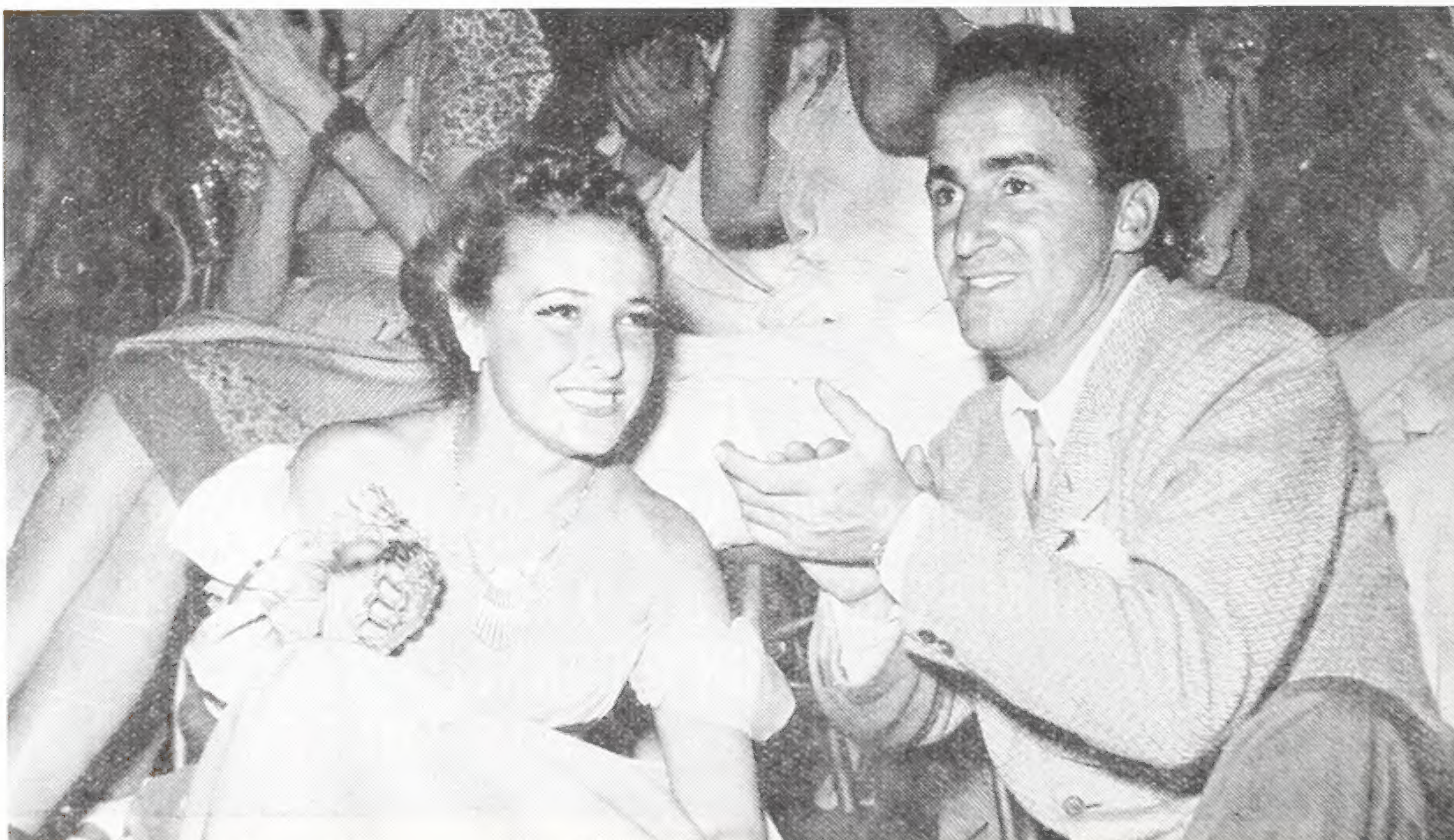
Incidentally, girls, Hollywood is pretty sure attractive Priscilla Stillman will be Mrs. Romero one day, so don't get up any false hopes.

**Young Fry Doings:** Well, we've given up. Just when Cal was sure this younger generation could never jolt our poor old minds again, out they come with a coon hunt yet. Yes man, we said coon hunt, with Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew as organizers.

The kids sent out invitations to the younger set to meet at a certain time at the Beverly Hills Hotel and to wear slacks and sweaters. From there they proceeded to a near-by canyon where the coon and hounds waited.

Once the coon was released the hue and cry of dogs and starlets startled the natives half out of their wits. Mingled with the yelping dogs were Freddie and Jane, Rita Quigley, Rand Brooks, Joe Brown Jr., June Carlson, Gene Reynolds and a dozen other teen-age kids.

(Continued on page 12)



One you'll guess, one you won't: Claire Trevor, a study in black and white; and the girl who skipped the white to win laughs—Ruth Hussey



"There she goes . . .

*AND*

*GOOD RIDDANCE!"*



"BEFORE trying to get *her* into the club, you'd think Agatha would have told her . . ."

"A delicate subject, my dear—and any woman her age who *has to be told* deserves what she gets."

So it was "thumbs down" on the newcomer trying to make a place for herself and her family in the community that was to be their home. She had yet to learn the importance of first meetings, when the sizing up can be so critical . . . had failed to realize that one can't be too careful in guarding against halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One little "slip" that you may never live down, is that of offending with unpleasant breath. And the insidious thing about this condition is that you yourself may not realize

when you have it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many use—Listerine Antiseptic!

Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that cling to tooth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to put your best foot forward, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

*Before all engagements use Listerine to combat Halitosis (unpleasant breath)*





Footloose and fancy free: Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne leave the small Waynes home on parents' night out

## Inside Stuff



Ciro customers look over Count Oleg Cassini, new husband—by elopement—of Gene Tierney, a marriage that rated some lively pros and cons

(Continued from page 10)

They had so much fun, in fact, that once the coon was treed they brought him back and started all over again.

Come to think of it, why not a coon hunt in your set? A note to Jane or Freddie will bring you details of this unusual barrel of fun, we're sure.

**Hollywood Incongruities:** Artie Shaw, ex-husband of Lana Turner, collaborating on a song called "If It's You" for Tony Martin, the present beau of Lana, to sing in a movie.

That feud between two top cowboy stars in Hollywood that reached such an impasse this month one star fired an extra for working in the other star's pictures.

After all, you'd expect the gals to feud, but the he-men cowboys—well!

Ginger Rogers, big star, writing a fan letter to Jean Gabin before he left France. A friend wrote it in French for Ginger. And then Gabin comes to Hollywood and, like any adoring little fan anywhere, Ginger meets her idol. They have dates every once in a while.

**Flashbacks:** Just when our superabundance of Hollywood beauties was preparing to pounce upon the returned prodigal, Victor Mature, after his New York stage success in "Lady in the Dark," he ups and marries Martha Kemp, the pretty widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader who was killed some months ago in a motor accident. You never saw so many disappointed countenances in all your life as there are in Hollywood where bachelors are scarce and so much in demand. . . .

The honeymoon took the cake at the wedding of comedienne Martha Raye to Neal Lang, hotel man from Florida. See page 13 for a doleful sidelight



**Hollywood Is Talking About:** Bob Hope's indefatigable efforts to amuse the boys in local camps by riding long hours in buses with his entire radio unit for broadcasts at camps. And then riding all hours to get back before reporting on sets for early calls.

The happy grin on Errol Flynn's face when he talks of his new son, Sean Leslie, born to him and his wife, Lili Damita.

**Hollywood Street Scene:** It happened on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Ave. with Cal a sidewalk observer.

Judy Garland and her mother were driving west on the Boulevard the day after Judy announced her engagement to Dave Rose. A newsboy, recognizing the star, called, "Hey, Judy, your picture's in the paper about getting married."

"Oh, quick, I want a paper," Judy said, fumbling for change. But she had none—nor did her mother.

"Oh, well," the kid grinned, "let me give you your first wedding present, Judy." With that he thrust the paper through the window as the car rolled on.

Cal hopes Judy remembers to send a "thank you" card.

Dorothy Lamour's agreement to exchange letters with every soldier whose draft number corresponded to the number drawn in a lottery resulted in fifty boys' (so far) wildly cheering over the lucky draw.

The lucky number was 8962. But here's the kickback. Most of the boys who informed Dottie of their luck asked for a sarong worn by the star as a trophy. Now Dorothy's wondering how to scare up a couple dozen sarongs in a hurry.

**What Next Dept.:** Greer Garson tells it on herself and Cal thinks it's just too good to keep.

It seems when Greer and her mother were moving from one house to another she thought it would be a good time to send her two French poodles to school so they would learn good manners and how to act in the new house. Well, last week she brought the pups home, but coax as she would she couldn't make them obey a single command. So Greer called the school.

"Oh, you'll have to come to school here, too," airily explained the instructor. "We have ten days of training for dog owners so they can give commands the pups have become accustomed to!"





Rumor—and Cal York—have it that the girl who'll hang the curtains in Cesar Romero's unfinished bridal suite (see June issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror) is Priscilla Stillman

**This Is Hollywood Department:** A pair of long legs that stretched out flat on the green and seemed to be utterly detached from their owner met the eyes of a certain visitor who was touring the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

A movement among the bushes that hid the owner of the legs from view caused the tourist to pause and stare in amazement. Next, a long body wiggled out into view, shot up the steps of the dressing-room building and out onto the balcony.

"What—say—" the visitor stutted, struck dumb at the strange goings-on.

"Oh it's nothing," the guide said. "It's only Henry Fonda. You see, he comes to the studio every day to make home movies of a hummingbird family that nests under his dressing-room balcony. He likes to shoot them from every angle."

"Oh I see," said the visitor, but it was quite obvious he didn't see at all! A movie star filming a hummingbird family, indeed!

**Ding, Dong, Wedding Bells:** Martha Raye has taken unto herself a third husband in Neal Lang, a hotel man from Florida. Martha was previously the wife of Dave Rose, now engaged to Judy Garland, and Buddy West-

## New Loveliness can be yours— Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

**Try this exciting beauty idea—  
praised by lovely brides—based  
on the advice of skin specialists!**

SO MANY WOMEN dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

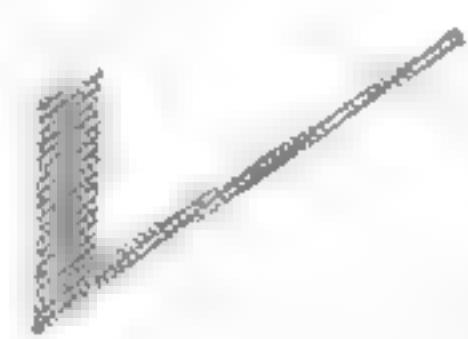
Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine—daily cleansing with a *fine, mild soap*. And Camay is not only mild—but milder! Yes, milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day—twice a day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Don't miss a single day. It's the regular cleansing that will help you in a few short weeks to see a more appealing skin.



Trade Mark  
Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Off.

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the  
**CAMAY**  
"MILD-  
**SOAP**"  
**DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay. Follow this routine faithfully.





Two who can't make up their minds about marriage: Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye—and Cal finds out why



Two who do make up their minds about dates: Rand Brooks and Martha O'Driscoll at Coconut Grove

more, the fiance of Rosemary Lane.

Just before Martha quit work in "Navy Blues" on a Saturday to fly to Las Vegas for the wedding, director Lloyd Bacon said, "Remember, Martha, be back on the set Monday morning at 8 o'clock."

"But what about my honeymoon?" Martha asked.

"Oh well," said Director Bacon, "make it 8:30 then."

Thus does Hollywood marry and honeymoon. Annie Sheridan flew with Martha to act as matron of honor.

The elopement of nineteen-year-old Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini left both her parents in a rather unhappy state. Cassini (yes, he's a bona fide count) who is much older than his bride, is a dress designer and once ran a dress shop. Gene declares him one of the most perfect gentlemen she ever met.

Gene's former beaux, her studio and her parents couldn't be unhappier if they tried. Cal wishes both Martha and Gene much happiness.

**Too Busy for Courtship:** Of all marriage proposals received by Priscilla

## COL YOUNG Inside Stuff

Lane (and they are legion) the one found in her mail right after the release of "Million Dollar Baby" takes the cup custard.

Upon opening the letter Priscilla found a one-way train ticket to Cleveland.

The enclosed note read:

"I am a gentleman farmer and live on the outskirts of Cleveland. I haven't time to come to California so I am sending you a ticket for you to come to me. Will you marry me?"

Priscilla's answer was terse.

She returned the ticket with the enclosed message:

"I'm busy, too!"

What, Mr. Farmer? No time for romance!

**Breathless Moment:** Movie town just can't wait. The usually blasé burg is in such a dither over the announcement Garbo will wear a very scanty bathing suit in her next movie, as yet untitled! The suit will be midnight

blue, very snug in the—er—right places and, hold on everyone, it will disappear completely in the middle, leaving Miss Garbo bare in the midriff.

Oh yes, we know there's nothing new in bathing girls on the screen, but Garbo has become such a familiar figure in dresses cut like bags or sloppy slacks, wagers are going about there's no figure beneath the disguise.

Well, we'll see. And our money goes on Garbo's showing a figger to write home about.

**Stork News:** Not without reason do they call Paramount Studios The Stork Club these days what with practically all their stars about to become parents. The latest stork announcement comes from Robert Preston whose wife Kay Feltus will join Veronica Lake, Mary Martin and Constance Moore in becoming mothers. . . .

Very soon now the beautiful Virginia Bruce will become a mother. Virginia is married to producer Walter Ruben. Virginia has a daughter by her former husband, the late Jack Gilbert.

Putting up nice family front at the Ambassador: Gilbert Roland, sister-in-law Joan Bennett



Pulling down stares of approval at the Grove: Norma Shearer and dinner partner Charles Boyer





The happiest man in Hollywood these days is Broderick Crawford whose lovely little wife Kay Griffith will present Brod with an heir in a few months.

Brod is wearing a smile that can't even be blasted off.

**Tyrone Retrospects:** It was over the luncheon table at Twentieth Century-Fox Tyrone Power told us this story.

Only the day before, Ty said, he stood at his dressing-room window and watched a truck back up to the building. Then, one by one, pieces of furniture and personal belongings were carried out and stored in the truck.

"I had the strangest feeling as I watched," Ty said. "It was a feeling that part of my life was being blotted out, as if it hadn't been at all, for you see those were Sonja Henie's belongings and that meant Sonja was no longer here, with us.

"I thought back to the time four years ago when Sonja and Alice Faye and Don Ameche and I were all young hopefuls filled with ambition and plans and hopes. And how everything seemed so absolutely vital to our futures.

"And now—well, it's as though that part of my life had never been somehow, as if a circle of time had ceased to exist. Sonja's gone now and things have changed. The studio was young with us, too, for we all came in right after the merger. It doesn't seem possible that in so short a time things could have changed so quickly."

Ty and Sonja, Cal recalls, were romancing at that time and now each is happily married—Ty to Annabella, Sonja to Dan Topping. But they're still such good friends, and still bound by young hopes so fired with ambitions that even a moving van can't take them away.

Good luck, Sonja, wherever you go. Cal knows Ty feels the same.



The team that gets Hollywood hand-claps gives them now in a rare double pose: Anna Neagle of "Sunny" and the man who's guided her career, Director Herbert Wilcox, at a charity swim meet at Beverly Hills Hotel

# "I don't care if you never come home!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. I thought my husband was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



2. In despair, I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



3. "My own marriage was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



4. I understand now why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

## Check this with your Doctor

"Lysol" is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—"Lysol" solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. LASTING—"Lysol" keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE



Copr., 1941 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

For FREE booklet (in plain envelope) about Feminine Hygiene and other "Lysol" uses, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. PMM-941, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.



# ASIDES to a Girl

WHO WANTS TO SAVE FACE



The girl who made Fred Mac-Murray lose face in "One Night in Lisbon"—Paramount's Patricia Morison

WHEN your face looks dully out on the wrong side of life, give it a shining translucence by using two shades of powder, a dark one beneath, a light shimmering one on top.

Keep in mind that the surest way to lose face is to let your skin get clogged. So be sure you use enough soap on your face cloth to have a quantity of creamy bubbles that will seep into your skin.

If you'd like to be extra pretty, use pads of cotton to clean your face, a different pad for each section. That way, you won't spread soot and dirt from one section to another and you'll finish the cleaning job in double-quick time.

Once a week at least, tie your hair up under a shower mop cap, use your bath as a steam bath. Let the steam soak luxuriously and effectively into your face and neck.

Your neck will save face for you, too. Don't ever stop at the chin line in the make-up process. Cream your neck and throat carefully and watch how beautifully they respond to a little loving care.

Of course, you'll never apply powder over an old face; you'll always remove old applications before making up anew. And you won't be stingy with your cleansing cream either. You'll give your face two or more applications.

You'll use a little skin lotion after the cleansing cream treatment just so you won't miss that wonderfully stimulating tingle it gives.

You're an ostrich if you think you can apply powder without using a foundation of some sort. You must have a powder base always on hand—and on face.

When you hear people talking about a "matte" effect, you'll look wise and know that it means the type skin texture Patricia Morison has, a texture even and smooth. You can get the same effect by never forgetting foundation cream. If you haven't noticed this "matte" effect, don't tell anyone, but go see how pretty the Morison looks in "Government Girl," her new Paramount picture.

Perc Westmore, that Hollywood make-up expert, says that if you're bothered by a masky feeling after using a foundation cream, a nice way to get rid of it is to go over your face with a cool damp hand towel.

If you'd like your skin to look oh, so much clearer, you'll be sure to apply all your creams with a molding movement because that's the way you increase circulation and give your skin a gentle glow. To mold, you just use a gentle but firm pressure of the balls of the fingers, lifting the fingers from the face slightly after each pressure and working rhythmically.

Let all lights shine brightly when you're making up. And if you're wearing dark clothes you can use much more make-up than when you're wearing pastels, which call for sweetness and light.

Save your face every night by swearing on a stack of beauty columns that you'll never, never go to bed without a thorough soap-and-water cleansing.

Don't be a silly and think that no one looks at your elbows. Suds and cream them every day and watch them as carefully when it comes to make-up as you do your face.

You won't lose face ever if you lend an ear for a minute to what Patricia Morison says: "The English climate is so kind to one's skin I was a little afraid when I came over here that I'd have trouble with mine. But I didn't. I just kept on my usual routine of soap and water, for one thing, and a good cream powder foundation for another. Caring for one's complexion really is very simple, once the habit is established: complete cleanliness with the soap you find agrees with you, and good cosmetics. Fortunately, almost all cosmetics are 'good' nowadays, and safe to use."

BY GLORIA MACK



## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

the power to get their own way . . . unknown players, not having this power, had to take what they could get . . . then sound came in . . . with its new players . . . the box-office revived and hadn't really slumped badly until recently when it has become very, very sick indeed. . . .

What I am trying to say . . . in this quite involved manner . . . is that today's screen is too loaded with too mature people . . . portraying too mature ideas, amusements, points of view . . . that what we need is youth . . . not in the actual performers themselves but also in the minds of the people who write their stories, who produce their pictures or their radio shows, in the people who dress them, and make them up, and exploit them . . . that is the thing that is visible as a fire on a prairie . . . if you listened carefully to the laughter and the applause of those military boys. . . .

A really terrific show went to Camp Ord . . . Colbert . . . Dietrich . . . the Ritz brothers . . . numerous others . . . but do you know who brought down the barracks? . . . it was Virginia O'Brien, that talented, pretty youngster whom Metro has had under contract for more than a year and buried twice in terrible B's . . . Virginia, who sings blues, completely dead-pan, but in the most beguiling voice . . . at March Field through the courtesy of NBC there were Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy . . . Donald Dickson . . . Robert Armbruster and his orchestra . . . Carmen Miranda and her South American way and South American band . . . those absolutely zany men, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello . . . so who wowed them at March Field? . . . some kids you never heard of . . . (neither did I until that afternoon) . . . five very young, very pretty girls known as Lorraine Pierce and her Saxophone Four . . . Lorraine was announced as the best girl hot trumpet player in the world . . . having heard her, I don't question that . . . nor did the boys . . . they screamed and whistled and whistled and shouted for more. . . .

Thus, I hope, from doing its good deed for our service lads, Hollywood will learn this much-needed lesson . . . give us more youth, treated youthfully on the screen . . . Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are popular because they are young people, youthfully handled . . . Deanna Durbin has been kept such a real young girl on the screen that her public's loyalty never wavers . . . there can be more like them if Hollywood will only be smart enough to make gay, colorful, laugh-laden pictures for people as fine, healthy and natural as our wonderful young service lads of today.

MARY MARTIN  
Lovely Star of Paramount  
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"  
"WITH HER BEAUTY 'GIRL'"

# Canaries

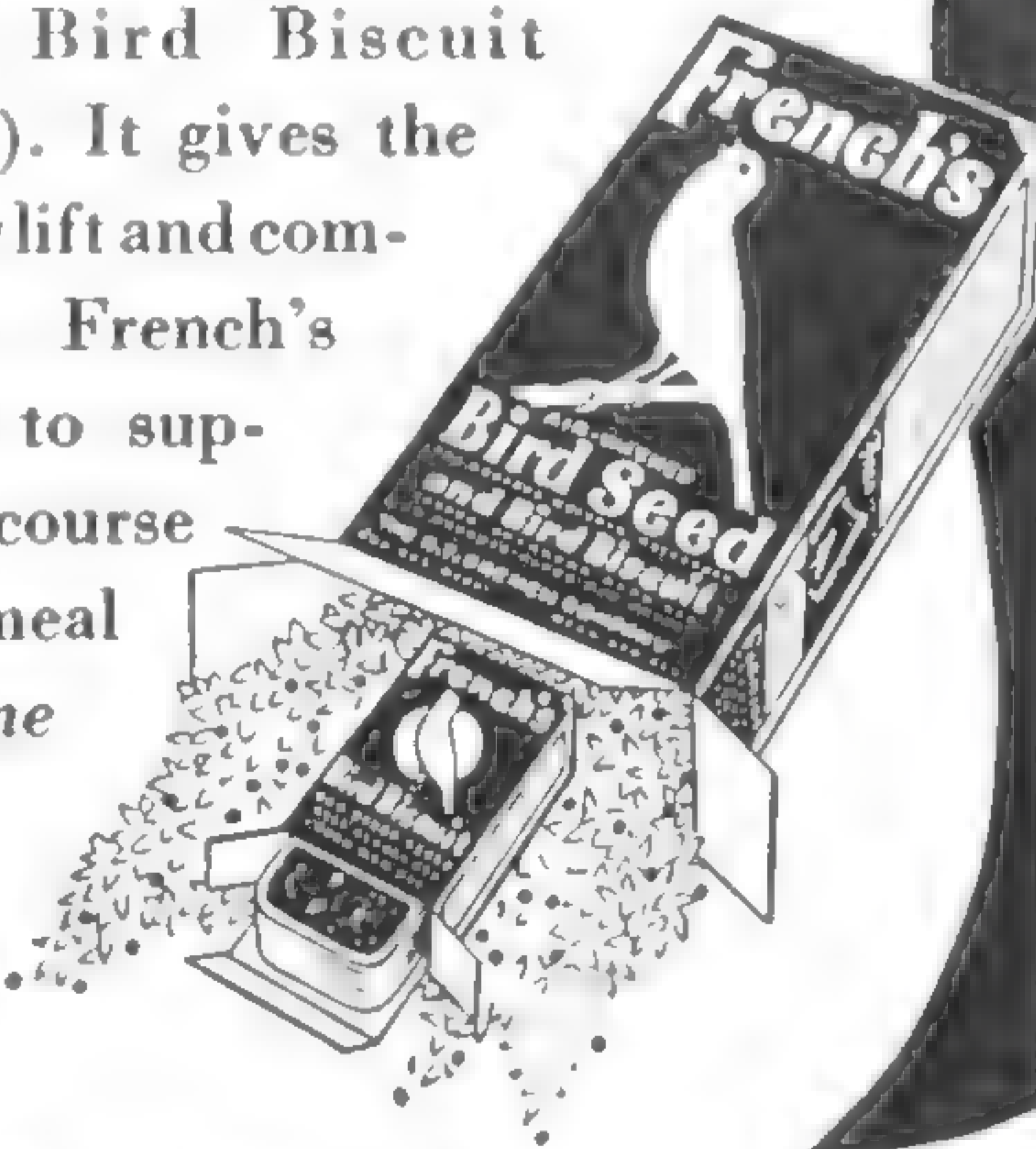
## Captivate Hollywood Stars

...and in Hollywood French's Bird Seed  
is the Favorite...4 to 1

Canaries in the homes of Hollywood celebrities! Canaries in studio dressing rooms! Canaries on movie sets! Canaries everywhere, spreading cheer with their joyous song. Hollywood's newest hobby sensation—and one which all America can share. Feeding canaries is no problem for movie stars. *They use French's!* Yes, it's Hollywood's favorite . . . 4 to 1 . . . because

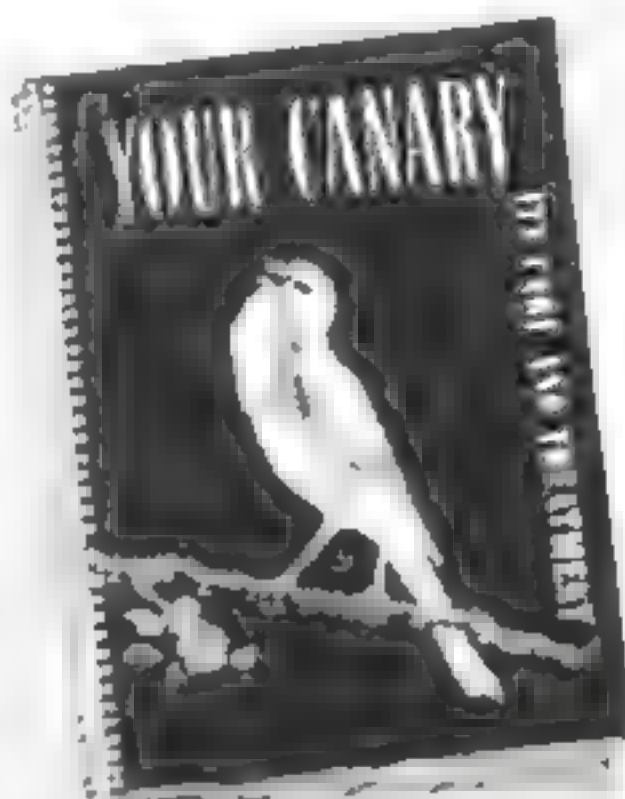
French's offers 11 aids to health and song. In every package of French's you'll find a French's Bird Biscuit (worth 10c). It gives the diet an *extra* lift and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply an 11-course balanced meal — all in one package.

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Illustrated, 76-page book that movie stars keep handy for expert advice on care, treatment and breeding of canaries. It's yours—FREE! Simply mail coupon, with your name and address.



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# Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED  
 ✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON**—Columbia: Although very British, Herbert Marshall is cast as a United States Senator, his English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance, but it's Gene Reynolds as the tough lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall who steals the show. Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator. (August)

**AFFECTIONATELY YOURS**—Warners: Everybody tries so hard to be funny and the situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted, that the result is clumsy and very unfunny. The story's about how Dennis Morgan tries to win back his divorced wife, Merle Oberon. Despite the support of Rita Hayworth and Ralph Bellamy, the whole thing misses. (August)

**BAD MAN**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery's fans are going to be pretty disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who plays Cupid. Beery's performance throws the whole story out of gear and despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day, it remains a fair-sized dud. (June)

✓ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M: The character of the notorious young outlaw has been so white-washed that you won't recognize him, but Bob Taylor's sincere performance makes him a convincing and understandable person. Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are the befrienders of the outlaw and Gene Lockhart is the villain. See it for Bob's performance and for the breath-taking and dramatic scenery, enhanced by Technicolor. (August)

**BLACK CAT, THE**—Universal: Nothing new about this—murders in a spooky old house, suspect heirs, a scary housekeeper, the blundering young man who solves the mystery—but it's still good entertainment, especially with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Gale Sondergaard. (August)

✓✓ **BLOOD AND SAND**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power as the ambitious, ignorant boy who becomes Spain's greatest matador, Linda Darnell as his loyal wife, and Rita Hayworth as the siren who lures him away from Linda, all give their finest performances in this colorful, glamorous and suspenseful picture of Spain's greatest sport, bullfighting. (August)

✓ **CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT**—Paramount: The very idea of Bob Hope as a spoiled movie actor who finds himself in the Army is funny enough, but what Bob does to the infantry and the tank corps and the whole Army is a riot; he herewith proves himself the number-one funny man on the screen today. Dorothy Lamour is his girl friend and Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman his pals. Don't miss it. (August)

✓✓ **CITIZEN KANE**—RKO-Radio: The skill and artistry abounding in this absorbing tale of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own proves that Orson Welles, actor, writer, producer and director of this masterful picture, really is a genius. Joseph Cotton, Everett Sloane and Dorothy Comingore prove themselves brilliant performers. In fact, everything about the picture is wonderful. (July)

**COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: When cowboy George Montgomery meets temperamental screen star Mary Beth Hughes and fails to yield to her charms, Mary Beth pursues him to his own corral in her efforts to get him. Both newcomers make a great showing and there's plenty of humor and romance. (July)



This is the way a G-man goes to work on a spy: i.e. George Brent investigates Ilona Massey in Edward Small's "International Lady"

✓ **DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE**—RKO-Radio: The riotous result of a sound story and grand humor, this is delightful entertainment. Charles Coburn is the wealthy owner of a department store who decides to become a clerk himself in order to find out why his employees hate him. Jean Arthur, as the clerk in love with Robert Cummings, head of the shoe department, helps to humanize the bewildered tycoon. (July)

**DOUBLE DATE**—Universal: Almost every possible laugh-getter has been thrown into this light-hearted little comedy about Rand Brooks and Peggy Moran's efforts to break up the romance of Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel. The result is really very funny. (June)

**FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE**—Universal: Marlene Dietrich is the beautiful adventuress who descends upon New Orleans and captures the town's richest banker, Roland Young, by posing as her own sister. Bruce Cabot is the sailor who also falls in love with Dietrich. Although the film attempts to be naughty and gay, it's really much too dull and slow for good entertainment. (July)

**FOOTLIGHT FEVER**—RKO-Radio: A hammy little number, with Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, both broke, trying to find a backer for Mowbray's play. They finally hit on Elizabeth Risdon, who sees through their schemes but becomes their angel. See it at your own risk. (July)

**FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK**—Warners: Errol Flynn's first modern picture in three years has him an amateur detective who runs headlong into a real-life murder and almost loses his life and his wife, Brenda Marshall. It's heavy-handed comedy and we prefer Flynn in his swashbuckling roles. (June)

✓ **GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB, A**—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Lucille Ball is the girl, Edmond O'Brien the guy and George Murphy the gob in this bright, amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It's packed with chuckles and good cheer; you'll enjoy every minute of it. (June)

✓ **GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne give us the story of the growth of radio in this tuneful and entertaining musical picture. John is the lad who wins Alice; Jack Oakie is responsible for its broad humor; and Alice puts over its catchy songs in fine style. The Wier Brothers, the Ink Spots and the Nicholas Brothers add to the fun. (July)

✓✓ **GREAT LIE, THE**—Warners: Adult and sophisticated is this drama of two women, Mary Astor

and Bette Davis, who both love George Brent. Mary all but steals the picture as the musician who marries Brent and then goes back to her career, but Bette, too, does great work as his second wife. It's one of George's best performances and the picture is a triumph. (July)

**HER FIRST BEAU**—Columbia: Jane Withers is the victim of violent puppy love when she meets handsome Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, in this honey of a little picture. Jane's first evening dress, her aggravated father, Addison Randall, and Edgar Buchanan, all add to the fun. (August)

✓✓ **I WANTED WINGS**—Paramount: This thrilling story of men and planes, laid against the background of America's own flying fields, is a smash hit. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden as the three young cadets who become fliers turn in their best work, as does Brian Donlevy as a flight instructor. Sirenish Veronica Lake makes her screen debut. (June)

**I'LL WAIT FOR YOU**—M-G-M: Robert Sterling is the smart young night-club racketeer who flees the police and finds refuge and love on a Connecticut farm. Marsha Hunt as the girl who cares for him, Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of punch to this human little document. (August)

✓ **IN THE NAVY**—Universal: Not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's Army picture, this is funny enough to keep you amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious and Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits. (August)

**LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE**—Universal: Loretta Young, crusading suffragette for women's rights, defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold, and helps women win the vote in Wyoming in the 1860's. It's a gay little Western and Loretta's very good in her determined role, as is Robert Preston as the hero who loves her and helps to foil Arnold's bandits. Pretty corny, but amusing. (July)

**LADY FROM LOUISIANA**—Republic: Mediocre story laid in New Orleans of the early '90s, with John Wayne as the upstanding young attorney who tries to eradicate the lottery racket and Ona Munson as the daughter of the main offender. (August)

**LAS VEGAS NIGHTS**—Paramount: This tale of vaudevillians who go out West to secure an inheritance features the swell music of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Bert Wheeler and Virginia Dale supply the laughs; Constance Moore looks beautiful and Phil Regan is very good. (July)



**LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE**—Columbia: No sooner does Warren William bet that he can keep out of trouble for twenty-four hours that he becomes embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnaping and all sorts of mayhem that keep him dashing all around. Eric Blore is very funny, as usual. (June)

✓ **LOVE CRAZY**—M-G-M: You'll laugh yourself dizzy at this riotous bit of fun, with Myrna Loy about to divorce husband Bill Powell. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and the fun gets whackier. (August)

✓ **MAJOR BARBARA**—Gabriel Pascal—U. A.: Oddly different but compelling is this George Bernard Shaw picture which may confuse you because the theme seems blurred in purpose and too many words are substituted for action. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army girl who loses her ideals is superb, as are Robert Morley as her sophisticated father, Rex Harrison as a Greek scholar who loves her, and Robert Newton. (July)

**MAN BETRAYED, A**—Republic: John Wayne is the young lawyer who arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He also discovers crooked politics and grafters. Besides that, he meets lovely Frances Dee, who provides the romance. (June)

**MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE**—Universal: Pretty unbelievable is this farce about a wife who can't tell two absolutely strange men apart, even though they both look alike and live in the same house. Brian Aherne plays the dual role of the wealthy husband and his double, and Kay Francis is the bewildered wife. S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer. (June)

✓ **MEET JOHN DOE**—Warners: Another of Frank Capra's brilliant successes is this story whose theme is the power of love over hate. Barbara Stanwyck is superb as the newspaper girl who invents a *John Doe* and Gary Cooper's performance as the ex-ball player who's hired to be *John Doe* and becomes a great humanitarian is his best. Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason and Regis Toomey are also outstanding. (June)

✓ **MEN OF BOYS TOWN**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor carry on the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our emotions with their sincere performances. Bob Watson, Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman give the stars plenty of competition. (July)

**MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND**—Universal: This action drama has Richard Arlen as a forest ranger who single-handedly frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract. Andy Devine is the lumber boss and Linda Hayes the heroine. All three are good. (August)

✓ **MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Warners: Priscilla Lane, department store clerk, becomes millionaire when eccentric May Robson gives her a million dollars, but Priscilla finds the money stands between her and her true but poor love, Ronald Reagan. The story's got plenty of vitality that keeps it bobbing along and May Robson and Jeffrey Lynn complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald. (August)

**MR. DYNAMITE**—Universal: Baseball pitcher Lloyd Nolan goes out for an evening of fun and is tossed headlong into a sabotage plot and a murder charge. His amateur detective work involves him with secret-agent Irene Hervey. Ann Gillis and J. Carrol Naish are also very good and although the story's none too well constructed, it's acceptable entertainment. (June)

**MODEL WIFE**—Universal: The dire but hilarious consequences of a secret marriage are revealed therein when Joan Blondell and Dick Powell dare not reveal their marriage because they'd both lose their jobs. But Lee Bowman, the boss' son, falls in love with Joan and insists upon taking her out, much to her and Dick's dismay. (July)

**MURDER AMONG FRIENDS**—20th Century-Fox: The beneficiaries to a multiple insurance policy die suddenly and mysteriously and John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad from suspect to corpse to prevent more murders and solve the ones already committed. In spite of all the murders, it's a gay little offering. (June)

**NAVAL ACADEMY**—Columbia: Three problem kids, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook find themselves redeemed and regenerated due to the strict discipline of a naval academy. The three boys are good, but the story isn't. (August)

✓ **ONE NIGHT IN LISBON**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, zany American, chases aloof Madeleine Carroll all over wartime London and Lisbon in this light comedy. Although it's pretty farfetched, it has its gay and amusing moments. John Loder does swell job as Madeleine's English suitor. (August)

**PENALTY, THE**—M-G-M: Edward Arnold is a ruthless criminal who teaches his son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his footsteps, but Gene is sent to reform school and then released to farmer Lionel Barrymore where slowly he's regenerated. Veda Ann Borg is the moll. (June)

(Continued on page 100)

# HOW YOU TWINKLE, PRETTY STAR!



**MERLE OBERON**, "... star of the Alexander Korda production *"LYDIA,"* says: "I don't think anything does more to create a sparkling impression than teeth that simply glisten . . . reason enough for me to use CALOX TOOTH POWDER!"



**FANS ADORE** Merle's look of exquisite perfection. So between takes, her hair gets a new "do." Her make-up gets attention. And her teeth? Well, you may be sure they get the finest care Hollywood can provide . . .



**MERLE'S GLAMOR REGIME** is planned to include daily exercise, sensible diet, frequent check-ups with her dentist. And for daily care, a dentifrice notable for its superb polishing action—Calox Tooth Powder.



## CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real beauty tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's doubled-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.
3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



# Speak

## FOR YOURSELF

### \$10.00 PRIZE Eye Opener for Certain People

I HAVE just seen "The Devil and Miss Jones" and am more than a little disgusted with the whole picture. I have no sympathy with strikers who see an opportunity to cash in on a good thing; and I dislike more to see this condition presented sympathetically in a motion picture. With conditions as they are in the world today—London bomb-shattered, millions starving on the Continent and our own men and boys giving up good jobs and leaving families to serve their country for \$21 a month, I think it time these so-called "sympathetic strikers" wake up and realize just how precarious is our position in the world today.

Is it asking too much that each do his share to preserve this democracy of ours with as little grumbling as possible?

Too bad these strikers couldn't spend one night in an air-raid shelter only to emerge the next morning to find their homes and their possessions just so many ruins; or spend one week in one of Hitler's concentration camps. Perhaps then they would realize that a little sacrifice today insures untold benefits tomorrow.

MARION MORRISON,  
Rye Beach, N. H.

### \$5.00 PRIZE To the Stars

Because we cannot be  
Great stars as they,  
Burning a brilliant light  
Along our way,  
Gay, lovely women swathed  
In silk and gold,  
Men as alluring as  
The knights of old;  
Because we shall not ever  
See our names  
Spelt out in boldly bright  
Electric flames,  
Nor ever hear them whispered,  
Talked, and sung  
In every given land  
And spoken tongue;  
Because each day we may not  
Play some part  
Where youth and golden romance  
Fill the heart,  
And know that through the fragile  
Dream we build



"Tiny, but she'd never go unnoticed in a crowd," says Miss Galuska of Vivien Leigh

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

A million joys are found  
And sorrows stilled;  
We love the stars for things  
We cannot do,  
But most because they're just  
Real people, too.

FRANCES LOVE,  
Georgetown, Texas.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### An Open Letter to Victor Jordan

IN the June issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR you bewailed the fact that Hollywood is putting far too much emphasis on the heroic struggle of Britain. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that movies are primarily adult fare and that any appeal to the intellect at all must be mature. "Grapes of Wrath" and Steinbeck's other book-movies, as well as "Tobacco Road," are much more morbid and depressing than any war movie so far released. Such movies as "The Primrose Path" and "Dead End" contained a very grim social significance that made them far from amusing. I'm under the impression, Mr. Jordan, that reluctance to face realities is at the bottom of your trouble. I suggest that you accompany your children to the next Gene Autry picture; I'm sure you will find that refreshing. And the news that Shirley Temple is making a comeback will doubtlessly thrill you no end.

Meanwhile, kindly permit Hollywood to make sane and mature pictures. I would rather see a bomb fall any day than have to sit through another one of those football-musical atrocities that were mass-produced a year or so ago. In "Escape" I saw an intelligent presentation of the graves problem in the world today and an earnest effort to bring the facts vividly before us who have not (Thank God Mr. Jordan) had to witness them so far at firsthand.

DAVID EARLE LEWIS,  
Nova Scotia, Canada

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### That Leigh Hamilton Woman

HONESTLY think the words have not been—shall we say—"invented" to describe and give justice to that charming person, Vivien Leigh. There is some almost ethereal quality about her, something deep and hard to reach that makes it an almost impossible



ask. Her physical qualities are simple enough to discern, after, of course, one gets over the shock of her first breathtaking appearance on the screen.

She's tiny, but she'd *never* go unnoticed in a crowd. Her heavenly ray-green eyes first draw, then hold our attention. They express her very mood—they are so dreamy, yet so alive.

Her hair is beautifully soft and dark. You'd imagine it smelling faintly of some dainty flower, lily-of-the-valley, perhaps. She's like a naughty child, sulky and pouting; she's like an angel, radiant and pure. There are so many sides to this quaint, restless creature. She gives you the impression of knowing some delightful little secret, but it is her smile, her absolutely *charming* smile, that completely wins you over.

And, to top all this, she can act! Really act! I don't think there is any actress on the screen today who equals Vivien Leigh, in either "looks" or ability.

HELENE GALUSKA,  
Clinton, Mass.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Fun Preferred**

ACK OAKIE, you slay me! You ham and mug and are more fun than a half-dozen sad-eyed lovers. No star is safe in the same movie with you, for you steal scenes with the greatest of ease.

You are about as romantic as an overstuffed chair, Mr. Oakie, but you're an artist, a master of buffoonery. You have a swell sense of humor, a bag of tricks and you do me more good than the tonic the doctor ordered.

Keep us laughing, Jack.

ETHEL MORRIS,  
Kansas City, Mo.

*The Oakie keeps us laughing right now—on page 48.*

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
**Feel the Same?**

QUITE often one hears a piece of music played intermittently throughout a production. Such music has haunted me for days because I could not think of the name of the piece; I have even lost the trend of thought in the film trying to satisfy my curiosity about the music.

Couldn't there be a short explanation at the beginning of the picture, giving possible the history or connection—at least the *name* of the stock music used? The music is quite evidently played for a reason, so why not reveal it to interested movie fans?

SUE DE WEES HANCOX,  
Knoxville, Tenn.

(Continued on page 23)

and Mother, he says he loves my  
"peaches and cream" complexion



**Smart girls avoid unsightly complexion flare-ups caused by soap irritation. Thousands use mild, gentle Cashmere Bouquet**

**A**FTER the heartaches that go with soap irritation—a trouble reported by one woman out of two—what a thrill to discover Cashmere Bouquet Soap may be your lucky skin care! So try the mild soap three generations of women have found agreeable to sensitive skin.

Daily refresh and rejuvenate your tired complexion with the Cashmere Bouquet Facial.

First: Cream your face thoroughly with the luxuriously mild lather of

Cashmere Bouquet. Work it gently, but well around large-pore areas of nose and chin.

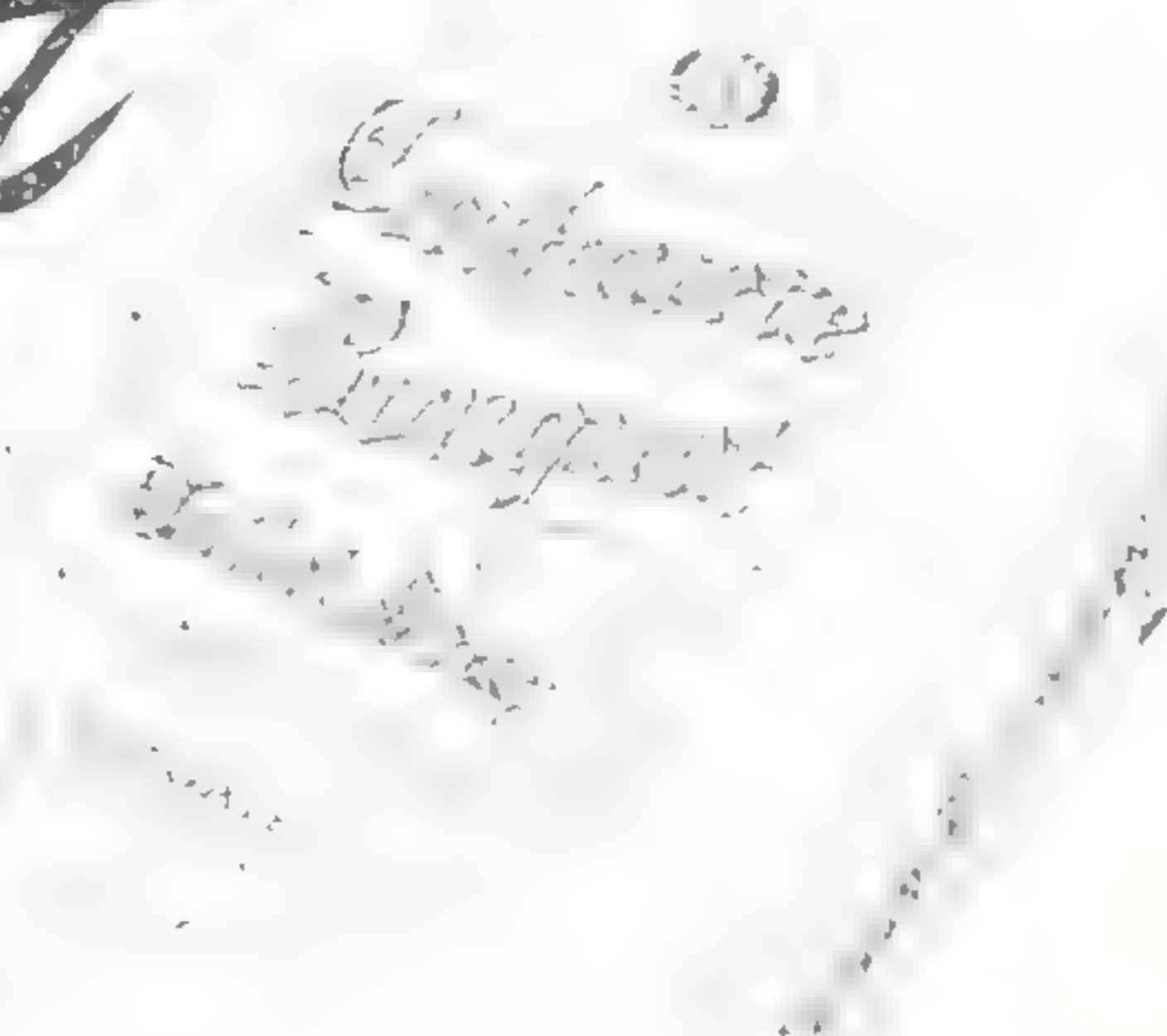
Next: Rinse with warm water; then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub. Now, skin is glowingly clean and refreshed.

For bathing too, the exotic lather of Cashmere Bouquet is heavenly. Leaves you scented all over with the fragrance men love.

Buy it today at 3 cakes for 25c.

*Cashmere Bouquet*  
*Soap*

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE





For more entertainment—  
**FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!**  
 Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

**JACK BENNY**  
 in  
**"Charley's Aunt"**

with  
**KAY FRANCIS**  
**JAMES ELLISON**  
 and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen  
 Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar  
 Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard  
 Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo  
 Produced by William Perlberg  
 Screen Play by George Seaton

**TYRONE POWER**  
 in  
**"A YANK IN THE R.A.F."**

with **BETTY GRABLE**  
 and  
 John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner  
 Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen  
 Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg  
 Original Story by Melville Crossman  
 Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**  
 Directed by **HENRY KING**

**SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE**  
 in

**Sun Valley Serenade**

with **GLENN MILLER** and his  
 Orchestra  
**MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI**  
**JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.**

Produced by **MILTON SPERLING** • Directed  
 by **H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** • Screen Play  
 by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by  
 Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and  
 Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

**"BELLE STARR"**

THE BANDIT QUEEN  
 with

**RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY**  
 and

Dana Andrews • John Shepperd  
 Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills  
 Directed by Irving Cummings  
 Produced by Kenneth Macgowan

**IN TECHNICOLOR!**

*You'll be seeing them...*

He's the girl  
 of the year →

Jack Benny as  
 "Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power as  
 "A Yank In The R.A.F."  
 with Betty Grable

Sonja Henie and  
 John Payne in  
 "Sun Valley Serenade"  
 with Glenn Miller  
 and his Orchestra

Randolph Scott  
 and Gene Tierney  
 in "Belle Starr"





## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

### \$1.00 PRIZE Beauty In Action

IF THE stars could only realize how weary their public is with sunken cheeks, pseudosoulful expressions, over-painted upper lips and protruding hip bones, they surely would snap out of it and go on a calorie spree or something! That is why Lana Turner, with her cocky little strut and deliciously feminine body, was the main eye-appeal in "Ziegfeld Girl." Even as to beauty of face, to my way of thinking, she far surpassed the immobile countenance of Hedy Lamarr. Without seeming too unkind, I must say I fail to appreciate the much-audaud beauty of the latter. Hedy is good to look at, to be sure; but real beauty is as rare as a flawless gem and few women in Hollywood possess it.

Getting back to Lana, her dramatic depth in scenes where she depicted retulance or remorse was (again to my way of thinking) on a par with Davis or Hepburn. The girl has something—verve, personality, a sort of golden, sheeny dewiness. Don't let them tone her down into the usual tale Hollywood mold!

HELEN BARD,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

### HONORABLE MENTION

IKE a breath of reportorial fresh air after too much arsenic hypocrisy was the article, "The Truth About Stars' Ages." The tragedy of it all is the Hollywood delusion that we fans associate the gay, the glamorous and the bright things only with youth. They forget how many of us are ourselves past thirty. We like to think that we, too, are living exciting and vital lives. Why don't the stars relax, celebrate their birthdays and look for an audience among their contemporaries?

MAE H. ASHWORTH,  
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

ORCHIDS to Ingrid. Enclosed find one triple wild orchid I found on the top of our iron range in payment for three beautiful performances by Miss Bergman: "Intermezzo," "Adam and Four Sons," "Rage in Heaven." Davis gives me the jitters, Sullavan makes me hungry. Then along comes normal, sane, healthy person with plain eyes—neither pop-eyed norunken—who can act. Her hair is short and her legs are long—where, where has the glamour girl gone? Thanks, Miss Bergman, and may you be Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

OTTO J. BECKER,  
Minnesota Lake, Minn.

WHY, OH WHY? We go to a Fred Astaire show to see him dance and in "Second Chorus" we sit through two hours of pretended horn-tooting and get about fifteen minutes of dancing.

And George Murphy in "Little Nellie Kelly"—what happened? Nothing. The two grandest dancers in movies, doing everything except dancing.

We don't want to hear them sing—we don't care a thing about their acting—but we love to see them dance.

DONNA GALE,  
Seattle, Wash.



Pleasant subject of a reader's complaint is George Murphy, seen here with Charles Farrell who beamed Janet Gaynor in the good old screen days

WHY DO we still consider it a "treat" to see a play with live actors? The answer is—actors on the stage are aware of an audience they are trying to please. After a clever line they pause until the laughter dies down. But a talking picture "grinds on" like a phonograph record. We hear a funny line and the comeback is drowned in our laughter.

Do the actors in a movie have to keep talking every instant? We love a funny movie. *Give us time to laugh.*

EDNA SWIFT,  
Washington, D. C.

AS A FINAL tribute to one "real human" let us dedicate some token which will keep his greatness and courage in the heart of every American. Hollywood has thrilled us by depicting on the screen the lives of such people as Emma Hamilton,

Father Flanagan, Victor Herbert, etc., but now I am certain she will have a fine biographical film if she reveals on the screen the life of the "Iron Man of Baseball"—Lou Gehrig. The "Iron Man" may be gone, but what he has contributed to the world and us Americans will live until eternity.

NELLA SANTONI,

Baltimore, Md.

LET'S GO American in the movies! Let's film American scenery, American people, American problems in American homes. No more foreign stories in across-the-ocean settings.

Everyone concedes the powerful influence movies have on our millions of movie patrons. Why not turn that influence into a more powerful weapon for American defense? Fans now, more than ever before, raise their cheers when the Stars and Stripes flash on the screen.

Please, Hollywood, fan this flickering flame!

MRS. MAUDE SMEIKE,  
Lambertville, N. J.

IF THEY'RE going to send convoys to Britain, I wish they'd bring back some English films with some advice to our Hollywood producers included! I believe in America First too, but when it comes to choosing between English pictures and ours—I'll take theirs anytime.

The British don't make the fatal mistake that we constantly do, of creating a star of someone simply because she is physically attractive. Why don't we take a tip from them and have a smaller star list with every one of them a real honest-to-goodness actor? Films such as "Night Train," "Vanishing Lady" and "Blackout" appeal to the public's intelligence and, what's more, they've got action, suspense and mystery.

JUNE EDMISTON,  
Maywood, Ill.

BEFORE it is too late I want to cry a halt to the revival of conventional film types who bored me even in their heyday twenty years ago.

One is the masterful caveman: the other is the gamin, spitfire, child of nature, hoyden, or French Canadian wildcat restored with such dreadful fidelity by Paulette Goddard in "Northwest Mounted Police."

The spitfire is in every sense impossible. Her mixture of fiery tantrums and naïve egotism are overdrawn and her pidgin-English is a most tiresome affectation.

Caveman and spitfire, avault! You died years ago; cease haunting us!

ELIZABETH FLETCHER,  
Blackpool, England.



# The SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



A touching, sincere picture: Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson in "Blossoms In The Dust"



Breezy, bright amusement: Mary Martin and Don Ameche in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"

### ✓✓ Blossoms In The Dust (M-G-M)

*It's About: A woman who devotes her life to nameless children.*

**T**O Edna Gladney of Texas, M-G-M has erected a beautiful monument in the story of "Blossoms In The Dust." No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to enact Miss Gladney, the woman who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children.

Miss Garson is not only beautiful, and doubly so in Technicolor, but seems to catch perfectly the deep heart motives of the mother who lost her own child and who henceforth sacrificed her personal life to the care and advancement of these little children, even to erasing, through state legislature, the word "illegitimacy" from their records. Walter Pidgeon as the hearty Westerner who woos and wins Miss Garson for his wife, Marsha Hunt as her dearest friend, Felix Bressart as the doctor, all create memorable portraits. In all, it's a touching, sincere picture that probes deep into the heart.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Tender and appealing.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Sergeant York  
They Met In Bombay  
Underground  
Moon over Miami  
Shepherd of the Hills  
Man Hunt  
Blossoms In The Dust

#### Best Performances

Clark Gable in "They Met In Bombay"  
Philip Dorn in "Underground"  
Jeffrey Lynn in "Underground"  
Kaaren Verne in "Underground"  
Mary Martin in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"  
Harry Carey in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
Betty Field in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
John Wayne in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
Beulah Bondi in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
George Sanders in "Man Hunt"  
Walter Pidgeon in "Man Hunt"  
Joan Bennett in "Man Hunt"  
Greer Garson in "Blossoms In The Dust"  
Bette Davis in "The Bride Came C.O.D."  
James Cagney in "The Bride Came C.O.D."  
Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"  
Joan Leslie in "Sergeant York"

### ✓ Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)

*It's About: The search for a Southern belle to star in a New York musical.*

**I**F you've seen the stage play, just forget all about it, for Hollywood's "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" is something else again. Instead of the original's search for a *Scarlett O'Hara*, we now have stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant and stage director Don Ameche searching for a naïve Southern girl for a Broadway musical show.

Of course, it goes without saying that Mary Martin, chorus girl out of work, goes back home to Dixie to time to stage a show that sweeps Mr. Ameche into a tantrum and Mr. Levant into a dither.

Audiences love Oscar, the incorrigible; Ameche rates cheers as well; but it's Mary's picture. Her Southern belle burlesque, her good looks and bright singing of the peppy songs bring the movie into the homestretch with bright, frivolous flags flying.

Barbara Jo Allen and Elizabeth Patterson are very good.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Breezy as the sea air.

(Continued on page 96)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 104



EMARY LANE, lovely  
of Columbia's "TIME  
T FOR RHYTHM"



# For hair of radiant loveliness

*Completely enchanting*—hair that is soft and lustrous—radiant with sparkling highlights—gleaming with glorious sheen. Let Colorinse help you possess this glamorous feminine loveliness. Colorinse—the magic-like rinse made by Nestle, originators of permanent waving—gives hair a warmer, richer tone—fills it with dancing high-

lights—makes it silky soft, easier to comb, easier to manage. Not an ordinary dye nor a bleach, Colorinse does not brush or rub off but washes out easily with shampooing. Yes, there's a shade of Colorinse that will help make your hair more lovely. Take your choice from the 14 flattering colors on the Nestle Hair Chart. Try Colorinse today.

10¢ for package of 2 rinses  
at 10¢ stores.

25¢ for 5 rinses at drug and  
department stores.

*For a perfect hair-do use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE—  
and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.*



# Nestle COLORINSE









## "Dearest Deanna"—and Benito

**R**ECENTLY our little industry was suddenly grotesquely involved in the world news. There appeared in the daily press a letter which Benito Mussolini had supposedly addressed to the Italian people's favorite movie star—not a German, not an Italian, but a little Canadian-born girl who is now an American.

"Dearest Deanna," the letter began. "In the past we always had a soft place in our heart for you. However, today we fear that you, like the remainder of American youth, are controlled by the President and perhaps tomorrow will see fine American youth marching into battle in defense of Britain. If this is so, you don't yet know how hard life will be for the youth of tomorrow. Why doesn't American youth break the chains which are blindly dragging the entire nation into a war in which it will be defeated? To be able to gnaw the Axis, steel-tough jaws are necessary and not rosy ones used to chewing gum. If you only knew how good and beautiful are the children of Rome and Berlin and how much poetry there is in the youth of Europe, then you wouldn't listen to your and our enemies."

Many people reading this letter must have itched to reply to it for Deanna. Even Deanna herself must have formed answering phrases in her mind before she and her advisors decided they would not dignify the disparagement of our country with a response from her own lips.

The editorial staff of this magazine was in the process of obtaining a comment from her or concocting one of its own when it happened upon someone else's answer. Certainly, if Deanna had wished to acknowledge this typical propaganda epistle, she couldn't have chosen a better spokesman than Mr. H. I. Phillips who, in his daily column in the *New York Sun*, undertook an imaginary reply. He has given me permission to reprint it, and here it is:

"Dear Benito:

"I have received your letter to me through one of your newspapers chiding me for being among those young people of America who stand 100% behind the President, and it makes me feel quite uncomfortable. The idea of me, a little girl in the movies, getting a warning from a

great big dictator like you! It's all so sudden. I had no idea you cared.

"I always thought you were so busy answering orders from Hitler and trying to find out what you were expected to do next that you had no time for movie actresses. It would have made me awfully self-conscious just to have thought that, even on the screen, I was being glared at disapprovingly by you. I tremble even now.

"You say I am making a big mistake in being against the Axis because—you and Adolf are unbeatable, and that all Americans, like me will be left behind the eight ball, which hurts you because you like young people and hate to think of having to devour little American boys and girls. You think I should keep out of any anti-Nazi movements and set that kind of example for the young people of America. You say the boys and girls of Berlin and Naples are much happier and face a brighter future than those of my country. . . .

"**Y**OU wouldn't fool me, would you? I hope not, but I have read about your Italian boys and girls. It seems to me I have read that boys are trained for war from the cradle up. I've seen pictures of little school kids drilling in the hot sun when they ought to be out making mud pies or laughing at Mickey Mouse. And haven't I read about the duty of a little Italian girl being to do all the housework early, marry young and have more children than the Old Lady Who Lived in the Shoe?

"Anyhow, Mister Mussolini, you are not half so sorry about me as I am about you. I know you are unhappy with Adolf. I know you would rather play in somebody else's yard.

"I'll bet you would like to be a little boy or girl and come right out and give your honest opinion about Nazism, Hitler and German aggressiveness. I'll bet that if you could do it without anybody's knowing it you would love to go into a movie theater and boo newsreels of Hitler.

"You're sorry for little girls like me, mister! Well, am I sorry for big boys like you!

"Sincerely,

"DEANNA."

*Ernest V. Heyn*





Loretta Young's figure is just exactly the way she wants it

A million men will be surprised when they read what "Fearless" has to say about Ann Sheridan. Gary Cooper (below with co-star Barbara Stanwyck in "Meet John Doe") always keeps his torso covered. Of necessity?



# The Truth About Stars'

**W**HEN Loretta Young played in "Clive of India," she found great amusement in showing her girl friends who visited her at the studio the absolute construction job that had been built into the front of her formal evening costumes. It wasn't any conventional "padding" but a sort of satin bridge on which her pretty bosom could rest so that it might be pushed up into the plump and visible position demanded by dresses of the late Eighteenth Century, the time which "Clive of India" reflected.

Everybody in the studio—it was the old United Artists lot—was aware of this artistic deception. Everybody re-

garded it as an effect a girl achieved for that kind of a costume picture. Nobody dreamed those five short years ago that all this chest expansion was about to become something the director would order in every film, demand in every star, regardless of time, situation or the star's actual figure.

But it did so work out and just in case you have been wondering how it happens that every starlet coming into movies today, plus some stars long established, suddenly have the most wonderful sweater-fillers ever outlined, we rise to remark that it just ain't so, pal, it just ain't so. Loretta,

at least, was working with the real article, but today in Glamour Corners time and bosoms have changed.

There are Hollywood figures as made by nature and there are Hollywood figures as made in the fitting rooms and you'd be surprised how often the twain do meet. What's more all the fitted, and fitted-up, figures are not female.

There is many a he-man hero on the screen who off the screen and out of his rugged tweed coat and his slick slacks looks like a forgotten order of macaroni. You have often seen the Errol Flynn, the George Brent, the Clark Gable, the Tyrone





Stenographers and Myrna Loy have the same figure problem; but Myrna doesn't care at all

# Figures

Power, the Cary Grant torso exposed without even the benefit of undershirt, but have you ever seen Gary Cooper's or Jimmy Stewart's? (Even in that swimming pool scene in "The Philadelphia Story," you may recall, Jimmy was always snugly wrapped up in his bathrobe.) You have seen many a camera shot featuring Joel McCrea's trig waistline, but have you ever seen a camera linger on the midriff of Freddie March (in the last few years, that is)?

It is, however, much easier to cheat on a man's figure than on a woman's. A lot of shoulder padding, a good "drape" at (Continued on page 76)



Joan Bennett (left) worries because she has something sister Constance hasn't; Jimmy Stewart (below) preferred bathrobe to bathing suit in the pool scene with Hepburn in "Philadelphia Story"



A daring disclosure that calls a spade a spade, names names and reveals hitherto closely guarded secrets of the Hollywood fitting rooms

**BY "FEARLESS"**



# George Brent tells : "Why





# Ann Sheridan and I won't marry //



Ann and George,  
together at a  
studio party

Rarely has any Hollywood man made such a statement; never before has any star had the courage to give his reasons openly

**A**NN SHERIDAN and I are not going to be married!" With a grin, George Brent was answering my question. "I say this," he added, "despite the persistent rumors that we are already married, or that we are about to elope.

"We don't even discuss the question because we know the answer. We realize that the combination of a film career and marriage causes difficulties that few have been able to surmount. We've both tried it. We've both failed."

The Sheridan-Brent romance has excited Hollywood—for Ann and George are such genuinely charming people, both on the screen and off. Now, for the very first time, the truth about this love story is being told.

"We're very happy as it is," George Brent said. "We are perfectly congenial and we have fun together, so why risk clouding a grand friendship by assuming new responsibilities? Happiness is more abiding if it can be spontaneous and not all tied up in 'musts' and 'don'ts.' No other profession absorbs one so completely as acting in motion pictures. It demands your time, your energy and your emotional resources and leaves little for a personal life. It is exhausting enough for a man, but it must be much more so for a girl.

"Ann and I are both under contract to Warner Brothers and working hard, going from one picture into another, so we have little time for plans. Anyway, what incentive is there to plan for a future

**BY MAUDE CHEATHAM**

with the world in this state of chaos? We don't know what will happen next week,

let alone next year!

"Ann isn't looking for marriage," continued George. "She has a brilliant career before her and is tremendously ambitious to prove herself. She has seven years to go on her present contract—when that is over, who can tell? It all depends on how this experience will affect her as a *woman*, what it will make of her.

"There is no doubt that if she is given half a chance she will become one of the foremost screen actresses. She has all the star qualities: beauty, vividness, intelligence, talent, and above all, a realness that the cameras capture. But there's hard work to be done, she knows this, and she would never be satisfied to give it up until she reaches the top. Who can blame her? Not I, because I understand her viewpoint. It's a colorful, exciting life. One can't toss it aside even when one knows the day of triumph is brief and that a long anticlimax awaits after the applause dies down.

"Ann's not of a nervous, high-tensioned temperament so she will weather this screen life better than many girls. She's very wise. She never strains at the leash, never wastes energy over trivial issues, or makes demands. Instead, she takes and gives as it comes. Oh yes, she has her moods, but she quickly rises above them, for she has a boyish vitality and (Continued on page 89)





# Romance — as planned

BY BARBARA BERCH

THEY live in a five-room cottage on the side of a hill in Los Angeles and are showing their neighbors, and the rest of the world, what this business of being happy is all about. They've cornered the market on it and since Julie Anne, their little blonde, now year-old youngster, has moved in with them, all an outsider can do is purr and beam and glow along with them.

Unbelievable, incredible, that they could have happened to Hollywood. They should be in Boise or Butte or Burlington, except that they're a little

more sunburned and a little less naïve. But they're just as stared at and just as revered in their own home town. Kids in love—attractive, bright-eyed, levelheaded kids—get their share of attention anywhere.

Everything about them, everything they do, everything they've done, is so right, so prearranged. They decided that after they were married a year they'd move into a house somewhere in the hills. They did, almost to the day. Then, after three years, they would have a baby. Check, Julie Anne. They can tell you exactly what

they'll be doing fifteen years from now, or how they'll be living when they're ninety-nine. Nobody doubts for a second that every part of it will come out as planned.

Even their house "happened" that way. They started to look for a comfortable place some ten months after they married. They motored through Bel Air, through Brentwood, out to the beach; not right. Then, one day, the house turned up sitting on the side of that particular hill and Anne and Johnny moved in.

They transformed the simple little



Married veterans like George Murphy and Bob Montgomery love to talk to the young Paynes. Matter of fact, all Hollywood loves to watch—and applaud—them



You'd never believe that love, marriage, happiness itself could come about this way. But it does—in Hollywood—with Anne Shirley and John Payne. It can happen where you live, too—if you'll let it

house into a functional, modern home, planted a garden, rigged up a pint-sized swimming pool in a few feet of empty ground they had in the back yard, tacked up rose trellises along the walls and then stood back and surveyed their work. Under their supervision and care, it had become a dream house, something a little out of the world. Especially when Johnny is pattering around with his car in the driveway and Anne is sitting on the fender, Julie Anne in her lap, watching him.

Anne loves to tell the story of how

she and Johnny met. Another one of those instances in which Fate was winking at her favorite children. She was all set to go to a picnic one Sunday afternoon, but since she had been out rather late the previous night, her mother decided that she had better sleep Sunday morning and get her rest. So, instead of the picnic, Anne went to a small party that afternoon—and there was John Payne.

Phyllis Fraser, who was living with Anne and her mother at the time, relates how Anne came home, literally danced home. "I met the most

wonderful man—wonderful," she gurgled. "He promised to telephone me this week." Anne stayed home every night waiting for his call.

"She just about died when Johnny didn't phone," says Phyllis. "Finally, the following Monday, she got some tickets to a preview and asked me if it would be all right for her to call him. I don't think she even waited for my answer, because she was already dialing his number. And he said he had another engagement! Anne broke down and wept, the only time I've ever seen her cry."



The next day a dozen gardenias arrived—from John Payne. And the following week, a dozen camellias, then a dozen orchids and then roses. Johnny claims he wanted to play hard to get at first, but once the campaign started, he wasn't fooling. He fell just as hard as had Anne.

IT'S a first romance for both of them, this great love affair that the town talks about in hushed whispers and muted sighs. Anne had had her share of dates, but nothing real until Johnny came along. As for him, he had never paid much attention to girls. Anne wasn't plain girl, though. She was—well—she was—you know—

They've been married almost four years now and they still act like newlyweds. You see them on Hollywood Boulevard walking along, hand in hand, dropping in to a movie, maybe, or just window-shopping. Or they stop at a drugstore and have a couple of ice-cream sodas, or hamburgers. If he's working, he calls her three or four times a day to see how she is, what she's doing, or to ask, "Is Julie Anne a good girl?" They call each other every day at lunchtime and if the shooting on his picture doesn't break until late, Anne waits for his call, regardless of appointments, business engagements, luncheon dates.

In their well-regulated household, Johnny is the boss. He hires the servants, takes charge of the bills, keeps the business machinery running smoothly. Anne orders the meals, watches over Julie Anne and keeps the house comfortable and right for him. Occasionally, though, when the baby wears her mother out, Johnny steps in and takes over. Friends who have seen him with her declare it makes the most amusing sight in captivity: Big, masculine Johnny Payne holding that baby in his two hands, singing to her, bouncing her, pinching her. Oh yes, he does all of these things, and with the proper amount of gusto. Call him on it and he'll come back with something like, "Julie Anne is a very special kind of baby. This won't spoil her."

Julie Anne's future will be hers to decide for herself. Her mother and father are not going to make an actress of her, or a writer, or a debutante—unless she chooses to be, when she grows old enough to decide for herself. She'll have proper schooling and guidance and advice, but she is going to be an individual and make her own life. Anne and Johnny will see to that.

"If anything ever happened between those kids," says Phyllis Fraser, who is Julie Anne's godmother and who knows the Paynes best, "I'll lose my faith in romance. There never was

anything like this before and there will never be anything like it again. They're perfect together. A whole complete little world in themselves."

If people invite them out, fine, they go. They're invited to the Jack Bennys', to the Barbara Hutton soirees, to all the right social functions. But people aren't essential to their happiness; unnecessary altogether if the two of them are not accepted as a singly functioning unit. The other night some old friends of Johnny's called up and asked him to join them at the fights and maybe for a poker game later on. "Sorry, fellows," he answered, "but I never go anywhere without Anne."

Julie Anne's arrival in July of last year is further proof that everything happens to them the way they want it to, the way it should. Anne knew she was going to have a daughter. So did Johnny. She was so sure that when Phyllis was betting another friend of theirs the baby would be a boy, Anne quickly called her into the house. "Don't bet on that, honey," Anne cautioned. "It's going to be a girl, Julie Anne." They already have the name selected for their next child, which, of course, will be a boy. They've decided upon Jonathan, a composite of both their names, and he'll be born in a couple of years, when everything is right and ready for him.

THEY'RE quiet people, these Paynes, living their lives fully and well. Johnny, in spite of his fame, his success, his talent, is a shy, somewhat untalkative boy. He knows what he wants out of life and he knows what he has to do to get it. Anne is quiet, too, but it's a different kind of quietness, a deep, almost spiritual quality. If she hasn't cured him of his inferiority complex (though why John Payne should have one is a major mystery) she has succeeded in submerging it, since he knows that he is the most important person in her life.

He doesn't make friends easily. He demands perfection and absolute loyalty, but once he makes a friend, he is as loyal and unswerving as he expects the friend to be. Phyllis may have been Anne's best friend, but Johnny had to know her and like her for himself before he could accept her, too. Now she's as close to both of them as she was to Anne, before. But she didn't fall into his affection through pull. She had to earn it.

Johnny had been looking for a girl like Anne all his life. He knew she would be about five feet two inches high, slim, fragile, lithe as a rod, with light brown hair and peachy skin and everything else that makes up Anne. Anne would have told you before she ever heard of Johnny that the man she was going to marry would be very

tall, very dark, very handsome, very strong, very much like John Payne. And either of them would have been just as quick to tell you all about Julie Anne long before she was born. She's no "little stranger" to them.

For all their youth, they're making perfect parents for that child. Johnny boasted that he would take no pictures of his daughter until she reached the photogenic age, say, of six or eight months. But, quite naturally, two days after her birth, papa Payne was photographing her from all angles.

Anne Shirley has changed, too. She has developed into a mature, beautiful woman, she wears her hair differently and she weighs 110 pounds, where she used to balance the scales at 96. It's made such a change in her that over at RKO, the studio where she was contracted as a child star some eight years ago and where she has lived most of her screen life, the head of the publicity department failed to recognize her. "Who is that gorgeous girl?" he asked someone, as she entered the commissary. This, from the man who took the first publicity stills of her as "Anne of Green Gables," replete with pigtails and middy waist!

Marriages in Hollywood, or anywhere else, come and go. So do film stars, and careers, and children, and love. But the John Paynes of Hollywood will probably go on forever.

They're that kind of people.

*Frame for Fame*

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

*Exclusive*

Four-Color Series:

*Linda Darnell*

Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Swamp Water" page 37

*Cary Grant*

Appearing in RKO's "Before The Fact" page 38

*Priscilla Lane*

Appearing in Warners' "New Orleans Blues" page 41





*Linda Darnell*



# The THREE NICEST MEN In Hollywood

This gay commentator foregoes the alkaline to become sentimentalist in naming her choices—but she can't count!



"More than just a nice man," says columnist Hopper of Edward Arnold. "Just listening to that laugh of his is enough to put you in good humor."

HEARD a good gag on myself the other night. A friend said, "Hedda, I know why you've never developed a double chin. It's because you stick your neck out so much."

Well, be that as it may, here I go again and I love it—I mean, sticking my neck out.

The three nicest men in Hollywood . . . that's a tall order because the woods are full of them. But if you'd pin me down, I think I'd pick Edward Arnold, Jimmy Cagney and Henry Fonda.

Edward Arnold is more than just

a nice man. He's about our most distinguished citizen, to boot. He's a good husband, father and a man with an active civic conscience and that's a rare animal in these woods. Elected president for the second time of the Screen Actors' Guild, Eddie is always in the forefront of any worth-while undertaking and has done fine work for the Community Chest, Motion Picture Relief and every cause for betterment of local conditions. He was also the originator of the "I Am An American" movement. In real life Eddie is the same bluff, jovial fellow

that he used to be on the screen before they began making him into those "economic royalists" that he seems always to play nowadays . . . I guess because he's so different.

I know how he feels. I played bad women on the screen for twenty years. Finally I begged Louis B. Mayer for a good-woman part and guess what he said. "A bad woman can't play a bad woman on the screen, Hedda. She'd be too unpleasant, our audiences wouldn't stand for it!"

Eddie's a man with whom you're instantly at ease . . . always brimful



by Hedda Hopper



Idol of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot from top executives down to the gateman is Henry Fonda, Miss Hopper's third choice, "the lovable type"

Label awarded Jimmy Cagney is "a big 'little guy.' Anybody can talk to Jimmy any time about anything and be sure of an interested audience"

of jokes, though just listening to that laugh of his is enough to put you in good humor for the rest of the day. Jimmy Cagney is probably the most down-to-earth actor in town. Anybody can talk to Jimmy any time about anything and be sure of an interested audience. He almost never goes to the Warner Studio Green room, a private dining room reserved for the stars and executives. Jimmy either eats out with the hoi polloi or sits on the set during the noon hour, mending the rag with the workmen and sharing the lunch from their

boxes. They all swear by him and he does an awful lot of kind things for people in his own quiet way. He has the complete simplicity of manner that all "big people" share and his frankness is as comforting as a hand-clasp. Just a big "little guy". . . .

**H**ANK FONDA is the same lovable type off the screen as on. There's something perennially youthful about him without being the least bit sappy. His friendliness and unfailing thoughtfulness in small things have made him the idol of the Twentieth Century lot,

from the top execs down to the gateman.

Hank came up the hard way. He got his early training in stock with the "Falmouth Players" on Cape Cod in the summers, the same group who played in Baltimore during the winters under the title of "The University Players." Jimmy Stewart was in the same company and he and Hank are still buddies. Hank has never forgotten those early lean days and when any of his friends of that period are in trouble, Hank's always there to tide (Continued on page 87)





Cary Grant



# LET'S DANCE

## PAN-AMERICONGA



Three looks at two triumphs: A girl who's the hit of the Hollywood dance floor; and a dance that's destined to have you thinking in Spanish, talking in conga rhythm and being the life of any party. The girl is Ann Miller, a pretty little person who's stepping high in Columbia's "Time Out For Rhythm"; if you dance the Pan-Americanongas the way she does you'll be able to start some Pan-American relations on your own





Priscilla Lane



# WHAT'S WRONG with Hollywood Women?

BY HARMONY HAYNES



Dr. Gayelord Hauser, who has been Garbo's constant companion, exposes an ominous defect

**A**RE motion-picture stars more beautiful, more charming than women in other walks of life? Do they enjoy better health? Do they give themselves better care? Are they more poised or better able to cope with life?

Such questions as these have for years been argued pro and con by both experts and nonexperts. Now comes Dr. Gayelord Hauser, internationally famous dietitian, and casts his vote—No.

Now don't get the idea that Dr. Hauser is prejudiced against Hollywood. On the contrary, he loves it. His home is here and his friends in the picture city are numbered in the thousands. It isn't that he doesn't know beauty, glamour or charm when he sees it, for he is dietitian and personal friend, not only of screen stars, but of a great many glamorous ladies the world over.

At a luncheon given him by Lady Charles Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) in Paris before the fall of France were the Duchess of Windsor, Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire), the Count-



Two years ago, Garbo went to Dr. Hauser to consult him about her health, a visit that was the beginning of a headline romance

ess Montgomery, Princess Karam of Kapurthala, Princess de Beaumont, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mme. Keun Hedervary, wife of the Hungarian Ambassador to France, Mrs. Arturo Lopez, Mme. -- Andre -- Dubonnet, Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge and

Mme. Ralli, wife of the Greek Ambassador. How did those women internationally famed for their charm compare with the motion-picture stars?

Dr. Hauser, strikingly handsome on a six-feet-two-and-a-half-inch scale, smiles and shakes his head a bit sadly.

"I do not like to speak against Hollywood, but since you make it a general question, I feel that I must give an honest answer. No place else, and I do lecture all over the world, have I found such an appalling state of restlessness as I find among motion-picture people.

"They move to the beach, the hills, the valley, the desert, but they never quite get Hollywood, or should I say motion pictures, out of their systems. They never quite relax. Until they do they cannot hope to come under the heading of healthy people and without health they cannot radiate charm as we know it on the Continent. For every charming woman is a calm one and calmness seems foreign to Hollywood.

"Perhaps (Continued on page 77)



When Joan married  
Brian Aherne, she  
probably, for the  
first time in her life,  
got ahead of . . .



. . . sister Olivia, a  
bachelor girl who  
still lived in  
the little house  
they'd once shared



# Sister Act

There's intense rivalry and antagonism between them — Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland admit it. Here, for the first time, is the explanation of the paradoxical love that exists between Hollywood's most famous sisters

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Highly strung, volatile, Joan and Livvie are two of the most delightful and stimulating girls Hollywood has known

Photograph by John Swope

**D**URING the last year Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have made the headlines. Newspaper and radio columnists have informed us there's no love lost between these sisters; that they are, in fact, having a feud. And, remarkably enough, ninety odd percent of all the incidents that have been quoted to prove this point have been true. There's no denying them. Even as children Olivia and Joan quarreled often and violently. But it wasn't because there was no love lost between them, ever. Rather it was because they loved each other exceedingly, were over-possessive and reacted to everything concerning each other far too violently. And all of this still is true.

Always when I read about the de Havilland-Fontaine feud I remember the Saturday afternoon John Swope took pictures of Joan to illustrate a story I had written for *PLAY-MOVIE MIRROR*. Brian was upstairs working with his secretary. Olivia, responding to the admiration in John Swope's eyes, was acting frisky. I can still hear her answering the telephone in a pseudo-elegant voice. And I can still hear Joan fussing, "Livvie, please! Brian doesn't like that sort of thing! And I don't either!"

That may seem trifling. That might be trifling to some sisters. But other

sisters—like Joan and Olivia—love each other in a way that makes them tinder boxes.

There was no further exchange between the girls that day. They wouldn't quarrel before John Swope and me. Their exceedingly beautiful breeding is evidenced always. But it was apparent that things weren't what they would have been if we hadn't been there. The atmosphere was as sultry as it is before a thunderstorm. And I think everyone was relieved when the tea tray arrived.

Brian came downstairs. Joan took her place behind the silver service, like a gracious queen. Olivia curled up in a corner of the cherry red sofa, nibbled speculatively at a sandwich and made outrageous eyes at John Swope. John, a little nervous, I thought, but with his eyes glued on Olivia, began telling how wildflowers now grow on the banks of Boulder Dam, once desert land. That somehow cleared the air and everybody relaxed. Whereupon Joan began telling charming stories about Olivia as a little girl. And Olivia began telling even more charming stories about Joan as a little girl.

Joan said, "I always admired Livvie so much. She always could prove the thing she wanted to do was the thing to do. Even then she had powers of logic and analysis which I, depending upon instinct, have always lacked.

"Once, I remember, she decided we must clean our room—although it was ninety-eight in the shade on a July day. I was frantic when I couldn't find any way of getting out of helping her. And I started pummeling her."

Olivia interrupted, "I got more than one spanking for trying to bully Joanie. But even though those spankings were the result of Joanie's complaining to Mother about me she never took any satisfaction from them. She stood by, pale and trembling, beseeching Mother to whip her instead."

I began to wonder—this being my first encounter with these highly strung, volatile sisters together—if I hadn't imagined their flashing eyes, the anger ready to leap into their measured voices, the tension that had existed in that room only a few minutes before.

"Joanie's illness," Olivia went on, "was forever a thorn in my side. I've always been a ham at heart, I guess. I thought her illness made her romantic and interesting. It also got her out of things."

"Like that convent we hated so," Joan said. "I became quite ill and had to be sent home. The day I left we prayed Livvie would get ill so she would have to be sent home, too. But all our prayers produced for her was hives and she had to stay on."

Brian chuckled and passed his cup for more tea. (Continued on page 85)





# THE Little Foxes



One of the most famous characters in the drama comes to the screen: Regina Giddens as played by Bette Davis



Horace Giddens' soul turned over at the thought of Regina's forcing his lovely Zan to marry Leo

There is probably a woman like Regina Giddens in your town. You envy her her breeding, her position — but would you envy her her heart?

Fiction version by **NORTON RUSSELL**

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn. Directed by William Wyler. Distributed by RKO-Radio pictures. Screen play by Lillian Hellman from her stage success as produced by Herman Shumlin.

## THE CAST

Regina Giddens.....Bette Davis  
 Horace Giddens...Herbert Marshall  
 Alexandra Giddens...Teresa Wright  
 David Hewitt.....Richard Carlson  
 Ben Hubbard.....Charles Dingle  
 Oscar Hubbard....Carl Benton Reid  
 Leo Hubbard.....Dan Duryea  
 Birdie.....Patricia Collinge



**H**ORACE GIDDENS was coming home. For half a year he had been in a Baltimore hospital, being treated for the heart disease that had struck so suddenly and violently. He had found the hospital strangely restful. Away from Regina, his wife, away from his bank, he'd been able to think.

But now Regina had sent Alexandra, their daughter, to bring him home. "Mother misses you," Zan had said. "She wants you to come home." He almost believed it, because he wanted to believe it, but deep inside him he knew it was not true. Regina wanted him back for some purpose. Once he'd thought that Regina's beauty, her stately, gracious beauty, was a sign of inner loveliness, but twenty years of marriage had taught him that it was only a mask. Actually, Regina was as grasping as her brother Oscar, as hard as her brother Ben.

The journey down from Baltimore was long and tiring, and he and Zan stopped overnight in Mobile to rest. It was good, the next morning, to have only a short ride in the gritty, hot train before he was home, riding in a station hack up the quiet Southern street, stopping in front of his own house, having Zan and Addie, the colored housekeeper, fuss over him and install him in his old room, next to Regina's. That was a pleasant surprise. He hadn't slept there since—not for a long time. And now Regina had fixed the room for him herself.

Perhaps she really had missed him—

And then Regina was standing in the doorway, smiling, coming swiftly toward him with a rustle of silk skirts, kissing him and saying, "Horace! I'm very happy to see you. What happened to you and Alexandra—why weren't you here yesterday, when we expected you?"

"We stopped overnight in Mobile," he said. "I didn't feel good. Just a little weak, I suppose."

"Well," Regina said briskly, "you're going to get much better, now that you're home."

"I didn't have a bad time in the hospital," he said. "Oh, maybe at first—when the doctors told me—but after I got used to the idea, I sort of liked it there."

Regina bridled. "You liked it there?" she asked coldly. "You liked it so well you didn't want to come home?"

Thus, within a moment of their meeting, they were on the verge of a quarrel. It was almost with relief that he heard Ben and Oscar Hubbard, Regina's brothers, coming up the stairs. Ben, the elder, was grizzled and hearty and jovial—until he wanted something you had. Oscar was smaller than Ben, more pompous, with a way of meeting your eyes and then looking away quickly, as if afraid you'd see something there he didn't want you to see.

Southern aristocrats, 1900 style, Horace thought wearily, and no improve-

ment at all on the pre-Civil War type.

Birdie, Oscar's wife, who came rushing in soon after the others, was the real Southern aristocrat, and how they all despised her for it! Once Birdie's family had owned Lionnet, the biggest and most beautiful plantation in Paltou County, but first the war and then the reconstruction had ruined them, and now Oscar Hubbard owned both Birdie and Lionnet. She was a foolish, sweet, pathetic kind of woman. Horace had always felt sorry for her—for her gentleness which made her so vulnerable to Oscar's cruelty, for her periodic "headaches," and for the weak and vicious son, Leo, whom she and Oscar together had brought into the world.

Oscar rebuked her sharply, now, for having run across the street from their house wearing a kimono. When she had retired in confusion, Ben lost no time in looking meaningfully at Regina.

At the cue, she said, "I don't like to worry you today when you're tired, Horace, but there's something very important that Ben wants to talk to you about. And I think his news will be better for you than all the doctors in the world."

"I hope so," Ben said, adding insincerely, "but my news can wait."

Regina laughed. "What an old faker you are! You know it can't wait. You know that the deal has got to be closed."

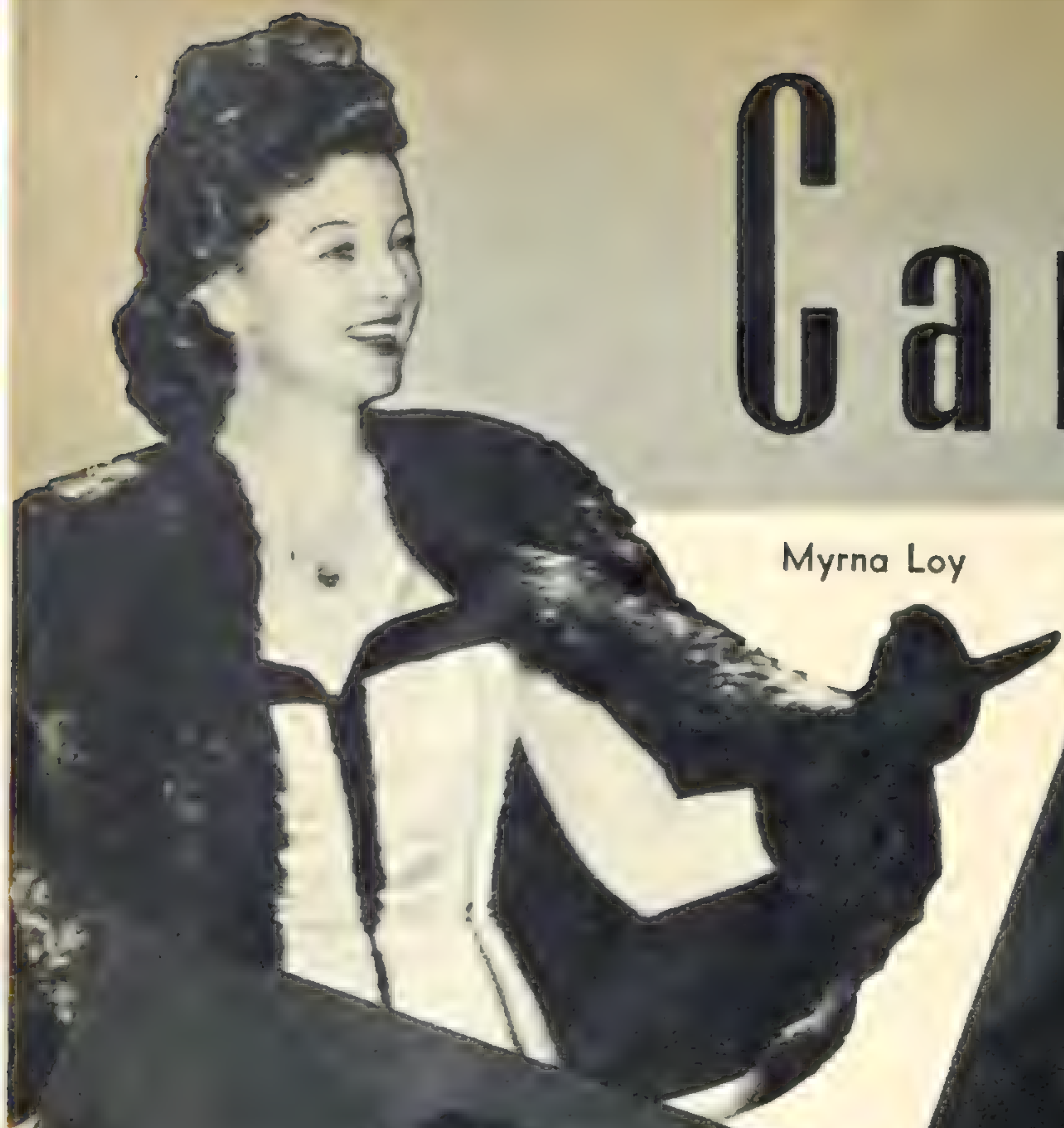
Horace leaned back in his chair and closed his (Continued on page 80)

Regina's voice sounded shrilly over Ben and Oscar's. "You're lying," she said. "You're just trying to scare me!"





# Camera man



Myrna Loy



In the flashlight's white glare at the Pirates Den are Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda. Entry into Hollywood night spots is assured Fink because he's always as well-dressed as the guests; is known as the photographer whose rule is: "Be square with the stars; show them off, don't show them up"

Completely natural is this pose of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul on their first date as "Mr. and Mrs." at the Cocoanut Grove. Reason: They know it's Fink shooting and that therefore they'll be given a chance to okay the finished picture before he releases it



After years' experience, Fink has ferreted out the places people go. Here he spots Tony Martin and Lana Turner in a gold-star pose at the fights. Stars follow such Fink cues as: "Take off that glittering lipstick, it will photograph black," knowing he is protecting them



# at work



Hyman Fink

"You can trust Hymie," says Hollywood of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fink. That's why he has the stars' confidences — and that's why he can get you pictures like these!



Considered by Fink as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and rating with Crawford on his preferred list is Marlene Dietrich, caught here with Jean Gabin at the Mocambo. She is grateful to Fink because he always keeps his camera high when shooting her. In any other position, she looks as though she had a double chin—which is an optical illusion



At the present writing, Hyman Fink has entry into every private home on the Coast except Garbo's, is welcomed at any public place. Here he gets a full-face front of Lupe Velez and John Shelton at Ciro's, a close-up that proves he is the top cameraman of Hollywood



# OAKIE —

## On the Spot

He's so honest, it'll make  
you blush. Some lively double-  
talk about — and by — the  
beloved "old Oakie bucket"

### THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT JACK

**T**HOSE clothes: The breath-taking nerve behind the man who dares wear them. His mugging. His "beeg mouf" good humor.

Those things we like about Jack Oakie.

Crazy as it seems, we go for his burgundy slack suits (red, neighbor), his red suede shoes (the glorious ham in him) and bright yellow scarf that sets the whole thing off like a cock-eyed sunset going down for the count of nine.

We like his outsized exhibitionism that livens up a town like the glow on W. C. Fields' nose. His never-ending flow of gab, a rich ripe humor that couldn't be shut off with Hitler's secret weapon, whatever that is.

His everlasting cry of "Well, this is show business for you," is as familiar

### BY SARA HAMILTON

to Hollywood as the call of the bull moose in mating season. We even get lonely for it when Oakie's not around.

We confess to a healthy respect for Oakie's ability as an actor and firmly believe, as do others, he knows more about the technique of motion-picture acting than most any other veteran in the business today. And as a scene-stealer, well, there's no one in the business can touch the old Oakie bucket.

He has no more dignity than a low-brow goat and on him it looks good. It tickles us pink, the way he shocks Hollywood with his easy familiarity with visiting dignitaries from the

outside world who never forget him.

Bosses, executives, big shots are all one and the same bag of peanuts to Oakie. He's as easy, as loud and raucous with his boss, Darryl Zanuck, as he is with the motorcycle cop out in the Valley.

You can't impress Oakie, the Mayor of old West Van Nuys, and people have simply stopped trying. They know only too well what will happen to portions of their anatomy.

Recently Lieutenant Colonel Zanuck brought onto the set of "The Great American Broadcast" his commanding officer, General J. O. Mauborgne, Chief Signal Officer of the U. S. Army. Oakie, always the first to greet all visitors, had no more idea that this man was an army big shot and Mr. (Continued on page 91)





## THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY JACK OAKIE

(Told to Sara Hamilton)

THE gal sits me down to a typewriter and says, "Now, Oakie, write down the things you don't like about yourself."

I give a quick double take and yell, "Hey, wait a minute, I'm an actor. What do you mean things I *don't* like about myself?"

You should have seen that Hamilton woman wither me with a glance. Well, make 'em up," she says and leaves me flat!

So here I am, an actor with pages to fill up about why I don't like me.

It's against nature, that's what it is.

Well, now let me see. I gotta put something down or that dame will kill me. I could put down I don't like myself for not wanting to get up in the morning, I suppose. Yep, I'll start out with that.

I don't like to get up in the morning and I don't like it because I don't.

Ingratitude in others is my first and

favorite hate. I don't like it in myself, either, so right here's a good time to express my gratitude to a couple of guys who helped me out of good jobs and into success. First is Paul Adler, who worked with me when I was a telephone clerk on the Stock Exchange. Yep, old Oakie, the Wall Street tycoon. My antics, especially the time I got mixed up in a fellow's order and sold instead of bought (will I ever forget it) must have tickled Adler or maybe he was trying to get rid of me: (Continued on page 91)



See-worthy: Ann Sheridan,  
who makes eyes at sailors  
in Warners' "Navy Blues"

*Madison Lacy*





Picture pretty as the  
poser, Merle Oberon  
of Korda's "Lydia"

*Coburn*







"The type every American mother would like for her son": Robert Stack of Universal's "Hellzapoppo"





# CASUAL CYCLONE

This is a story about a rising star. Neither story nor star will be what you expect. So take a deep breath—and meet Betty Field

**M**EET Betty Field for the first time and you feel a little cheated. She doesn't behave according to the formula. She doesn't even look the part.

By all odds, any twenty-three-year-old miss who has behind her a long stage history, but brilliant, and a screen debut so promising that she was immediately entrusted with the lead in Joseph Conrad's "Victory," opposite Fredric March, ought not to go around disillusioning people, even briefly. Especially those who happen to be awed by the fact that when Paramount offered her a job as a full-time star she said no dice and offered

a counter proposition (instantly accepted) whereby she'd toil six months annually for the studio and the other six for her true love, the stage.

Thus it happened that a short time ago, Broadway, the invincible, had been aglitter and ablush with the name Betty Field. On one side of the street a huge blue banner had shrieked her presence in the film "Of Mice and Men." Across the street a marquee had announced that she was starring in "Seventeen." And a few hundred feet north by east an electric sign had

**BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY**


twinkled brightly with her name in box letters under the legend, "Two on an Island," the Elmer Rice stage smash.

And here she was greeting us with a lackadaisical "Hi," after her brilliant stint in "The Shepherd of the Hills," which has thrown her up as a hot contender for the role of *Maria* in the famed "For Whom the Bell Tolls." She was caparisoned in a little brown suit with a white ascot tie and her honey hair tossed back over her head with such unpremeditated art that our mind wandered to Brenda Frazier and how she'd rather die than be caught with her hair so charmingly akimbo.

"Gad," we (Continued on page 94)



# How to Have Fun



The girl that sends hostess Maxwell out into the garden hunting roving males that are trailing her is not the glamorous beauty. She's three other things that pack a stagline smash

After reading this, all beautiful women will wish they weren't; all homely girls will be glad they are; and all men will shout, "Social leader Maxwell certainly knows her stuff!"

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

"If you really want to have a good time and be successful," advises Elsa Maxwell, "don't try to be beautiful. Because feminine beauty is the most overrated commodity in the world today. Pulchritude, glamour or whatever you want to call that thing so many women strive for won't help you have fun in life, be popular or win success."

"On the other hand, I claim that the girl without glamour, without much money, without ultra style and without scintillating brilliance can have more fun than any other person. Providing she has a sense of humor."

A radical statement, but coming from America's foremost authority on

how to be popular and have fun in life, it's one you can't laugh off. As for what this woman knows about winning success—well, let's take a peek at her accomplishments. Most of these, incidentally, are the fruit of her reluctance to accept maxims as gospel merely because they have whiskers.

She started disagreeing at the age of three, when she took exception to the way Adelina Patti, who was visiting her home, sang "Coming Through The Rye." So Elsa taught her how it ought to be sung. In return for her criticism she received a poke bonnet which the famous Patti sent her from Paris, with the hopes that it pleased her youngest singing teacher.

Elsa didn't agree that the French Riviera was exclusively a winter resort and set out to prove to the world that it was also a summer playground. Before she was through she was responsible for building the beaches, the tennis courts and summer pavilions at Monte Carlo and for bringing the smart set of Europe there for the summer as well as the winter. She didn't agree, either, that a certain patch of Florida wilderness was fit only for Seminole Indians, water moccasins and alligators. So she introduced Addison Mizner to Paris Singer, its owner, and the Everglades Club and Palm Beach resulted.

Elsa Maxwell started her varied



# Without Beauty



TIPS FROM ELSA MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH ALSTON

career writing music, first in New York and then in London. Later she became a successful writer, specializing on the subject of human nature and how to enjoy life—at which she has always been an expert.

Staid English society took to her originality and humorous view of life and she soon became one of the "musts" at many English parties. Returning to America, she proceeded to introduce such novel and unusual parties to the social sets of New York and other American cities that she succeeded in breaking down the wall of distinction between the stiff shirts and the common people. As a result, she is credited with creating what is

now known as America's cafe society—a sort of blend of shirt sleeves and high hats.

Naturally, the unpredictable things she did convinced Hollywood that she was its kind of person and soon she was pitching filmdom's most ambitious parties.

Then the movies took a hand. Elsa put her writing, her social activities and her lecture tours on the shelf long enough to make "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women" for Twentieth Century-Fox. Then Warner Brothers convinced her she should do a series of half a dozen shorts under the title "How to Get Fun Out Of Life." In these pictures she writes and stars

both. Meanwhile, Fox studios have signed her for two more pictures and she has a contract to go on the air.


When we asked Elsa Maxwell how she accounts for her own success, she replied with a knowing grin: "Oh, you mean in spite of my 200 pounds, my funny face and my fifty-six years?"

"Well, it's certainly not my sex appeal," she laughed. "And you wouldn't think it was my svelte grace, my glamour, my looks or my youth, would you? So it has to boil down to my sense of humor. I'm in this studio today, starring in my own pictures, because I never took myself seriously.

"YOU suggest I pass a little advice along on how to be popular and get ahead. I'll be glad to. I want to advise all girls, and women of all kinds, not to take themselves too seriously; and to understand people. Also, don't adopt a sophisticated attitude. Any time you have to affect sophistication you're being anything but that. Be unaffected at all times and see the other fellow's viewpoint. Get a sense of proportion. And get experience the natural way—by rubbing shoulders with people and learning to understand them.

"If you have a sense of proportion and a sense of humor you won't be handicapped by an inferiority complex, especially if you don't let not being beautiful worry you. You don't have to have beauty to get ahead. The most successful women I know are all plain. I think I'm a pretty healthy proof that you don't need 'looks' to be acceptable. (Continued on page 103)





"I'm

Lots of girls say that; few make it come true—but then, they probably wouldn't dare do what Martha Scott did

BY  
RUTH WATERBURY



# Going to Be Somebody"

IN the spring of 1935, toiling away in the basement of a gigantic New York department store, the obscure, ambitious Martha Scott refused to forget her dreams of theatrical triumph. She, who had been the pride of high-school plays in Kansas City, Missouri, the uncontested ingénue of the University of Michigan presentations, she who had done a season of Shakespeare at the Chicago Fair, now spent her mornings and afternoons selling kitchen utensils and her hurried lunch hours invading managers' offices.

She had moved from that shelter of unknown actresses, New York's Rehearsal Club, together with the two close friends she had met there, Joy Hathaway and Victory Abbott. Where it had cost each girl fifty dollars monthly to live at the Club, they now pooled their resources and found an apartment in an old brownstone house on Beekman Place, an aristocratic, old-fashioned street that faces New York's East River. This cost them

fifty dollars and they manœvered their dates for most of their meals.

For all their penny pinching, life was very wonderful to the girls. They could sit in their tiny living room and hear the boats tooting on the river. When they gave their addresses at various agencies, they were aware of the elegant sound of it. They wrote home fulsome, glowing letters and they had, best of all, more dates than they could live up to. Joy was working quite regularly on the radio. Vicky became a fashion model. Martha threw into their pool her small department store wages, while they all waited for that eventual Broadway triumph that was to land them in lights, wealth and fame.

It was midsummer before Martha got her first break, a mere two weeks at the Dennis Cape Playhouse on Cape Cod. She threw up her department store job without hesitation and so good was she in those two brief weeks that she got hired, at the end of them, for another two at the Locust

Valley Playhouse, down on Long Island, and from there she got her first movie offer.

She was smart enough to turn it down. From the experiences of herself and Joy and Vicky, she knew of many other fledgling actresses who had gone to Hollywood, at their very first opportunity, only to get lost in the movie shuffle and to return to Broadway, defeated forever after. Besides, Martha was now sure that she would keep on working regularly.

But the two weeks at Locust Valley ended and nothing happened. She went the rounds again. She tried to see this manager and that. She got nowhere. Finally she landed a ten-dollar job opposite an unknown named Orson Welles. "Orson was frightening people even then," Martha now says. "He was doing 'The Sunday Night Ghost Stories' over CBS and I got the chance to be the girl who was scared to death by one of them."

Martha hoped that bit, with her summer stock (*Continued on page 92*)



Martha with Sol Lesser, who brought her to Hollywood for "Our Town," and husband Carleton Alsop (at her left), whom she first hated, then loved. Below: She and her mother visit James Gleason of "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town," starring Bob Montgomery, who wrote the tag line of this story





# Hearts and Flowers

How to say what you want to say  
when you want to say it—wordlessly

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

*So you're a coquette at heart...*



Well, leave it to the primrose... You're not ready to settle down and you'd like to tell the constant suitor not to be so constant. So, next time he presses his suit too ardently, tuck a few fresh primroses in the belt of your dress or slacks. They mean "inconstancy" and with a bit of pointing up, he'll get the point, too.



ILLUSTRATION BY  
MARY HORTON

*As a matter of fact, he'll probably retaliate with...*



A white camellia, which means "loveliness"—or why did you think they called Madeleine Carroll "camellia-puss" in "One Night in Lisbon"? You'll then wear the camellia as the only decoration on your starched black chiffon dress, plus a hat of black meline and black gloves to your elbow, thus bearing out every syllable of what the camellia says.

*Some day, some gentleman will give you a four-leaf clover...*



Which means, of course, "Be mine." If you're ready to cut the cake at his wedding, you'll sally forth to your next date dressed in a beige shantung suit and carrying a little bunch of rosebuds with myrtle, which is a confession of love. On the other hand, if you don't like the ties he wears, you'll put an end to this serious business by wearing a white carnation, which means disdain. You'll wear it the way clever gals are wearing their flowers—in a little gold flowerpot that looks like an important clip, but is so designed that it holds water, will keep fresh flowers fresh and will look knockout on your pastel linen suit.

*But if a male gives you a yellow rose...*



You'll know he's jealous of you. Now maybe he thinks he has reason to be. If he's wrong, you'll then unfurl your parasol—every summer siren carries a little printed one—and...

*Take some plain and simple daisies...*



Wire them on little invisible hairpins and tuck several of them in your hair. Thus, without a lot of expostulations, explanations and what-have-you, you'll get your point across, because a daisy always means "innocence."

*This, of course, will probably all end in...*



A present of deep red roses which says—ah, victory—"Will you marry me?" So you'll then assemble a trousseau which will include a bright flannel box-length coat and a Chinese house suit of shiny black cotton that you'll wear to bake your first biscuits. And on your wedding day you'll have the earrings that Hollywood is raving about—tiny ones constructed to hold water and fresh flowers. In them you'll have some lily of the valley which means, as Grandma would say, "You've fascinated me completely." But when you get to that point, you probably won't need the lily of the valley—you'll be talking double-talk yourself!





# CLOTHES FOR *Skylarking*

This is the way a lady looks when she knows she's going to be looked at. Claudette Colbert takes the center of the stage in Paramount's "Skylark," has herself a wonderful time in a white suede crepe evening dress designed by Irene. The handclaps and hurrahs from the fashion-minded audience are due directly to adroit embroidery—a lotus design in gold and copper; and to the classic draping that says "Come follow me" to Miss Colbert's present co-star, Ray Milland, and a lot of other people





This is the way a lady can be cool, calm and collected when the thermometer starts playing tricks and takes a nose-dive of a summer eve. Miss Colbert wears the pride of Irene's heart—a wool fingertip jacket and skirt suit of Indian brown overplaid on a beige background. If the "Skylark" customers can take their eyes off C. C. they'll see the way the plaids are matched; the diagonal treatment on the slit pockets and the lynx collar that will make the suit a special under an autumn moon.





... and this is the way to sally forth on a shopping spree and have all the shoppers wanting to buy your suit. This Irene offering is of autumn beige sheer wool marked by crescent pockets on a cutaway coat, a swirling skirt and two white piqué butterflies that catch the veiling of the off-the-face hat to the left shoulder of the suit. Carry a bronze bag to match your slippers and you'll set a suit style on any Main St. in the U. S. A.





This is the way to have your dancing partner want to cut capers with you—wear this black marquisette dinner dress. A leaf appliqué in black velvet is a stroke of Irene's genius, as are the high neckline, the little cap sleeves and the harem-type skirt that is overdressed in front and folded softly to below the knees in back. A delicate diamond necklace dresses a dress that will be one of the reasons you'll see "Skylark" over again



... and this is the way to pose informally of an Indian summer day—in a dove grey crepe slack suit with a tunic coat that buttons on the side and has an appliqué that is a dextrous accent by the deft Irene. The crisp white collar is just the touch for the square neckline; the wedge-soled grey shoes, laced ghillie fashion, match the pace Miss Calbert sets in "Skylark"







A miracle of science, of surgery, of faith is represented in Veda Ann Borg's face as it is today (above). Left: As she looked before the terrible accident

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# "I didn't have any face!"

A beautiful young girl . . . a swerving car—and tragedy. Veda Ann Borg speaks of it now for only one reason, a reason as inspiring as her story is appalling

**A**FTER the accident, they took me to the receiving hospital. I kept screaming for a mirror. Finally the nurse gave me one. She walked out of the room. They all left me, the two doctors, too. Hard-boiled as they were, accustomed as they were to the sight of pain and mutilation, they couldn't take it. I looked into the mirror. It isn't a pretty story to tell. It wasn't a pretty sight. *I didn't have any face. Not any face at all. . . .*

But that comes later. That is just one of the horrifying headlights in such a story of agony and courage, of ruin and of faith as I have never heard.

I said to the girl sitting opposite me,

fair as pale gold, and flawless, "Please, if you can bear it, begin at the beginning. . . ."

She did. I sat motionless, except for the moving of my pencil taking down every word she said. I spoke scarcely a word. I don't believe I breathed.

This is the story she told me:

Her face was all she had when she came to Hollywood. Her face and her figure. She'd had no dramatic experience of any kind. "I didn't even do high-school plays in Boston." She was doing commercial photography in New York. She needed only a face and a figure for that. Beauty, that was all she needed, anyway, wasn't it?

Then Paramount made a test of her.

They signed her to a contract and before she realized what was happening to her, she was on her way to Hollywood by plane.

She felt absolutely numb and she took it pretty big. She was very young, remember. And remember, most of all, that she was dazzlingly beautiful. She earned her living by her face. Now, on her way to Hollywood, she became even more conscious of a mirror than she had ever been before. Her hair had to be just so. A tiny mark on nose or chin were catastrophes. This was to make what happened later on all the more terrible, of course.

In a town where beauty-glutted eyes would look dully upon "the beauty that was Helen's," eyebrows lifted at the sensational sight of Veda Ann Borg. She was in Hollywood only three days when they handed her a script. She played the second lead opposite John Halliday in "Three Cheers For Love."

**A**T the end of six months. Warner Brothers signed her to a term contract. They started her off with second leads, in "San Quentin," "Kid Galahad," "She Loved a Fireman" and many others. They began to groom her for the build-up they later gave Ann Sheridan. The biggie executives had conferences with her and about her. She was told what to do and what not to do about her social life. No night-clubbing except with the right people. No romances in her life except such as the studio would "build" for her with the young men in her pictures. They began to send out publicity about her, all over the United States, South America, England. They had two or three pictures ready for her. One of them Ann Sheridan did later on—when Veda Ann was "written out of the script."

"I was riding the world and the bets were on the nose. I was sitting up there among the stars. Nothing could stop me. I bought clothes and more clothes. I did what many newcomers do in their first six dizzy months, I (Continued on page 72)

By GLADYS HALL

*To whom it may concern:  
You can have a new  
face too -- there are other  
kinds of surgery besides  
plastic surgery: there is  
surgery of the mind and  
spirit. Here for the  
first time I am telling  
the complete story with  
the hope that it may  
give encouragement to  
those who need help as  
I needed it.*

*Veda Ann Borg*



As the bomber rushed by, Gay screamed. "Bob!" she cried. "Something's wrong. That smoke. That's my father's signal!"



# FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

## *The story so far:*

Gay Stevens, who lives in San Diego with her father, Major Stevens, a retired Army officer, serves him as a test pilot in tryouts of his secret inventions for Army and Navy planes. She is in love with . . .


Bob Fuller, top Hollywood star, about whom there has been much gossip since his deferment from the draft. Only Gay and a few of his close friends know the truth—that Bob's lungs were injured in a studio

fire and that he is unfit for service. Gay had agreed to marry Bob and they were on their way to apply for the license when Bob was summoned to his Valley ranch by . . .

Muriel Cowley, Hollywood actress, with whom Bob's name had been linked. Muriel, on the verge of hysteria because the orphanage was sending an investigator to check up on the baby she had adopted, fell into Bob's arms when he arrived with Gay and the Major after a swift and nerve-

racking flight. But Gay realized that the hysteria had been merely a trick to bring Bob to the ranch. It was while Gay and Muriel were alone with the baby that the actress looked straight at Gay and said, "You're in love with Bob, aren't you—poor child. And I thought everyone knew about Bob and me. But you didn't even dream the baby was my own flesh and blood, did you?" Without a word Gay rose, walked out of the house and straight to . . .





She thought she could fly away from love. She didn't know  
that's one way a man finds out when a woman really cares

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

Scupper Davis, Bob's pilot. Quietly she asked him to drive her and her father back to the plane. As Scupper jammed his foot on the starter, the patio door banged open and Bob came running after them. "Hey," he yelled, "Where you going?" Gay leaned over Scupper's shoulder, "Get us out of here fast," she said. "Do you hear me? Fast!"

IN the next few weeks Gay Stevens' white and gold plane kissed many landing fields in the West and the Midwest—kissed them, and held them a little while, and bade them farewell without regret.

And Gay wrote many postcards to her father. Messages like this:

"Having wonderful time in this quaint old city of Chicago. Please send check. Gay. Oh yes. P. S. How are you? Love."

She wrote these in lonely little hotel rooms late at night, or in strange and dreary hangars or airfield offices, or in such restaurants as served postcards with the menus.

Occasionally she wired.

"Ceiling zero funds ditto hope your erysipelas better moving on tomorrow love to Axel."

In Detroit she received a long letter from the Major which was all about his work on a new bomber, and which she hurried through until she found the important paragraphs.

"By the way, there was a red plane that used to fly in here every day, carrying a most importunate young man. At first I thought him a bill collector, he was so insistent on seeing you. I explained you were taking an extended course in geography, and he hasn't come back.

"When are you coming home? I'll bet the old folks miss you. And I'll bet you'd have a lot of fun helping your asthmatic old father in his work. The old boy hasn't been the same since you left. In fact, nobody has. And quit sending love to Axel. I had

to let him go. As I told you once before, he talks too much. Well, so do I. So be reasonable, and sweet, my dear. Come on home."

Gay read the letter in the lobby of her hotel, and went immediately to the telegraph desk.

"Will come at my own sweet time," she wrote. "See you at breakfast tomorrow."

As she finished writing she became aware that a man was looking over her shoulder, reading the message. She turned and looked into the face of Scupper Davis.

"Aw, Miss Smoky," he said, "I mean Miss Stevens. It's swell you're going home. The boss'll be glad when I get him on the phone."

"Down, fury, down," Gay said to herself.

Aloud she said, "How long have you been following me, Mr. Davis?"

"Only a few days."

Against her will, Gay laughed—and with genuine amusement. She suddenly realized that Scupper was a likable person.

"You might have let me know," she said. "We could have gone places. I'm really glad to see you, Mr. Davis. I didn't know a girl could be so lonesome."

Scupper thrust out a hand to her, a big red hand.

"And me thinking you a dumbbell," he grinned. "But then the way you lit out, without a good-bye or anything—and the way the boss went cuckoo—say, won't you say hello to him?"

Gay shook her head.

"That's all over, Mr. Davis. I don't want to talk to him, nor do I want to talk about him."

She had a sudden, and condensed, recollection of all the lonely hours in the last weeks when she tried not even to think of him and then went out to walk through the streets of some strange city to find herself staring at his name on the marquee of a theater; or picked up a newspaper to

lose herself and her own troubles for a little while, and saw his name or his picture staring at her.

"He's a sick man," Scupper said. "The papers won't quit riding him. People in Hollywood give him the ice when they don't turn on the heat. He still gets white feathers in every mail. He doesn't care about that. But when you walked out—"

"He sent you to find me?"

Scupper sighed. "And what a job! Look, can't you give the guy another chance? It looks to me like you ain't exactly having a picnic, running away. And here's how I figure it. If a dame really hates a guy she snoots him, but she sticks around the old diggings. She don't care whether she sees him or not. But when she wants to get far away, well maybe she can't trust herself being near him."

Gay looked at her wrist watch. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go up and pack, and comb my hair. I'll meet you here in the lobby in fifteen minutes. You can take me to the airport and buy me a hamburg and a cup of coffee. And when you see Mr. Fuller—"

"Yeah, I know," Scupper interrupted, "I'll tell him you're coming home—but you don't want to see him."

"Right. See you later."

Fifteen minutes later, as Gay and Scupper headed for a taxi, she stopped and bought a pipe for her father.

"The poor invalid," she said, "has four pipes now, and he calls them after the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. I guess we'll have to call this one Paul. You think he'll like it?"

Scupper examined the beautiful briar and lit a cigarette.

"I wouldn't know," he said. "The boss likes pipes. He's got a hundred at least, and he's always buying more. But me, I got to be careful of my health. So I smoke cigarettes."

In the taxi Gay started to sing;



and Davis joined in the song, surprising her with the sweetness of his voice.

"California, here I come

Right back where I started from."

All the way across the skies Gay sang snatches of that song, shouted it to the brilliant stars and to the sallow moon. It made her happy, and it made her sad.

She tried to sing it as her plane landed at San Diego and she saw her father striding toward her. She tried valiantly. But a lump came into her throat and choked the song; and all she could do when she threw herself into her father's arms was to say over and over again, "Oh, it's so good to be home; it's so good to be home!"

EVERYTHING seemed so strange, in spite of the fact that it was so familiar. The house seemed to have shrunk, and to have grown more beautiful. The garden had never been so lovely, or so vast. And her father had never seemed so young, so gay, so very very dear.

"Everything is so different," she exclaimed.

"So? I hadn't noticed that. Except the hangar, of course. Our hangar."

"The hangar? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong, exactly. But we're taking no chances. We don't know what Axel may have told in his cups, or how many people he may have talked to. So we've taken most of the gadgets out and put them in the Army hangar, which is protected day and night. We have nothing but the old O. J. and the new bomber. The General's having them moved tonight. We'll put dummies in the hangar, and a cot."

"For heaven's sake, Major. A cot?"

"A man's got to sleep sometimes. I'll have to work nights now, at the Government hangar—and make believe I'm working all day in my own place."

"You think there are spies watching you?"

"Perhaps not. But we can't take too many precautions. Those two planes are loaded down with secrets. If any spy tampered with them or— or anything—"

"Dad! Why, I've never seen you so serious in all my life. You're really worried. I'm worried, too."

She shoved herself away from the table, pushed her father's chair out

and sat in his lap, as she hadn't done in years.

"You're keeping something from me," she accused him. "There's danger."

The Major stroked her hair and blew down the back of her neck and held her a little closer to him.

"No," he said. "Get that out of your mind. There's no danger, but I'll feel a lot better once the bomber and the pursuit ship are properly protected. There are things of incalculable value to the United States in those planes and nothing must happen to them. In an emergency, the planes must be blown up. They must never be captured!"

the receiver off the hook and smiled to see that Gay had not stirred. He spoke gently into the mouthpiece.

"Hello. Yes. Yes. All worn out, poor kid, but happy. Yes. Sound asleep. Oh, any time. I expected you sooner. Well, give her time to wake up and primp."

The receiver clicked. Gay opened her eyes and closed them again. "Why did you tell him to come?"

The Major spoke quietly. "Because I think my girl is a big enough woman to accept an apology."

"Whose apology?" said Gay cautiously.

It was a moment before the Major answered. He was, seemingly, intent on filling his pipe. Then—"Muriel Cowley's."

Gay jumped to her feet, faced her father squarely. "Dad," she said, "it isn't a matter of accepting anybody's apology. I just don't think or act or feel the way they do. They're in another world whose standards are different. I can't ever be a part of that world!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Major quizzically. "Leaving Muriel out for the moment, I don't know that your standards are so much more exalted than young Fuller's."

Gay's voice was a whisper. "I don't know that they are either, Dad. But he's Muriel's. Or if he isn't, he ought to be."

"Not at all," said the Major, with surprising flatness.

"What do you mean?"

"Gay," said the Major, gazing out the window at a car that was pulling up on the field, "in the next few moments you're going to learn some interesting things. Your future happiness will depend on how good a sport you can be.

how big a person you are."

Gay's eyes followed his gaze out the window. The door of the car opened and with tight lips and a sinking heart, Gay saw Muriel Cowley get out. Hungrily she searched for another figure, but there was none.

"Snap out of it, Sergeant," the Major said softly. "And remember your dad would love to have you as an old spinster to keep his home all the days of his life."

Gay stepped through the door and with her father's words ringing in her ears, "Your future happiness—" moved forward. Trying desperately to sound cordial, she extended her hand to Muriel. (Continued on page 70)

## THE BIGGEST NEWS OF THE YEAR!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror has succeeded in capturing for its readers one of the prize plums of 1941. It's—

### I WAKE UP SCREAMING!

by Steve Fisher, young top-flight writer of Liberty and Cosmopolitan magazines.

● Twentieth Century-Fox Studio thinks so much of it that they are assigning a name-packed cast of their biggest stars.

● We think so much of it that we are bringing you the complete novel.

● You will think so much of it that you'll wake up screaming, too, when you read this most exciting story ever to be born of the flesh and bones of Hollywood in the

OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

"The ships go to the army at sundown?" Gay asked.

"Figuratively speaking. As soon as it's dark. Want to go down to the hangar and wait with me? There won't be much to do except sit and read, but we'll have to stay there and pretend I'm working."

It was cool in the hangar, and quiet. Gay hadn't slept in twenty-four hours and now she fell quietly asleep. The Major pulled down a window blind to shade her from the too-brilliant sun and then tiptoed across the floor to the wall telephone, as though he expected it to ring.

It did ring, before he reached it. He looked guiltily around as he took



# Your January Face Powder is a "Beauty-Thief" in Summer!



Last winter's powder was right with your fairer winter skin. But as the summer sun deepens the tone of your complexion, don't cover its rich, new summer-time beauty with a pale winter-time powder!



Dramatize your summer skin... wear a powder that seems part of your new beauty. Put away that old winter face powder. Find your lucky summer shade *now* in Lady Esther Twin-Hurricane Powder!

## Find your Lucky Summer Shade In My Twin-Hurricane Powder

HAVEN'T you noticed how your complexion has changed in the past weeks—how it has deepened, taken on rich new tones?

Summer brings an exciting beauty of its own to the skin! But so many women innocently spoil this new beauty by fading it out with a winter-time powder.

This summer, be fair to your new beauty. Be *dazzling* instead of drab. Wear a powder that does things for you—that

really dramatizes your summer skin!

Years ago I was first to use a mighty air-current to refine face powder, to make it more enduring in its cling, more flattering to you.

**Blown to Exquisite Softness—  
by my Twin-Hurricane Method!**

Today, Twin-Hurricanes buff and smooth my powder to almost unbelievable fineness—making it softer and more even-textured than any I've ever known.

That's why my powder goes on so smoothly—why its clinging flattery stays with you 4 long hours or more.

Women by the thousands tell me that my Twin-Hurricane powder brings out all the natural beauty of the skin—makes

it look softer, smoother, fresher—yes, and even younger... sometimes *much* younger!

**Try all nine shades FREE**

Every shade of Lady Esther Face Powder is a miracle of color perfection. One particular shade will help to bring a magic glow to your face... new light to your eyes and hair... new loveliness to you! That is your *lucky* shade. Wear it gaily, happily. Send the coupon right now—and receive all nine shades FREE!



*Lady Esther*  
**FACE POWDER**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (71)  
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your  
9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of  
your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.



## Flight into Nowhere

(Continued from page 68)

"It was good of you to take the trouble to come down here, Miss Cowley."

"Thanks," Muriel clung to the hand gratefully. She couldn't speak for a moment. "I couldn't have done what you just did if you had done what I did a few weeks ago."

"Let's not talk about it," Gay found herself swallowing hard.

"But that's what I'm here for," Muriel interposed. "I'll be honest with you. I probably wouldn't have come if Bob hadn't made me. He said I owed it to my baby to clear his name of that frightful mess I got us all into."

"Then suppose you tell the baby," Gay said, a little stiffly.

"No, please, Gay. I know who really needs to be cleared. It's Bob. He's been in hell ever since you went away—all on account of me. Muriel Cowley has found something she can't have and she's got to be fair enough to see that the woman who should have it gets it.

"YOU see," she continued almost pleadingly, "Bob and I are sort of thirty-second cousins. We were practically raised together. He's been a combination of big brother and beau to me ever since I can remember."

"But you married someone else, didn't you?" Gay prompted.

"Yes, Bob's best friend. Bob didn't approve of the marriage because he didn't think I was the type to make a go of it. Then when it showed signs of going on the rocks, Bob suggested adopting the baby. That baby has been the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

"Then the baby isn't really yours and—" Gay couldn't bring herself to say the words.

"No, Gay. I've never been so ashamed of anything in my life as I am of what I said that day. I don't know what got into me. Devils, I guess. I told a lot of half-truths that were horribly misleading. You see, I'd never seen Bob look at another girl as he did at you. I'd always considered him as my property in a sort of way. Well, that isn't right. It isn't fair to him—or you."

Muriel reached out an impulsive hand. "I hope you'll be very happy, my dear."

Gay took Muriel's hand gratefully. She was about to reply when a voice spoke behind her.

"How's the appeasement party coming on?"

Gay whirled to find Fuller's powerful figure towering over her. "Wonderfully!" To save her soul, she couldn't have kept the glad leap out of her voice. "It's the most successful appeasement drive in history."

"Swell." His tone included both girls but his eyes were for Gay alone. "Look, Muriel, Scupper's due in any minute with the plane. How about—"

"I know," Muriel smiled gallantly. "Pardon me while I scan the skies." She walked away, pointedly swinging her parasol between herself and the two she had brought together.

"AH—SORT OF missed out on the kind of greeting old friends usually give each other when they haven't met for a long time." Bob's eyes were on Gay with the thirst a man brings to a cool spring.

Gay felt her face go crimson. "What kind of greeting?" she asked softly.

"This." He swept her into his arms and pressed his lips hard against hers. "Promise not to fly away again—at least,

not without me."

"Never," Gay whispered. "Hold me tight, darling."

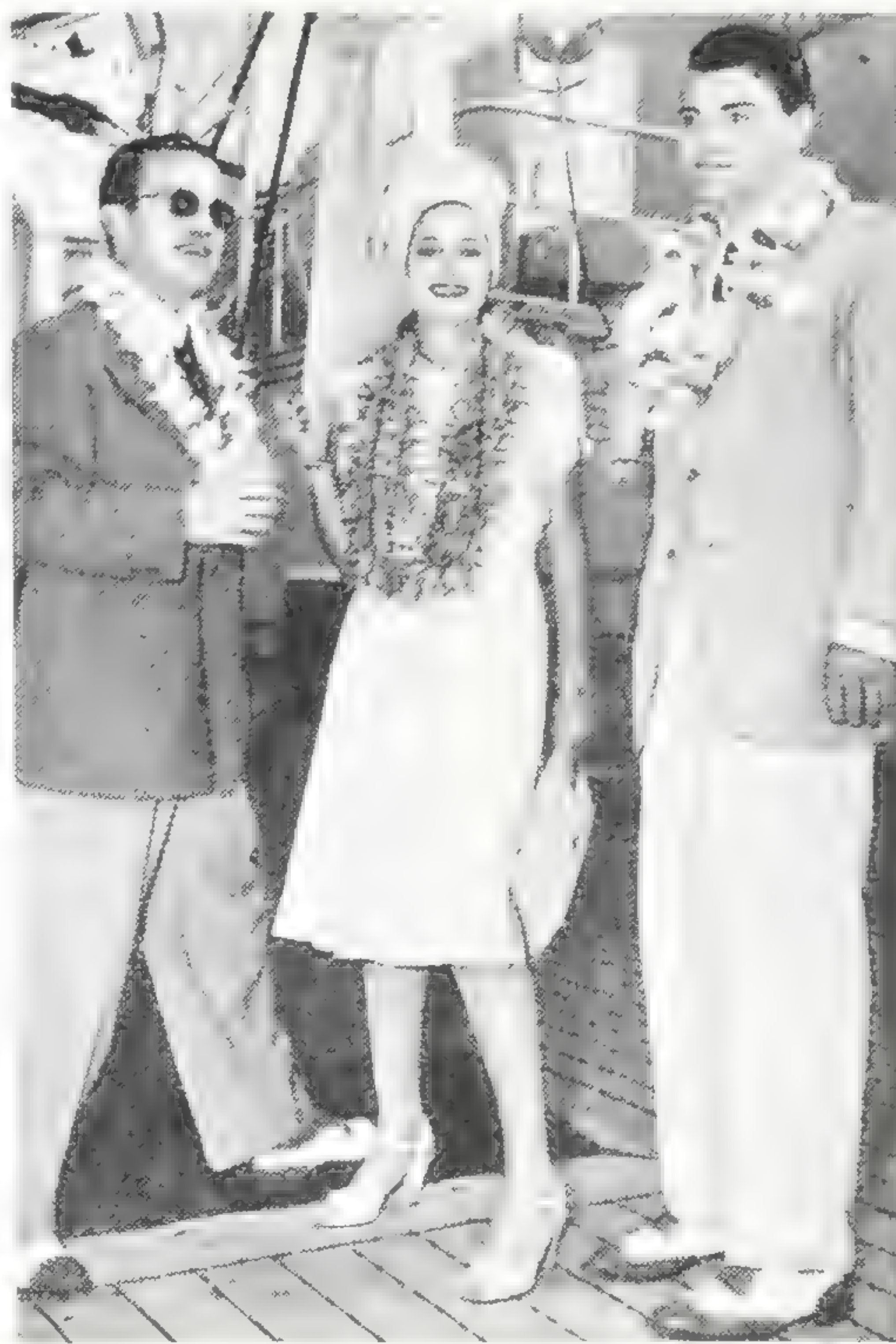
"I'll hold you forever and ever." Bob's voice was low and husky. "I'll never let you go again."

Gay managed to free a hand long enough to put a finger against Bob's mouth.

"Don't talk of that. Don't ever refer to what I've gone through, away from you. We have all the rest of our lives to live together, but not a minute to waste on the misery that has passed."

Bob kissed the finger, and spoke against it.

"If it was awful for you," he said, "think what it must have been for me. But no, you're right. We'll never have time to remember all that. After we're



Atmosphere as ordered: The romantic Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer (at her left) get the traditional romantic welcome of leis and pineapple juice upon their arrival in Hawaii. They are accompanied by Jack Huber, a friend of Attorney Bautzer's

married—and what's the matter with being married today?"

Gay shut her eyes. "It's the most wonderful day ever made for a wedding," she said. "The most wonderful day ever made."

A sound from the direction of the hangar made her start suddenly. She looked over towards it and saw a number of men strolling in through the open door. One of the men, she noticed, was in uniform. Maybe that was the general her father had mentioned. He was too far away for Gay to note his rank.

She heard the sound of motors warming up inside the near-by hangar.

Yes, those must be the pilots the Major expected. But they were early. Hours early. She felt uneasy.

"Queer," Bob said.

"What's queer?"

"Your father's warming up the motors while the ships are in the hangar."

Gay laughed in her relief. "Oh, he always does that. He's been studying smoke and fumes for years. He has a suction gadget that draws up the smoke into some kind of tank. His idea is there may still be some value in it."

Over the sound of the motors, they heard Muriel's voice. She was walking towards them with Scupper Davis. "Look what I found," she called gaily.

"Well, well, well," Scupper shouted, waving to Gay. "Fawncy meeting you here. Everything okie dokie? Say—"

The bombing plane, a great gray monster, shot out of the hangar. It rushed across the field and was gone, leaving little jets of black thick smoke behind it.

Gay screamed and paled.

"Bob!" she cried. "Something's wrong. That smoke. That's my father signaling."

She started running toward the hangar, Bob and Scupper keeping pace with her. There was blood on the cement floor and a man lying there.

"Axel!"

She shook him, hard.

"They shot me," he said. "But I got one of them. They made me bring them here. They made me, Gay."

"Spies," Bob said. "They've kidnapped the bomber."

He leaped toward the pursuit plane and saw a dead man there, slumped in the cockpit.

"My father's in that bomber," Gay said. Her voice was calm and steady. She was beyond all screaming now. She rushed toward the telephone. Scupper and Bob removed the dead man from the plane. Bob jumped in.

"The phone's dead," Gay called. "They cut the wires."

"Jump into the car and notify the Army."

"No. I'm going with you."

"I'm taking Scupper. He can handle a machine gun."

For the first time Gay noted the old O. J. had been made into a two-seater, and that the rear seat was provided with an ugly-looking gun on a swivel.

"I can handle one too. And there are ten guns in the wings. You touch a button. You aim the plane and touch a button. Bob, that bomber must be shot down. You hear? My father's in it, but it must be shot down."

"We'll shoot it down. For God's sake, Scupper, get in. Get in."

"No," Gay said. "I'm going. Scupper, get out of my way."

Scupper brushed by Gay and pulled himself onto a wing. He motioned to someone back of Gay. Gay wheeled around, not knowing what to expect, and found herself in Muriel's arms. Before she realized it, the pursuit plane was streaking across the field. Gay broke away and ran after it.

"Follow the smoke," she screamed, "and leave some smoke of your own. There'll be a hundred army pilots looking for you in ten minutes."

She stopped running, and waited until Muriel reached her.

"They couldn't hear me," she said bleakly. "They couldn't hear me."

Don't miss the thrilling conclusion of this up-to-the minute story of Hollywood in the air. Watch for your copy of October PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# SHE'S FAMOUS—SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere  
take her tip...  
It's as simple

as

1

I NEVER NEGLECT  
MY DAILY **LUX SOAP**  
**ACTIVE-LATHER**  
**FACIAL**. PAT THE  
LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2

RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN A DASH  
OF COOL

3

PAT YOUR SKIN DRY.  
NOW IT FEELS  
**SMOOTHER**, SOFTER.  
LOVELY SKIN  
WINS ROMANCE!

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This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen-star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, thorough care it needs. Why don't YOU try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP





## "I Didn't Have Any Face!"

(Continued from page 65)

went hysterically Hollywood. I bought a silver fox coat the first minute I could. Why not? Lots more where that came from . . . I bought myself a beautiful diamond wrist watch.

"My agent told me, 'They're going to give you this build-up. You'll have interviews, they'll want home sittings, you'll have to entertain, you must live as a star should live.' That was fine with me. I went out to Toluca Lake and leased but a mansion.

"I was very gay. I went out with Eddie Norris, with Wayne Morris occasionally, was practically engaged to Everett Crosby, who has since married. I was reported engaged to Bob Ritchie. I didn't know the man, hadn't even met him. No matter, I was one of The Girls. I was walking along the highway Jean Harlow had walked before me, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Hedy Lamarr, all the beautifuls and brilliants.

"My mother advised me to take singing lessons, dancing lessons, advised me to 'better myself.' Did I? I did not. I thought I didn't need any 'bettering.'

"I was just five days in production on 'One More Tomorrow' when the accident happened. Someone on the set, I remember, made some crack about the title's being 'unlucky' because, they said, no one can be sure of any tomorrow, not even one. I tossed it off. Nonsense, I thought. I have millions of tomorrows.

"ON the night of the accident, I went to the fights with Dick Purcell. We had dinner at the Brown Derby first—everyone in Hollywood has dinner at the Derby on fight nights. George Raft was in there that night. He called over to me, 'Baby, you're looking wonderful!' Eddie Albert told me, 'Gee, you look marvelous!' I remember having a sudden realization of how divine it is to be young and to be considered beautiful.

"We went to the fights. After the fights, we stopped a couple of places and danced

and wound up for coffee at Travaligni's. Then we started home. I was dead tired. We were driving along Cahuenga Pass, about forty miles an hour, and just before you come to a drive-in called The Berries, there is a little red stoplight. We didn't stop. Not because we didn't see it, but because there seemed to be no other traffic and almost no one ever stopped for it, anyway.

"Then we saw one other car coming down the other side of the road, going toward Hollywood. I remember noticing the white line in the road between us. Then—something happened. What, we will never know. Not even at the inquest was the cause of the accident determined. It must have been that one of us skidded. The smash happened right in front of The Berries. It is a pretty long place, but when we came to a stop at last, we were 150 yards beyond it, headed toward town, having turned over and around three times.

"I was catapulted through the windshield which was not shatterproof glass. I snapped back out of that mess of broken glass and into the car again, with terrific force. Then my face smashed against the dashboard, then snapped back again and smashed against the handle of the door. I was knocked out. Unconscious.

"WHEN I came to, it was all very vague. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know what had happened. I heard voices all around me . . . now and then words would detach themselves from the hum . . . 'Oh, she must be dead' . . . 'She is badly hurt' . . . 'Look at all the blood' . . . 'If an ambulance doesn't come' . . . 'Poor thing.' . . . I remember feeling a little sick, not so much from pain as from the gloating I seemed to sense in their voices . . . someone handed me a towel . . . I realized I was alone in what was left of the car . . . I felt a lot of holes in my face. But I still didn't

know . . . I kept going out and coming back again. . . .

"They took me to the receiving hospital. I still didn't get how badly I was hurt. Cuts, I thought vaguely, cuts . . . they kept mopping my face. Mascara, I heard them say, mascara is all there is left on her face. That must have been intended to be funny. Somebody laughed.

"I finally asked for a mirror. I still wasn't frightened, but I was curious. No one paid any attention to me. I said, 'Will you give me a mirror?' No one answered me. Two nurses and two doctors were working over me. They kept whispering, 'Get the sutures, get the clips, get the basins.' I said, 'I'm going to scream my head off if I don't get a mirror!'

"The nurse finally handed me a mirror, then she walked out on me while I looked. They all left me—the two doctors, too. They left me alone in there—without a face.

"Because I looked and I saw—what was almost hamburger, ground round. I'm sorry to give such a gruesome description, but it's the only one that fits. And to understand the miracle that is to come, it is necessary to understand how bad it was. It was raw flesh, that's all. My nose was gone. My right eye was so badly cut it looked gone, too. Simply, there was no face there at all.

"Still it didn't really get through to me. I know, now, that I'd had a concussion and my mind wasn't functioning normally. Which was merciful.

"By the time my mother and father got there, they had sewn up my face. They took sixty-eight stitches. They had me bandaged. It was not possible to give me an anesthetic or even a shot. In accident cases, they are afraid to, for they don't know what condition the heart may be in.

"Meantime, they had got in touch with the studio. Instructions were given to take me to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where all emergency expenses would be taken care of. Meantime, also, my own doctor had been called. I got to the Cedars about 4:30 in the morning. By 6:30 I was in the ambulance again, sirens shrieking, on my way to the Queen of the Angels Hospital where my doctor operates.

"I WAS not to leave that hospital again for thirty-two weeks.

"They got me up to the operating room at 10:30 that morning. I was there until 4:30 that afternoon. The most painful part was when he broke my nose and set it again. No, no anesthetic, no shots. I'd lose consciousness for a few minutes then come to again. I lost my fear of dying during those five hours. There is something so beautiful about release from pain and fear. Release from anything. I think, must always be relief. I knew then, that that is what Death is—release.

"And during those five hours, toward the end of them when it did begin to seem more than I could take, something happened to me. I don't know that I can describe it very clearly. I can only tell what I felt. And I felt as though something had been put into my hands, something tangible, something I could hold on to, something firm and strong. I don't know what to call it. I think I'd just name it Faith, faith that I would be all right, faith in miracles."

They took her back to her room after five hours of such torture as few human beings live to tell. And then, for two months, she didn't know anything at all. The concussion (Continued on page 74)



Double-punch picture: A close-up of Veda Ann Borg as she will look in her new picture, "Down in San Diego"; and a first look at a "first"—Ray McDonald, who has front offices concentrating on him as a result of his spectacular work in the newest Andy Hardy film





Off to ask a personal question. These girls are all professional investigators. Between May 23rd and June 9th of this year, they conducted a softness test in Erie, Pa. Over a thousand women made the test. They were asked to feel two napkins—and say which was softer. One was a leading brand of “layer-type” napkin. The other was Modess, a “fluff-type” napkin. All these women were users of the “layer-type” napkin. Yet 870 out of 1036 said, “Modess is softer”!

## These Girls Ask Questions for a Living!

In Erie, Pa., they found that 870 out of 1036 users of another napkin said, “Modess is softer!”



They didn't know which was which. Women making the test had no way of knowing which napkin they were voting for. All identifying marks were completely concealed. The investigator simply asked each woman to feel both napkins and say which was softer. And Modess won—870 to 166!



Investigator Arlene Larson relaxes while checking her reports. They so overwhelmingly favored Modess that each investigator was asked to sign an affidavit swearing her report was accurate and that she had conducted each test in an impartial manner. The investigators themselves didn't know who sponsored the test.



Astonishing figures. When the results were added up, 870 out of the 1036 “layer-type” users had said, after feeling both napkins, that the “fluff-type” napkin (Modess) was softer! Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

# Modess

870 OUT OF 1036 ERIE, PA. WOMEN SAID—“IT'S SOFTER!”



(Continued from page 72)

caught up with her. She was more in coma than out of it. That, she believes, saved her nerves.

During that two months of almost total unconsciousness, they kept Veda's face bandaged because of the injury to her eye. When, finally, they took the bandages off, again she asked for a mirror, but this time she was afraid to ask. This time her mind was clear, the state of shock had passed. She said:

"They handed me a mirror. I can see myself now, sitting up in bed, bright sunlight painting the room, glinting on the mirror. It took me a long, long time to look into it. I'd raise it halfway to my face, then put it down again. I heard the nurse say, 'Shall I hold it for you?' Her voice didn't sound natural. I looked at her. She was standing with her back to me. That should have warned me. That, and the fact that the doctor, too, had gone after removing the bandages. It did, I think.

"I looked. I think that was the bravest act I ever did in my life. I looked and I could swear I screamed. But I couldn't have. The nurse didn't seem to hear anything. I think it is that the worst screams make no noise. My nose was all out of line, all crooked. The scars were bumpy and hideously disfiguring. The lid of one eye drooped because of the scar tissue that was pulling it down. I said to myself 'Cooked!'

"It's funny, the silly things you think of at such a moment. I thought of George Raft's saying, that last night in the Derby, 'Baby, you're looking wonderful!' . . . the night before Winchell had had it in his column that 'Veda Ann Borg will never face a camera again' . . . I laughed when I read that. I felt like writing him that, for once, he didn't have the whole story; that he should have added, 'If she does, she'll break it!'

I began to get the going-down-for-the-third-time feeling. I had a living to earn and I had only one way to earn it—my face. So what? My father's business had gone absolutely to pot. It was up to me, all of it. True, the studio had been wonderful. They had taken up my option—and after the accident. That was more than a beau geste; it was a beautiful and a generous thing to do. But my option would expire at the end of six months. Not even a studio could continue to take to its heart a girl with a shockingly disfigured face.

Then, again, as if something had been slipped into my hand as I was drowning, something to hold on to, that Thing again, that strength, that Faith . . . and this time I actually seemed to hear words spoken, too. 'You've got a job to do,' the voice said, 'do it.' I knew what that meant. I did have a job to do, the job of getting myself a miracle.

"I LAID down the mirror (I must have been staring into it all that time) and said to the nurse, 'Send for Dr. Ginsberg, please, nurse.'

"At first I couldn't figure how I knew about Dr. Ginsberg, then I remembered words I had heard while I was semi-conscious, words that came back to me, then, in fragments . . . a name, the name of Dr. Ginsberg . . . 'He is really sensational, he can fix any face. . . .'

"Dr. Ginsberg was away, I was told. He would not be back for six weeks. I don't believe I'm exaggerating when I say those were the longest, the hardest, the most painful weeks of them all. Day after day, week after week, lying there alternating between hope and despair.

"All the while, a voice kept going on and on inside my head, saying, He will be able to help you!

"He came back. He came in to see me.



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

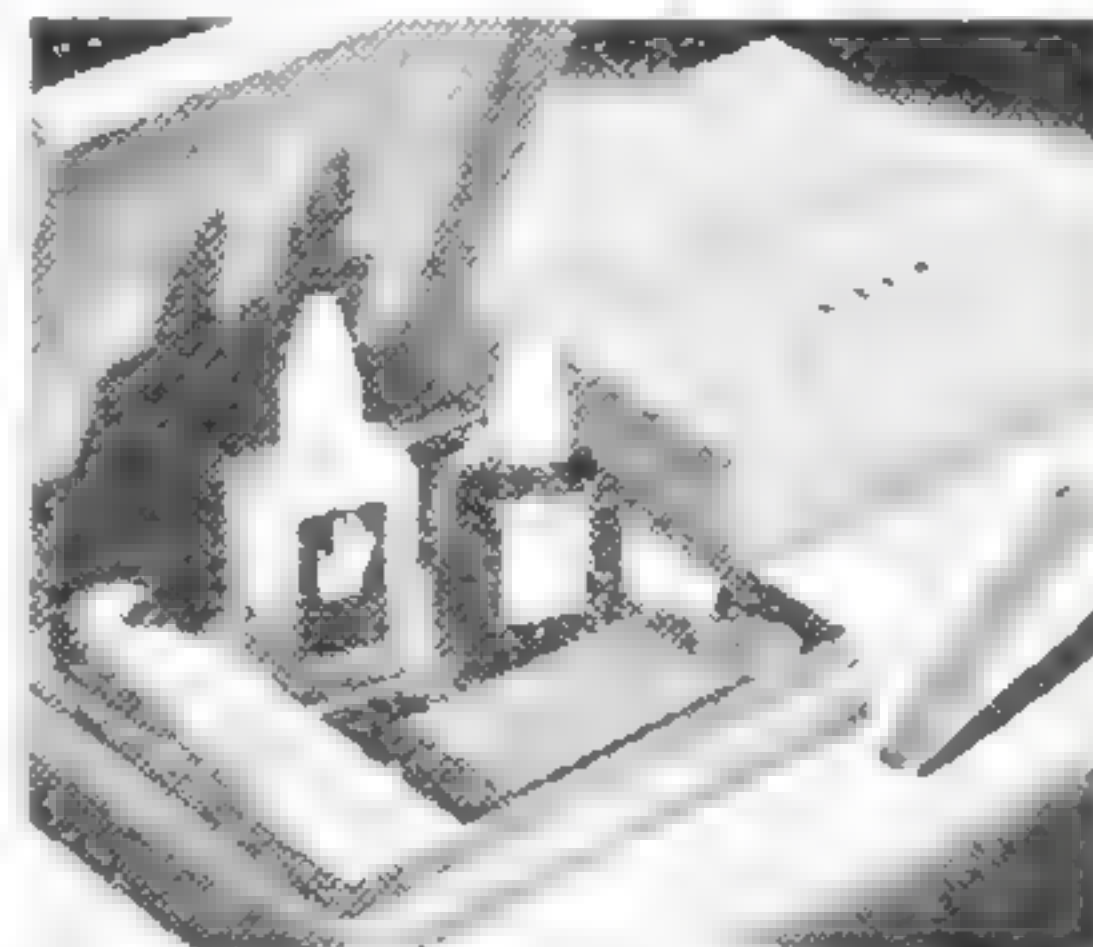
BY MARION HAMMON

**NEW HAIR-DO:** There's nothing that gives more lift to your spirits than a new hair-do. If you're seeking inspiration, look at Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry." Her top hair is brought forward in a bang and the ends slightly curled. Side hair



is brushed up and ends turned forward to add to the curled bang. The back hair is brushed straight down and the ends curled casually for softness.

**KID STUFF:** If your little daughter persists in biting her fingernails or appears at the dining table with grimy hands and nails, take a tip from the child psychologists—appeal to her femininity. Few little girls can resist the manicure set the Cutex people have made especially for them. It holds cuticle oil, nail shampoo, hand cream, orange-wood stick, nail file and emery board. No colored polish, of course, but a buffer and some powder polish instead. Cutex Child's Set "Your Very Own" is \$1.25 at drug and department stores.



**DON'T GET THE CREEPS:** If a creeping collar gives you the fidgets, here's the answer: It's a Dickee-Bra—a combination collar-vestee and brassiere, all in one piece, designed to be worn with sweaters, street suits and slacks. It opens in back and is



slipped on so your hair is not disturbed nor lipstick smeared and it stays in place with nary a bulge or wrinkle. The Dickee-Bra, only \$1.00 at leading department stores.

**UNMASK YOUR BEAUTY:** It's a good idea to pamper your face occasionally with a mask treatment. Primrose House Make-Up Mask does wonders in erasing tired lines and smoothing the skin. You just smooth on the fluffy pink cream mask and lie down for fifteen minutes or so. When the satiny film is washed away, your face and neck will look fresh, dewy and radiant. Only \$1.25 for a fat jar holding at least a dozen treatments. At leading drug and department stores.

I hadn't had my face washed in two months. A nurse had been detailed to watch me while I slept just to make sure I didn't bump my nose. Dr. Ginsberg came in, pulled my face about, poked it and pushed it.

"Then he said, 'Dot's all right, I fix it.'

"There may be more beautiful words written, said or sung. But in all my life I shall never again hear words so beautiful to me."

Three days later, Veda went up to the operating room again. Dr. Ginsberg gave her a local anesthetic. He refractured her nose. He cut out a piece of cartilage behind her ear to remake her nose. It didn't grow. The next time he took a piece of her rib to make the new nose. In time, that did grow. Ten separate times she went into the operating room. The face, she explained, can stand only so much of the local anesthesia so that the work has to be done a little at a time. Sometimes she had to wait six to eight weeks between operations because, if they are done too closely together, the patient is liable to a condition similar to skin cancer.

During one of the waits between operations, Veda Ann went home for one week. The studio had begun to ask when she was coming back. Veda went to the studio, a veil covering the upper half of her face. She said, "They saw that I would never photograph again." She knew the work was progressing, she knew a miracle was slowly coming to pass because she knew what it had been like in the beginning. But there were still scars, some of them unhealed . . . and it had been a long, long while.

It was then that her studio dropped the option. A little more of her heart was broken. Because, although the break was made as kindly, as gently and as generously as possible—the studio paid her all she would have earned for the next six months—a dropped option is bitter medicine, however sugar-coated.

**THEN**, at last, at the end of thirty-two weeks, Dr. Ginsberg took off the last bandage. Then, for the third time, Veda Ann was handed a mirror. And behold, the miracle! A miracle of science, a miracle of surgery, a miracle of faith, too, and patience and pain borne without a whimper. For where there had been "no face at all," there was a beautiful face, more beautiful than the face that had been destroyed. This time, as Veda Ann stared into the mirror, the tears did come, tears which told the great plastic surgeon what words could never say so well.

"I . . . why, I looked younger," Veda Ann told me, almost whispering. "My face was softer than it ever had been before. My eyes seemed to be larger than they had been before. My nose was just a shade shorter, which was wonderful. And there was something in my face that hadn't been there before."

That "something" Dr. Ginsberg, great sculptor of human flesh though he is, did not put there, I'm sure. That was put there when Veda Ann, in the midst of tragedy, found something strong to hold on to, had faith enough and courage enough to hold on.

"So, at last, I went home," she said, "I was very happy about my face but very depressed about financial things. I still had a few scars and I didn't know how long it would take them to fade. I knew I couldn't do screen work. People have asked me, 'Why didn't you go back to Warners?' But Warners had Ann Sheridan by that time. I had been 'written out of the script.' I looked better than I had ever looked, true. But I knew, then, that beauty was not enough. And

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



that's all I was known for, pictorial quality. Ironically, I also knew now that I could act as I had not been able to act before.

"Now I wouldn't need directors to put emotions into me. They had been put there by the greatest Director of all. But how to prove it? I knew I couldn't model, either. Both jobs require the same thing—the face. I thought of trying for a salesgirl's job.

"Then I had my picture made for the doctor. It came out so beautifully that the photographer asked me if he might display it.

"So I could photograph, I did photograph . . . possibly, maybe, could it be that—Winchell was wrong?

"A talent scout saw the picture and asked who I was. He came to see me. He was enormously excited when he knew who I was. He said, 'You can make a tremendous comeback.' He talked me into getting an agent. I still thought I had nothing to gain, but, on the other hand, I had nothing to lose, either. I got a small part in a picture called 'The Shadow' with Victor Jory.

"Then nothing happened except days and weeks of going from studio to studio, sitting in casting offices, being told, 'We have no okay to give you a test. Very sorry. Very sorry.'

"It was around the first part of last January that my agent, a new agent, called me. He said, 'Dress up as sharp as a tack and meet me at M-G-M in an hour.' I was there. Director Harold Bucquet interviewed me for the part of Julie in 'The Penalty', starring Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold. I found that Virginia Grey, who had been cast for the part, had been taken ill. Two other girls were up for the part and as I came out another girl went in. I went home wondering whether I'd had any answer to my department store applications.

"I just got in the house when the phone rang. I was told to return to M-G-M for a fitting.

"I was given a chance at the part. The arrangement was that I was to work the first day on a day-check. If I didn't suit them, they would get someone else. Next to the six weeks of days I waited for Dr. Ginsberg, that was the most nervous day of my life, I know. That was a Monday. On Tuesday, they saw the rushes. They must have liked me because on Wednesday I was signed to a thirty-day option. Thirty days is an awfully long time to wait, too, under such circumstances.

"The picture was previewed and the reviews the next day were terrific. I was 'sensational.' I was 'Queen of the Sweater Girls,' I was the 'Blonde Bomber.'

"Still nothing happened. Another tense week.

"Then a call from Mr. Benny Thau's office. Would I come over to see him? When I walked out of Mr. Thau's office, I had a seven-year contract in my hands.

"Now, 'once again,' said Veda Ann, slowly, 'thanks to a miracle, thanks to a great man, I am walking along the highway again, the highway Jean Harlow walked, and Joan Crawford, and the others.

"But now I walk at a different pace. Not only my face is changed. I am not so cocky as I used to be. Now I don't care any more about running around. Now I just want to work, that's all, just work. I want time to savor this miracle that has happened to me. I want time to thank the Great Director."



# What!

## NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

**Most Fels-Naptha Users** feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."

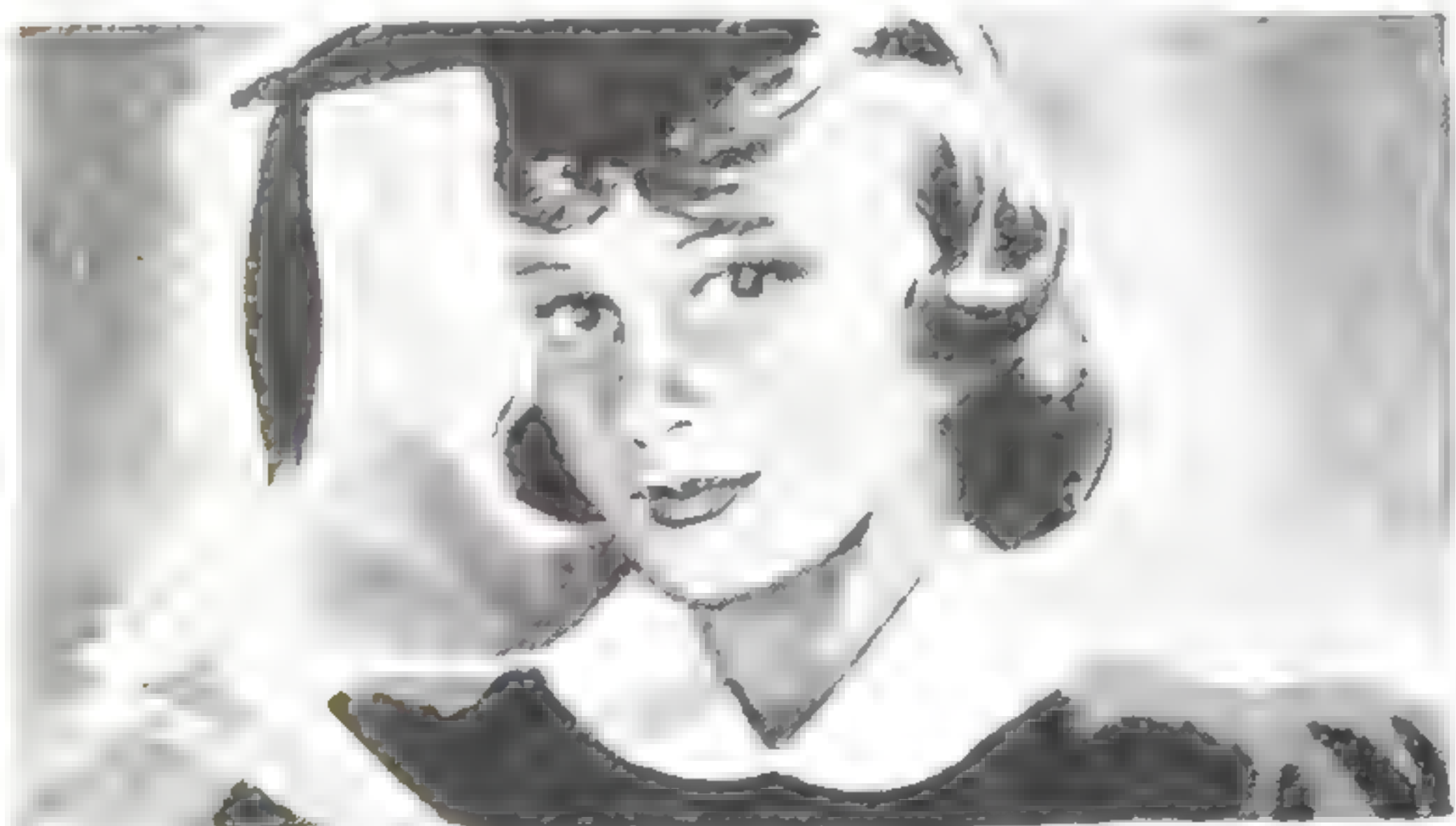
**As one woman aptly puts it,**  
*"the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."*





## "PIGTAILS, BUCK-TEETH AND FRECKLES..."

*I had 'em all"*



"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick...TANGEE NATURAL. And I've used TANGEE NATURAL ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."



"ON MY WEDDING DAY I gave each of my bridesmaids a beauty kit...a Tangee Natural Lipstick, the harmonizing rouge, and their own correct shade of Tangee Face Powder. To each of them Tangee Natural Lipstick gave a different lip color."



"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tangee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tangee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much more lipstick than before!"



Check Shade of Powder Desired:  
☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ Tan  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ MA91

## The Truth about Stars' Figures

(Continued from page 29)

the waistline will right most masculine wrongs, but when it comes to the dollies, you begin to understand how it is that Adrian and Travis Banton and Edith Head and Orry Kelly and the rest of the designers rate those salaries that run into thousands of dollars a week apiece.

All a designer has to do when confronted by Betty Grable, Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard is to say a prayer of thankfulness. Nothing needs to be added, nothing needs to be hidden away. However, it is something else again when you talk of Myrna Loy, Ann Sheridan, Hedy Lamarr, Rosalind Russell, Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett, Merle Oberon or some twenty odd others. And as for Mae West and Sylvia Sydney!

Definitely the bad figures of the latter two had much to do with their decline from popular favor. A nice point arises here. Neither was co-operative around her respective studio. Sylvia, in particular, was temperamental and somewhat antagonistic. Mae's temperament was never of that type. Hers was rather the stubbornness of a woman who, having been spectacularly successful on the stage and in her first picture, thought, therefore, she knew just how things should be done to make terrific hits.

Speaking entirely of Sidney for the moment, however, there had to be constant vigilance exercised in photographing her. Her face was enchanting, particularly when she smiled, but her figure was excessively top-heavy. It was an awful problem to dress her and a tougher one to photograph her. That was why the original Sidney pictures were so lavish with close-ups or very long shots. Her figure was kept out of camera range as much as possible. But when her pictures stopped drawing as well as they had, the cameramen stopped trying as hard as they had. You have to have people fighting all along the line for you, in any studio, to keep you at the top, no matter how big a star you are.

AS witness Myrna Loy. Myrna has a bad figure, too, but you never have noticed it because dress designers, leading men, cameramen, publicity boys, one and all they adore Myrna and work devotedly to bring out that warm charm of hers.

Myrna has bad legs, but those legs are not what drives her dress designer craziest. Myrna has hips. Myrna even has what is sometimes called "stenographer's spread." This comes from exactly the same cause it comes from with real stenographers. Myrna is a sitter. Myrna is also an eater. Myrna loves her food and she is going to enjoy it if it means giving up all the roles in all the super epics ever devised. As it works out, the appealing Miss Loy is really sensible by being thus defiant of Hollywood's usual edict of diet or die out. She is one of the rare stars who look well-fed, content and happy. She is just that and it is the major factor in her very real charm. Still, that quite wide waistline, those definitely wide hips and that "spread" take real skill to conceal.

Of course, a dress designer can't do it all on his own, try as he will. There was, for instance, the case of Travis Banton vs. Alice Faye in "That Night in Rio." The Faye figure is basically pretty good, a bit overweight above the waist and a bit underweight below (a figure which is harder to dress, incidentally, than the reverse). Still, there is nothing to turn a designer grey about the Faye figure. What gets them is the fact that

Alice simply refuses to be fitted. She will make a dozen fitting appointments and break them all, then insist upon putting on the clothes "as is" and unless watched constantly she will get the "dressy" hat with the tailored suit and fur scarf on top the sweater frock.

Not so the clever Hedy Lamarr. She fits and fits and wears just what she is told to wear, and a very good thing, too.

In Hedy's case, apparently nature decided that having given her that face it was okay to relax. The Lamarr figure is no more the figure you see on the screen than Hitler is Santa Claus. Where Lamarr should be slender, that is in the hips, she is not, and where she should be rounded, that is in the chest, she is also not. But she is both slender and round in the right places when she gets on the screen. Yes, verily.

THE same goes for Rosalind Russell. Irene, who also dresses Loretta Young. Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich, dresses Roz and what a build-up she has given Miss R. above the waistline! Irene it is who also knows how to "drape" Loretta and Marlene to conceal their absolute skinniness. With both these stars, the underweight is deliberate. Both think they look more distinguished and glamorous this thin. They do, too, in Irene's clothes. But in a bathing suit—ouch!

Also, though this may shatter a million men's dreams, the truth is that in a bathing suit you quickly see that Annie Sheridan's curves are largely something dreamed up in Warners' publicity department. Annie has a beautiful face, glorious hair and the most regular, warm personality in all Hollywood—but when it comes to those "dangerous curves" you don't even need to beware. She hasn't any more of them than an ironing board has except in front of the camera.

However, there is no thinness to equal Constance Bennett's. She outstrips all. Where sister Joan has to go to the most extreme lengths to conceal her curves particularly her definite top-heaviness above the waist, Connie has to be built up not only in the sweater department but also in that department that goes into chairs. The interior of Connie's screen costumes looks like the storage department of a baby pillow factory. When you realize that she is better than five feet four in height and yet weighs less than ninety pounds most of the time you'll know why this is necessary.

Completely the reverse was true of Mae West, however, throughout her whole movie career but particularly on her last picture for Paramount, "Everyday's A Holiday." Mae is a girl who is always looking on the table when it is loaded with calories and at the time of "Everyday's A Holiday" she was really puffed out. She was so overweight that not even the most artful corset, the most subtly designed gowns could conceal it. Every time she moved, it was as earth-shaking as a hill going out for a walk. Finally, in desperation, Travis Banton, the script writer and the set designer got together in a huddle. The script writer saw to it that Mae was always sitting, reclining or standing completely still in the various scenes. The scenic designer agreed to put her always against dark grounds and Banton planned all her clothes in dark colors, so that her outlines would be generally lost against the settings. It was up to the other actors in the film to do the moving around Mae.

Carmen Miranda does her own moving



around and plenty as you very well know if you saw "Down Argentine Way" or "That Night in Rio," but that slim, slender height of the Miranda's is all something she whipped up out of her own busy little head. It's all an optical illusion.

Maybe you remember that when Carmen and Alice Faye played scenes together the Brazilian Bombshell was just as tall as the songbird from New York. You could see it even in the long shots, but what you could not see were those four-inch-high-soled, six-inch-high-heeled shoes that Carmen wears. You probably didn't even stop to consider how those six to eight-inch-high turbans Carmen totes on her head give you the impression that her head is that high above her shoulders, too. Actually Miranda is less than five feet tall. On the screen or the stage she makes herself look five feet six or seven. No Hollywood designer gave her this routine. She had it when she landed here. Smart girl, Miranda!

But of all Hollywood stories about this kind of physical deception the best one concerns a new star, female, and an established star, male, meeting one morning on the same lot.

"I guess I'm going into a picture," said the girl star. "The front office just called me and told me to stop by the wardrobe for my figure."

"I know I'm going into a picture," said the man star. "This morning they delivered my new teeth and my new toupee at my house."

We swear that is a true story, but if you think we're going to tell you who those two stars were, you're crazy. However, the story does go to prove that there's a lot more to all stars' glamour than you see on the screen—more or less, that is.

In case you like puzzles we will give you a tip, though. The girl is considered one of the screen's leading figure girls and the man is regarded as one who makes women swoon with joy at mere sight of him.

## What's Wrong with Hollywood Women?

(Continued from page 41)

this tension has its roots in fear—fear of the camera which is, at best, an unkind taskmaster since it adds ten pounds and ten years. To remove the extra ten pounds as well as the ten years is really something to worry about, something to become upset and nervous over, because it means that the lady facing the camera must actually look ten years younger than she is and at the same time be ten pounds underweight.

"There are, of course, a great many other fears in connection with the daily life of a motion-picture star. It seems that, for them, every day is just one fear after another—fear of what the public will think, fear of the candid camera, fear of kidnappers, robbers, everything. These combined fears result in anything but a calm person.

"Life is lived in Hollywood much faster than it is any place else in the world and by fast I do not mean immoral. I mean everything is speeded up to the nth degree as if there were no tomorrow coming and everything had to be accomplished today. They say that the average reign of a motion-picture star is five years. I am surprised that it lasts that many days at the rate they travel both physically and emotionally.



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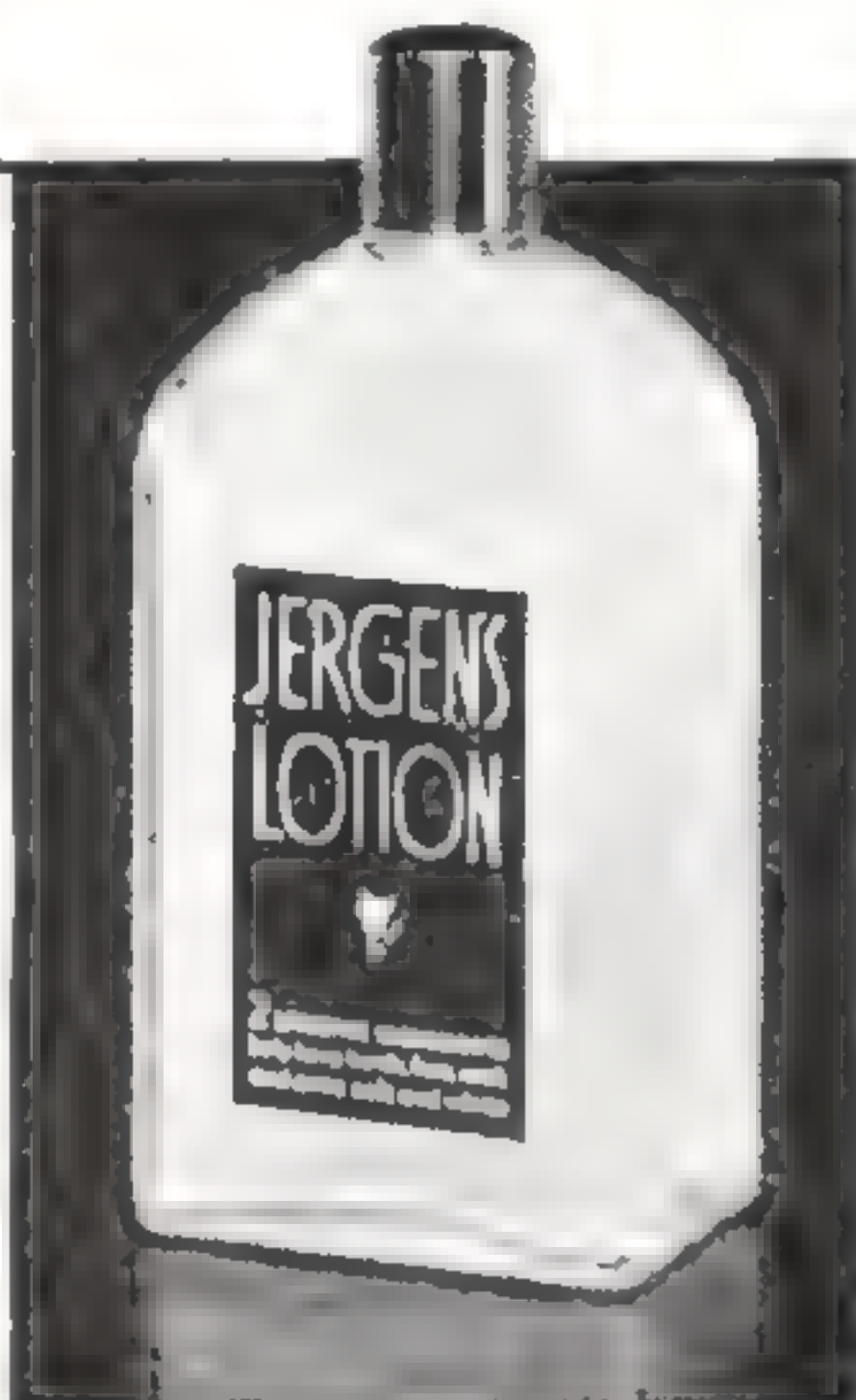
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"I HAVE a great many students among the screen stars. Every one of them is beautiful to look at, a joy to know, but they are not restful to be around because they radiate tenseness. My advice is always the same, 'Relax! Relax.' And the answer is always the same, 'I haven't time.' Nonsense—they should take time. Everyone in the world should take time to relax.

"People have queer notions of what the word means. To most of them it means a darkened room, a soft bed and a moist cotton pad on the eyes. If one can do that and force all worry from the mind, all right. But if one is going to lie there and worry, it doesn't do any more good than working.

"The Duchess of Windsor has an interesting way of relaxing. She leads a rather strenuous life, yet she is always poised and calm. Her plan is based on the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Every day that it is possible, she retires to the kitchen and busies herself with the preparation of some typically American dishes that delight her husband. That is not resting but it is relaxing.

"In all other ways, Hollywood women give themselves the best of care. For one thing, they know a great deal about diets. They gained their knowledge the hard way. Broken health and, in some cases, the death of a fellow star were their teachers. They've learned how to take the die out of diet.

"THERE was a time, and not too long ago, when Hollywood women—and some of the men, also—embraced any new diet that came along. Imagine any one with intelligence enough to be a star thinking he or she could live for a week on three glasses of orange juice plus four ounces of castor oil a day and retain his or her health! Yet that diet was very popular a few years ago.

"Hollywood people eat more intelligently than do most other people and yet even they are not intelligent eaters. If that sounds as if I were contradicting myself, let me explain. In Europe a dinner is a festive occasion, in Hollywood it is very apt to be a business conference. And if one is conducting a big business deal over the dinner table what difference does it make that the food is selected to do the most good for the human body?

"If they do not happen to be carrying on business at the table, then they are cramming their food down in a hurry to get back to business. In either event, they are not getting the benefits they should from eating. The first rule they should learn is that eating is a most pleasant pastime. Forget about the interviews and the business deals and anything else that incites tension or fear and most particularly forget about the food. Know that it is right for you before you sit down before it and then know that diet is not denial.

"The rules of diet are easy to follow. My first rule is: Eat what you need. My second rule is: Eat what you want. A great many people seem to want what is not good for them, so by making them eat what they need first, they haven't much room or much taste left for what they want.

"Eating for normal people is very simple to teach. Have fruit for breakfast, any



fruit you want and as much as you want. Lunch time should always be salad time. Any greens that are in season can go into this salad.

Make a dressing of lemon juice and oil, a little vegetable salt, a bit of garlic if you like. Eat all you can hold—you cannot hold too much. Dinner naturally calls for proteins, but with it be sure you have plenty of vegetables, cooked or raw, and eat them first. Eat the starches and sugars last.

"For people who wish to lose weight, the diet is the same as for normal people except that the salad dressing should be made of two parts lemon juice and one part oil, all fat should be cut from the meat, leave out the nuts, and skip starches and sugars. From twelve to fifteen pounds should be dropped in a month on such a diet and that is a safe amount to lose.

"I find that many people, especially women, who are overweight have a sweet tooth. They crave candy and pastry, or think they do. What their system really needs is calcium—lots and lots of it. Three glasses of cabbage juice every day, taken between meals, will help to get rid of that craving.

FOR people who are trying to gain weight, and a great many motion-picture stars are, the diet is a bit different. Starch taken first thing in the morning is more fattening than it is any other time of the day because the body is better able to assimilate it. Oh, no, no, don't dash for the doughnuts and pastry; they won't give you anything but a dull headache. There is an old-fashioned Swiss breakfast which I have introduced to the ladies of the screen and they love it. So will you, and it is so easy to prepare. Soak over night one tablespoon of any whole grain cereal in three tablespoons of cold water. In the morning mash into the cereal any fresh fruit you like—white seedless grapes or bananas are most delicious—add a teaspoon of honey and as much cream as you want and there's your breakfast! A drop or two of lemon juice will give it a piquant flavor.

"Thin people should not eat so much at one time but should eat more often. At midmorning, midafternoon and before retiring at night, they should drink a large glass of fruit or vegetable juice, especially those rich in vitamins and sugars. Carrot juice is particularly beneficial; so is a banana whipped in pineapple juice.

"For luncheon they should stick to the salad but make the dressing of two parts oil and one part lemon juice. Add to this salad some starchy food with plenty of butter and honey.

"Dinner is the same as that for normal people with the starch added in the form of rice, beans or baked potatoes, all eaten with plenty of butter. Complete the dinner with some rich dessert such as custard or ice cream.

"Before starting any diet regimen, I recommend a seven days housecleaning and nothing but fruits and vegetables.

"All this looks like a far cry from the original questions as to whether or not motion-picture stars are more glamorous, more beautiful, more healthy, more poised and generally better able to cope with life than women in other walks of life.

"My original answer to those questions was no. But if they ever learn to relax, I'll be the first to change it to a great big yes because I have learned that what Hollywood needs is not so much a diet as a knowledge of how to relax."

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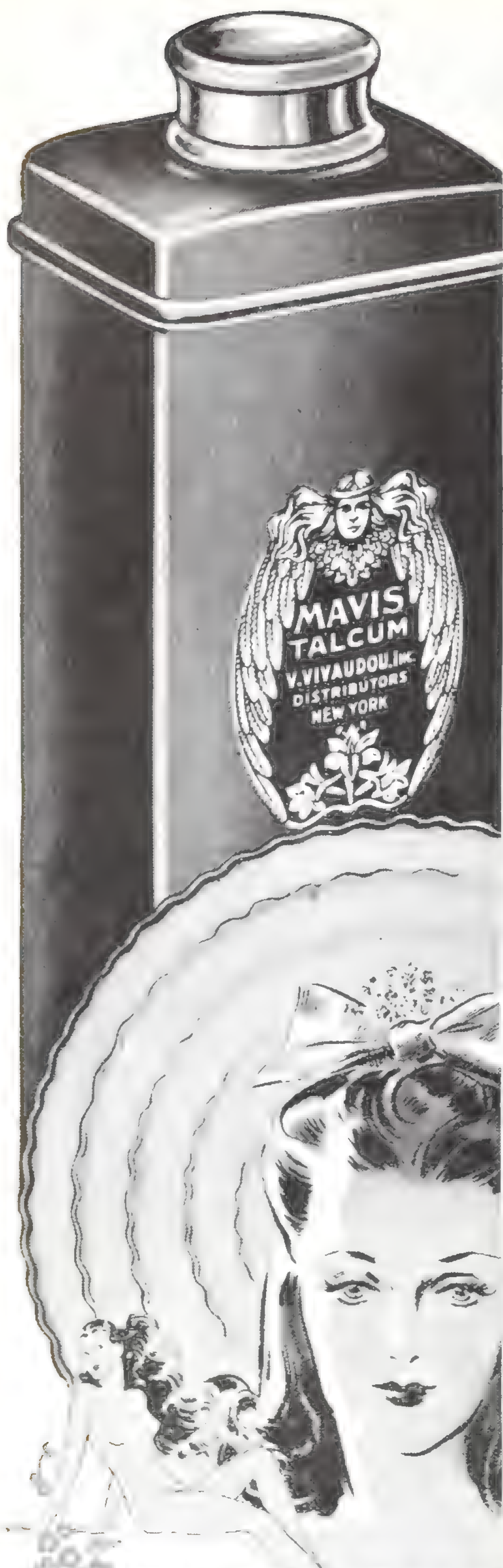
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## The Little Foxes

(Continued from page 45)

eyes. So this was it. He might have known. This was why Regina had sent for him, why she had put him back in his old room, knowing it would please him, why she had tried at first to be thoughtful and sweet.

Regina had written him about it. Hadn't she written! It was a scheme of Ben's. He and Oscar had interested a Northern capitalist in building a cotton mill here. The Northerner—Marshall was his name—was to put up \$400,000 as his share of the mill's cost. Ben and Oscar were to supply \$225,000 and what was politely called "certain benefits we can offer because of our local position." That meant free power, secured through some judicious bribery at the state capital. Marshall was to have forty-nine percent of the stock in the mill, the Hubbards fifty-one percent—a controlling interest.

And Regina wanted him to invest \$75,000 in the scheme—one-third of the Hubbards' total share.

It wasn't the money. In his strong-box at the bank, of which he was still nominally president, there were bonds worth \$90,000. He scarcely ever touched them, didn't want them. A dying man has little interest in money. But he knew what would happen. The mill would be built, and this sleepy, beautiful town that he loved would become a place of smoke and noise, of sordid shacks filled with half-starved, exploited, miserable people. It was no particular secret that one excellent reason for building a mill here was the local average wage scale, which was lower than any in the country.

He didn't want all that to happen here. He didn't want Ben and Oscar and—yes, and Regina!—to grow rich because it happened. They were all rich enough now—richer than they should be. And he was too.

"I'm tired," he said. "Let's not talk about it now."

"But you see, Horace," Regina said eagerly, "the deal is about to be closed and Ben must move quickly—so if you could just listen for a few minutes more, then I could take care of everything—"

"Not today, Regina," he said. "Some other time."

"Some other time!" she exclaimed, and he saw that her temper, never very sure, was beginning to go. "This is important. Important to all of us. Can't you understand? I've been waiting for months for you to come home—"

"So that you could invest my money," he said slowly.

Ben was quick to realize Regina's mistake. He rose, saying, "Well, we'll go now. Horace. There's time to talk about it tomorrow. Come along, Oscar."

The two men left the room. After one furious, impotent glance at him, Regina followed.

But she came back. Again and again. All week long. Arguing, cajoling, importuning, explaining, until his head ached with his heart.

A fact that Regina had evidently counted on as a trump card failed completely of its purpose. She revealed that she had bullied Ben and Oscar into agreeing that for his \$75,000 Horace should have a full half of their share of the mill, instead of a third.

"But—why?" he demanded, and Regina smiled complacently.

"Of course they don't want control of the mill to go out of the family. They need that \$75,000 badly. It's only right they should pay for it."

"Who's getting less, then?" he asked.

"Oscar."

At the time he had wondered how it happened that Oscar was suddenly becoming generous, but when black Addie dropped a hint that there was talk of Alexandra's marrying Leo, Oscar's son, everything suddenly became clear—disgustingly clear. Oscar could afford to give up some of his share if he could be sure that Leo and Zan would marry and thus bring him a much greater share, eventually.

HORACE GIDDENS' soul turned over at the thought of Regina's forcing Zan into a marriage with Leo. Zan—his lovely, innocent, gallant Zan—tied to that weakling! He knew Leo rather better than he liked. Nominally, Leo worked as a teller in the bank, but he didn't really give much thought to his duties there. Most of the time he was planning how to arrange surreptitious trips to Senateville, where girls and liquor could be had if you had money. . . .

Horace believed that Zan, though she did not know it, was in love with young David Hewitt, who wrote practically everything published in the Paltou County Press. He liked David. There was a quiet, clean strength about him, and the boy was intelligent. He would make Zan happy.

It took only the gossip about Leo and Zan—although Regina nervously denied its truth when he asked her about it—to harden his resolve not to invest in the mill scheme. On the night that Ben and Oscar and Regina came to him, saying that Oscar must leave for Chicago the next morning with the money, he gave them his final answer: a positive refusal.

Regina sent Ben and Oscar out of the room. She pleaded, then stormed. Pacing the floor, she spat insults at him. She called him a fool, a coward, an unnatural husband and parent because he would not provide for his wife's and daughter's security. To it all, his answer was still no and at last, speechless with fury, she left him.

His heart was laboring painfully and he felt as if all strength were gone from him, but after a time he rolled his wheelchair into the hall. From downstairs he could hear voices.

"You're lying!" Regina was saying. "You're trying to scare me. You haven't got the money. How could you?"

Ben's rumble: "Nevertheless, my dear Regina, Oscar is going to Chicago tomorrow with the \$225,000 for Marshall. We're sorry to see you lose such a good chance, but naturally we couldn't wait forever."

Regina's voice rose to a shriek. "Ben! Come back here! I don't believe you—I want to talk to you."

Ben said jovially, "You're getting out of hand, Regina. Since when do I take orders from you?" The front door closed behind him.

Horace looked over the railing at Regina. She was in the hall, staring at the door, her hands clenched into fists at her sides.

"It's a great day when you and Ben cross swords," Horace said quietly. "I've been waiting for it for years. And so they've found out they don't need you and so you will not have your millions after all."

At the sound of his voice, Regina had whirled to face him. Her head tilted back, she looked up and under the hall light her eyes sparkled venomously.

"You hate to see anybody live now, don't you?" she said through clenched



teeth. "You hate to think that I'm going to be alive and have what I want!"

"You think that's my reason?"

"Yes!" she cried strongly. "Because you're going to die and you know you're going to die!"

"Maybe it's easy for the dying to be honest," Horace told her.

He shuddered in a sudden burst of revulsion and then from his pale lips came all the bitterness that life with Regina had brought to his soul.

"I'm sick of you—sick of this house—sick of the kind of marriage ours has been. Sick of your brothers and their dirty tricks to make a dime. I'll take no part, Regina, in building sweatshops where men work for slaves' wages to make dividends for you to spend! You'll wreck the town, you and your brothers. You'll wreck the country if they'll let you. But not me! I'll do no more harm now. I'll die," he said, drawing himself up until his shape seemed to tower in the shadows of the upper hall—"I'll die in my own way. And I'll do it without making the world any worse. I leave that to you!"

Each word fell on her like a lash, but Regina did not cringe. She met them like a beautiful, malevolent goddess, her mouth twisting scornfully.

"I hope you die!" she defied him. "I hope you die soon! I'll be waiting for you to die!"

"Mama!" Alexandra, unseen, had opened her bedroom door behind Horace. Her voice was shrill with horror. "Don't! Don't talk that way! Mama—"

The passion faded from Regina's face. Again she was her controlled, cold self. Swiftly she came up the stairs and brushed past her husband, standing with bent head. She took Alexandra's arm. "Get to bed, child," she said harshly.

THE break between Regina and Horace was open after that. He moved back to the room he had occupied for so many years, a small and quite dreary one at the back of the house, and never came downstairs except when Regina was absent. Regina went about with a set, brooding face—a face behind which thoughts, schemes, plans writhed and turned like blind snakes. And Zan, frightened, said to David Hewitt:

"I don't understand, David. I don't understand the things that are happening in my own house."

"I could explain them to you, Zan dear," David said gently. "But you wouldn't like me if I did. You've got to find them out for yourself."

Zan's education was continued on a sunny morning when Regina was at her dressmaker's and Horace had his wheelchair pushed out to the lawn. Birdie came over and Addie brought out some cookies and a carafe of elderberry wine, setting them down on the little table at Horace's elbow, beside the bottle of medicine he always carried with him now, in case of a sudden heart attack.

Expanding under sympathy and kindness, as she always did, Birdie drank and talked, too, a little too much. Like a little girl telling a secret, she said, "You all want to know something? I don't like Leo! My very own son—and I don't like him. Why, I guess I even like Oscar better than I like Leo."

Abruptly, Zan asked, "Why did you marry Uncle Oscar?"

"That's no question for you to be asking!" Addie reproved her sharply.

"Why not?" Horace inquired. "It's time she was asking questions."

"I don't know," Birdie said. "I thought I liked him. He was kind to me then, because—" She tilted her head back, and spoke more slowly. "Because he wanted

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To the girl or woman asking that question about Midol, there is an emphatic answer: It will *not*.

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Understand, Midol may give you complete comfort. It has done this for many. But others experience only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you receive well worth while—compared with the unchecked pain you've often suffered?

"Yes, but won't Midol form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering that is *needless!* Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is prescribed by many doctors for headache and muscular pain, and another—*exclusively* in Midol—increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

So don't keep Midol for "emergencies." Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Trust it to help you break the shackles of the calendar—to give back "lost days" for active, carefree living!

That, exactly, is what Midol means to many up-and-doing girls and women. Among thousands recently interviewed, more reported using Midol to relieve functional menstrual pain than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

Look for these tablets on your drugstore counter, or just ask for Midol. The large size, a trim aluminum case that tucks into purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.



**Relieves Functional Periodic Pain**

to marry me! My family was good—that was part of it—but the cotton on Lionnet's fields was better. Ben Hubbard wanted that cotton, and Oscar married it for him. Everybody knew that was why he married me. Everybody but me. Stupid, stupid me."

"You go on talking this way, Miss Birdie," Addie warned, "and you get a headache sure."

Birdie whirled upon her. "I've never had a headache in my life! You know it as well as I do!" She began to cry. "That's a lie everybody tells for me. I drink. All by myself, in my own room, I drink. When they want to hide it, they say Birdie's got a headache again."

She was sobbing softly, pitifully. With a new, mature dignity Alexandra stood up and put her arm around Birdie's shoulders, led her out of the garden and into her house.

HORACE watched them go. Quietly he said, "Have you read what it says in your Bible, Addie? It applies to people like the Hubbards, I think. 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.'"

That afternoon—it was a few days after Oscar Hubbard had returned from his business trip to Chicago—Horace visited his bank. He was not well enough, really, but he wanted to get his will from the strongbox there and he had himself pushed downtown in his wheelchair.

The men in the bank—the clerks, the depositors, and old Sam Manders, the cashier, who had taken over most of Horace's duties as President when he had had to leave—clustered around him, smiling, shaking hands. In the background, Horace caught sight of Leo Hubbard; it crossed his mind that the boy was looking upset. Then Leo came up and added his congratulations to the rest, and Horace forgot.

In his private office he opened his strongbox and took from the miscellaneous papers it contained his will. He had just unfolded this when Leo burst into the room.

"Er—excuse me, Uncle Horace," he stammered, "I—I want to see you a minute."

"Yes?" Horace said pleasantly. "What about?"

Leo, his eyes on the litter of papers Horace had taken from the box and laid on the table, said, "About—about—about Bert Pembroke."

"Yes?"

"He's—er—one of the standing renters over at—"

"I know who Bert Pembroke is, Leo," Horace interrupted. "What about him?"

"It's—it's his note, sir," Leo nervously fingered the buttons of his coat. "I'm worried about it, Uncle Horace."

Absently, as he returned the papers to the box, Horace asked, "What's wrong with the note?"

"Why—I mean, do you think the crop lien is sufficient collateral to—"

The boy's babbling, Horace thought, closing the lid of the box and snapping it shut. "All right, Sam," he called to Manders, who was in the safe-deposit vault, "you can put this back now."

As Manders entered, he added, "I don't know anything about Bert's note, Leo."

"What's wrong with it?" Manders asked.

Leo, who now seemed to be anxious to leave, smiled weakly and said, "Oh, it—it's nothing. I just thought—"

"Sam, Leo doesn't think the crop lien is sufficient collateral."

"What's the matter with you?" Manders inquired of the boy. "We haven't got a crop lien. We've got a chattel

mortgage. And Bert's met every payment so far. Why, that note will be amortized in sixty days."

Leo looked from one man to the other. "Why, yes—" Suddenly: "That's right. So it will!" He bolted for the door.

"Leo's facts seem a trifle hazy," Horace remarked when they were alone.

"It's not the facts that're hazy," Manders commented dryly. "It's Leo."

Horace was fumbling in the drawer of his desk. "Aren't my insurance policies in here, Sam?"

"Oh, I put them in the box." Horace reopened the box and picked out a bundle of papers tied together with tape. Suddenly he stiffened, untied the tape. These were not his insurance policies, as he had thought. They were his Union Pacific bonds—and there were only three of them, \$15,000 worth instead of \$90,000.

"Anything wrong?" Manders asked, seeing him hesitate.

"No—oh, no—I—" His thoughts whirling dizzily, he dropped the bonds back into the box. "I just thought these were my insurance policies—"

He hardly knew what he was saying; all his attention was concentrated on the bonds. The keys to the box were always kept in Manders' desk—but Manders wouldn't—he was too honest, too faithful a friend. But anyone could have filched them.

Seventy-five thousand dollars worth of bonds missing. Not all of them, just \$75,000—

That was the sum Ben and Oscar had wanted from him, as his share of the mill scheme. Exactly the sum. And then they hadn't needed it, after all. He remembered, now, Leo's strange behavior—his ridiculous excuse for coming into the office, his obvious relief when the box had been closed.

It all fitted together. He knew, with terrible certainty, that Leo had stolen the bonds and Oscar had taken them with him to Chicago. Probably he'd put them up only as collateral; once the mill was running and making money they could be redeemed and replaced. As a rule he did not inspect the bonds more than once in six months. The deception could easily have been carried out without his knowledge.

Horace drew a deep breath. "On second thought," he said quietly to Manders, "I think I'll take the strongbox home for a few days."

HE made his plans. The important thing was that Zan should get away from her mother. That would not be easily accomplished. But he could count on David Hewitt, after he himself was gone, to help Zan.

That night, in defiance of Regina's wishes, he had himself wheeled and carried downstairs, into the living room, taking the strongbox with him.

"I felt I should tell you," he said to Regina, "that, after all, we have invested our money in Hubbard Sons and Marshall, Cotton Manufacturers."

She stared at him, her anger giving way to amazement.

"When did you change your mind?"

"I didn't," Horace said pleasantly. "It was changed for me." Emotionlessly, he explained.

When he had finished, Regina broke into a peal of delighted laughter. "Well!" she exclaimed. "This *will* make a fine little scandal. A fine little scandal to hold over their heads."

Horace smiled. "But I'm not going to hold it over their heads."

Regina stopped laughing abruptly. "What do you mean?" she asked apprehensively.



"I'm going to let them keep the bonds—as a loan from you. A loan, Regina, not an investment. An investment would mean a share in their profits. A loan is simply returned."

"I see," Regina said slowly after a moment. "You are punishing me. But I won't let you. If you won't do anything, I will."

"You won't do anything," Horace told her, "because you can't. You can't make trouble because I shall say and go on saying that I lent them the bonds. There is absolutely nothing you can do. Tomorrow I am going to make a new will, leaving you exactly \$75,000 in Union Pacific bonds. The rest, and my insurance, will go to Zan. In the meantime, Ben and Oscar will have returned the bonds, I'm sure—and be very grateful to you for the loan."

Regina nodded, not looking at him, her lovely profile sharp against the darkness beyond the lamp. "And you will never say anything."

"Never as long as I live."

"You must hate me very much."

Horace closed his eyes, as if in pain, and took a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the beads of sweat from his forehead. "No," he said, "I don't hate you. Perhaps because I remember how much I was in love with you—once."

"I don't hate you, either," Regina said with a sigh. "I've only contempt for you. When I married you, I thought you'd get the world for me. But I was wrong. You've stayed what you always were—a small-town clerk, with small-town ideas. When I found out my mistake, it was—it was as if I couldn't stand the sight of you. I couldn't bear to have you touch me!"

"It was as bad as that," Horace said bitterly, almost to himself. He put his hand to his throat and glanced at his bottle of medicine, standing on a table a few feet away.

"But I'm lucky," Regina whispered, leaning forward in her chair, so that her shoulders seemed hunched. "I'm still young, and you have heart trouble..." Again Horace's hand went to his throat. Unable to move from his chair, he put out his other hand for the medicine bottle. Fumbling, he knocked it over and it fell, striking the projecting foot of the table and breaking.

He gasped. "Please!" he said in a choked voice. "The other bottle—upstairs!"

Involuntarily, Regina started from her chair. Then, checking herself, she sank back and turned her head away as if she had not heard him.

For an instant of thunderous silence Horace looked at her—her immobile body, her averted face. Then, in realization, he tried to scream for help, but only a panic-stricken whisper came from his trembling lips. Calling up all his strength, he leaped from his wheelchair. His impetus carried him as far as the staircase, up the first two steps. And still Regina sat there, the lamplight softly gleaming on her white skin, her eyes, ears and thoughts all shunning what was happening to him.

On the third stair Horace stumbled, clutching at the hand rail, his face distorted with agony. Hearing him fall, Regina felt her gaze pulled around to him. He could not speak, but it seemed to her she heard one shouted word clanging in the air:

"Murderess!"

Then his eyes closed and he slumped awkwardly on the steps. Regina stood up. She ran to him, calling, "Addie! Addie! Come here!"

The servants came running and be-

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Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>
Very Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>

tween them they got Horace into the bedroom next to Regina's.

Oscar and Ben and Leo came as soon as they heard. Edgily nervous, eyeing the strongbox which still stood on the table, they were in the living room when Regina came down. She interrupted their conventional words of sympathy:

"Horace told me about the bonds. He said Leo stole them and gave them to you and Oscar, Ben."

Leo burst out, "I don't know what you're talking about! What would I—why—"

Wearily, Regina said to Ben, "Isn't it enough that he stole them? Do I have to listen to him into the bargain?" There was silence, and Regina went on, "Then he told me that he was going to pretend he had lent them to you."

"I told you he'd lent them!" Leo exclaimed, but Regina ignored him.

"So I'm very badly off, you see," she said sadly. "As long as Horace lives he'll say he lent you the bonds." She took a deep breath. "But," she said in a new, strong tone, "Dr. Sloan doesn't think Horace is going to live. And if he doesn't, I shall want seventy-five percent of the business in exchange for the bonds!"

Ben whistled. In a voice he tried to make jovial, he said, "My Regina, you're greedy!" The attempt to be gay failed miserably; he faltered, and was silent. Regina's lips lifted in a demure, sweet smile.

"Leo," Ben said angrily, "stop hanging around. Go get Dr. Morris. He's a smarter doctor than that Sloan!"

But Dr. Morris was not able to save Horace Giddens. He died a few hours later.

Regina came downstairs with the news to the Hubbards, leaving Alexandra alone, at the girl's request, with her father.

"Horace is dead," Regina said coldly. "Shall we take up our conversation where we left off? I have already said I want seventy-five percent of the new firm in exchange for the bonds. This I have not said: if I don't get it I'm going to put all of you in jail."

Furiously, Oscar started to protest, but Ben cut him short. "And on what evidence would you put Oscar and Leo in jail?" he asked.

Regina laughed merrily. "Oscar, listen to him. He's getting ready to swear that it was you and Leo! But don't worry. I'll see that he goes with you."

"We'll deny that we ever—"  
"Deny your heads off. The bonds are missing and they are with Marshall. That will be proof enough. If it isn't, I'll add what's necessary."

"I'm sure of that," Ben said dryly.

Oscar lost control of himself. "What kind of talk is that, Regina?" he screamed. "You couldn't do a thing like that! We're your brothers! How can you talk this way when upstairs not five minutes ago—"

"YES!" They all whirled. Alexandra was on the stairs. "Not five minutes ago, Mama!" she said, and laughed hysterically.

Oscar said with pious gravity, "We know how you feel, Alexandra. The whole town loved and respected your father."

Slowly, looking at each one in turn, Alexandra said, "Did you love him, Uncle Oscar? Did you, Uncle Ben? And you, Mama, did you love him, too?"

She came farther down the stairs, paying no attention to Regina's efforts to calm her.

Searchingly, she asked Regina, "What was Papa doing on the staircase?"

Regina stiffened. Ben, the muscles of his face tensing, looked at her, then at the stairs, then at the broken medicine bottle.

"Go and rest, Alexandra," Regina said. "I want to talk to you, Mama," the girl replied firmly. "I'll wait."

With a shrug, Regina turned to her brothers. "Well—where was I? Yes, they'd convict you. Now, I don't want to bargain any more. I'll take my seventy-five percent and we'll forget the story forever. That's one way of doing it, and the way I prefer. But you know me well enough to know I don't mind taking the other way."

After a second, Ben mused, "None of us has ever known you well enough, Regina." He sighed. "Very well. Just as you say. I'll draw up the necessary papers tomorrow."

Oscar and Leo left, looking whipped. But Ben lingered a moment. "I agree with Alexandra," he said softly to Regina. "What was a man who couldn't get around except in a wheelchair doing on a staircase? I ask myself that."

"And what do you answer?" Regina challenged.

"I have no answer—yet." He smiled and patted her arm. "But when I do, I'll let you know. Remember that."

When he was gone, Regina faced her daughter. "You're tired, Alexandra," she said affectionately. "But don't grieve too much. You'll feel better when we get to Chicago. I'm going to get you the world I always wanted."

"I don't want the world, Mama." Zan's young face had become that of a woman who was strong, sure of herself. "I'm not going to Chicago with you."

"YOU'RE very upset, Alexandra. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"There's nothing to talk about. I'm going away from you. Because I want to—and because I've got to."

"And if I say no?" Regina demanded.

"Say it, Mama, say it," Zan told her. "And see what happens."

Regina, her hand on the newel post, swayed. "Alexandra. I've come to the end of my rope . . . I don't know—somewhere there has to be what I want, too. Somewhere . . . I'd like to keep you with me, but too many people used to make me do too many things. No, I won't make you stay."

"You couldn't, Mama," Zan promised her.

"Well . . . we don't want to be bad friends. I don't want us to be bad friends. Would you like to come and talk to me?" Regina asked, almost pleadingly. "Would you like to sleep in my room tonight?"

"Why, Mama?" Alexandra asked. "Are you afraid?"

Regina drew herself up. "I've never been afraid in my life," she said firmly.

"Then good night, Mama. David's here. I'm going over to stay with his mother tonight. Later, we're going to be married."

Without answering, Regina went on upstairs. In the dim upper hall she hesitated outside the door of the room where Horace lay, wanting to go on past. But she set her jaw and walked in to close windows and draw shades, keeping her face turned away from the silent figure on the bed. At the window she saw, through drifting rain, two people getting into a carriage outside—Zan and David. While she watched, the carriage drove away.

Regina was alone. Alone with the millions she would have someday very soon.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## Sister Act

(Continued from page 43)

"Which of you was more popular?" he asked.

"Joanie always made a better first impression than I did," Olivia said. "We were both frightfully shy. But she was more extroverted and so, of course, she showed to better advantage. Which made me even more miserable and self-conscious and filled me with a resolve to take her down a peg—immediately we were alone."

**O**PPOSITES attract but they rarely have a calm time together. . . .

Joan always wants to wear new clothes the minute she buys them—or Olivia buys them. Olivia likes to save things for special occasions, even Joan's things.

Joan goes shopping with a list of ten items. And she is on her way home while Olivia remains undecided about her first purchase. They wouldn't think of going on a shopping expedition in the same car. In fact, they've almost given up shopping together entirely.

Olivia loves adventure, but she wants security, too. So she's careful to put a little money aside. Joan's a complete gambler as far as life is concerned. She has no interest whatever in saving.

Joan is more conventional than Olivia. She also has a more active sense of social responsibility. She and Brian frequently visit in Saratoga where the girls grew up and where their mother lives. And sitting in the living room of one old family friend or another, sipping tea, she always manages to ask all the right questions. Olivia rarely goes home for a visit. And she lives in such a perpetual state of guilt about this that one word of reproach from Joan is likely to precipitate a quarrel that will last for days and resurrect a dozen past differences the girls had vowed to keep forever to themselves.

Both Joan and Olivia find the aftermath of quarrels pretty trying. When they were children and Olivia went off in a "huff" Joan used to follow her about and tease her, well aware if she could make her giggle they would be friends again—and ready for another scrap. Later, when they lived together in Hollywood and Joan came home from the studio and had her tray upstairs, Olivia would mope around trying to think up something that would force Joan to talk. In fact, they've frequently been known to resort to another quarrel solely for the sake of talking again.

There are, naturally, some ways in which "the girls," as their family friends call them, are alike. Both have a fine, realistic point of view. Both have great intellectual honesty. Unfortunately, these are not qualities with a pacific influence. Quite the contrary. They do, however, help to make them two of the most delightful and stimulating girls the film colony ever has seen or ever will see. The very fact that Joan and Olivia grew up possessive about each other and that the only qualities they have in common are aggressive qualities would make double enough. But they also are intensely competitive, eternally eager to score even a slight advantage.

When Joan married Brian Aherne she probably got ahead of Olivia for the first time in her life. Olivia, being a year older, went to school first and had the advantage all through childhood. She so was the first to make a name in Hollywood, although the Saratoga neighbors had insisted it was Joan who would photograph and who should go after a movie career.

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Undoubtedly, as Olivia would be the first to admit, this last fact had a great deal to do with her giving up the Mills College scholarship she valued so highly and sticking at a picture career.

However, instantly Olivia was entrenched, the first to be on her way to fame, thereby showing the people in Saratoga they didn't know everything, she wanted Joan to have a picture career, too, and she had her mother and Joan come to Hollywood and live with her.

Joan, the beautiful sister of beautiful, successful Olivia de Havilland, had no difficulty whatever in getting a contract. But she didn't sign that contract Joan de Havilland. You wouldn't catch her giving anyone—Olivia especially—a chance to say she had coasted to success on Olivia's name. She borrowed her stepfather's name and signed her contract Joan Fontaine.

**E**VEN trifling issues find both girls with a fierce determination not to play second fiddle to each other. When they shared a room in a Hollywood hotel they argued for days over who should have the bed beside the window. Later when they rented a house together the battle as to who should have the bedroom with the biggest closet was unbelievably bitter and prolonged.

For a time, I think, Joan ruled it over Olivia because she was Mrs. Brian Aherne and mistress of a gracious Beverly Hills home while Olivia remained a bachelor girl, living alone in the little house they once had shared. If this is true there undoubtedly were more quarrels and more furious quarrels than ever. For Olivia would resent pressure from anyone, especially from Joan. And she's neither passive nor mute when her resentment is aroused.

Nevertheless, it's because Joan did marry that she and Olivia are now finding the friendship they always have wanted but never attained. Because they previously were so closely bound to each other and saw so much of each other that they never were able to regard each other objectively and, consequently, they got in each other's hair.

Recently, when Olivia was working at Paramount with Charles Boyer in "Hold Back the Dawn" and Joan was working with Cary Grant in "Before the Fact" at the RKO studios next door, Olivia often popped over to lunch with Joan, upon invitation. And when she didn't have to rush back she would go with Joan to see the rushes of the scenes Joan had done the day before. A year ago this would have been impossible! A year ago Olivia would have been sure to make suggestions. She will tell you herself, "I'm a very informative person." A year ago Joan would have resented the least thing Olivia said as patronizing. And there would have been fireworks.

It's ironic that it should be now, when Joan and Olivia are better friends than ever before, that there should be talk of their being enemies and feuding. It's also understandable. For all this talk stems from the time Olivia, convalescing from an operation, stayed with Geraldine Fitzgerald instead of with Joan.

The inside story of that episode is amusing.

Olivia first became ill at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where, with other Warner stars, she was scheduled to appear at the grand premiere of "Santa Fe Trail." When her blood count indicated a high white corpuscle content and the attending physician thought an emergency operation was indicated Olivia insisted upon returning to Los Angeles.

It was bad weather. All planes were grounded. The odds were against Olivia's

reaching California in time if she traveled by train. Frantic, she telephoned Howard Hughes and he had a plane released to fly her and Bob Taplinger, publicity chief at the Warner Studios home.

Taplinger, with a keen sense of new from way back, realizing this flight of life would put Olivia and her new picture, "Santa Fe Trail," on the front page of newspapers all over the country, and indeed it did, wired his office to have reporters and news photographers at the airport and to ask Joan Fontaine to be there, too.

Taplinger's assistant, suspicious the whole thing was a publicity stunt, conveyed this idea to Joan. But just in case Livvie was really ill Joan and Brian decided to go to the field anyway.

**"A**BOUT half an hour before we were due at Burbank," Olivia says, "began to feel much better. My fever went down and my pain grew less. Which made me feel guilty, considering all the excitement and expense I'd caused."

When she told Taplinger she was feeling better he groaned, not pleased at all. "Look," he said, "you'd better act sick and no fooling! If the newspaper crowd get any idea this was a frame-up they'll be off both of us for life."

Before Olivia had any opportunity to talk to Joan, the photographers crowded into the plane and took charge. "Hold Miss de Havilland's hand, please, Miss Fontaine," they told Joan. "Look down at her with concern, but smile a little. And Mr. Aherne, would you stand behind Miss Fontaine, please, and look down at Miss de Havilland, too."

Joan's eyes were blazing. She gripped Olivia's hand fiercely. "I think," she whispered, "this is perfectly horrible of you! Cheap, too! And most inconsiderate!"

Then Olivia's eyes blazed. She ceased feeling guilty. She remembered how desperately ill she had been a few hours before. "So sorry," she muttered. "I in



If Joan Fontaine weren't Mrs. Brian Aherne this luncheon date wouldn't have happened. Now she comes to visit Olivia de Havilland on "Hold Back the Dawn," an event that would have caused fireworks a year ago.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



convenienced you—by almost dying!"

However, when the cameras clicked there was no sign of any quarrel. Olivia and Joan looked exactly as they were supposed to look under the circumstances and exactly as they looked—without benefit of theatrics—a few minutes later when explanations were made all round.

Olivia was fortunate. After a day's rest in the hospital she was able to return to the studios. However, her physician advised an operation immediately she finished the picture in production, to avoid a similar future experience which might very well end less happily.

She could have gone to her own house to convalesce. But she felt she would be happier and make a more rapid recovery if she had people about her. Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Edward Lindsay Hogg, implored her to come to them. They pointed out they had a suite for her and her nurse, that she wouldn't upset their living arrangements in any way. The Ahernes, on the other hand, have no guest room and at that particular time Brian and Joan were doubled up in Joan's room because a house-guest had Brian's room.

Nevertheless, newspaper and radio columnists persisted in asking, "Why didn't Olivia de Havilland go to her sister's home to recuperate?" And, of course, stories of the battles royal Olivia and Joan have been having for years were all that was needed to substantiate the implication that Olivia hadn't gone to Joan's because they dislike each other intensely and are feuding.

"No use to deny the stories. denials never are believed," said Joan and Olivia, in complete accord for the moment. However, we offer no guarantee that one instant later, in complete disagreement about something else, they weren't ready to fly at each other again.

For that's the way it goes . . . .  
Olivia and Joan, dearly beloved enemies.

## The Three Nicest Men in Hollywood

(Continued from page 37)

them over. He never figures he was anything but lucky. "I got all the breaks," he says, "they didn't." Whenever there's a part for any of those former stock players in his pictures, believe me, they get the jobs. He's taken people off relief, given house jobs to refugees. In fact he rehabilitated a whole family of "Okies" and I understand they're still with him. None of this gets into his press releases . . . he won't stand for it.

Hank's the secret heart throb of more girls than you can shake a stick at, because he's got that peculiar type of masculine helplessness combined with virility that all you gals like.

I wasn't asked to give my choice of more than three of Hollywood's nicest men, but I've got a running start now and can't stop. You can't mention well-known men out here without including Robert Montgomery. He kids with everyone on the set and the newsmen go for him because he's never in a rush to get away. The other day when workmen on his set were getting up a pool for the Kentucky Derby, Bob and the director each put up fifty dollars and then gave their chances back to the men. He has the breezy kind of personality which makes everyone glad to see him and happier still to work with him.

Gene Raymond has a talent for remembering names and the people who go



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The new Jergens Face Powder now on sale at  
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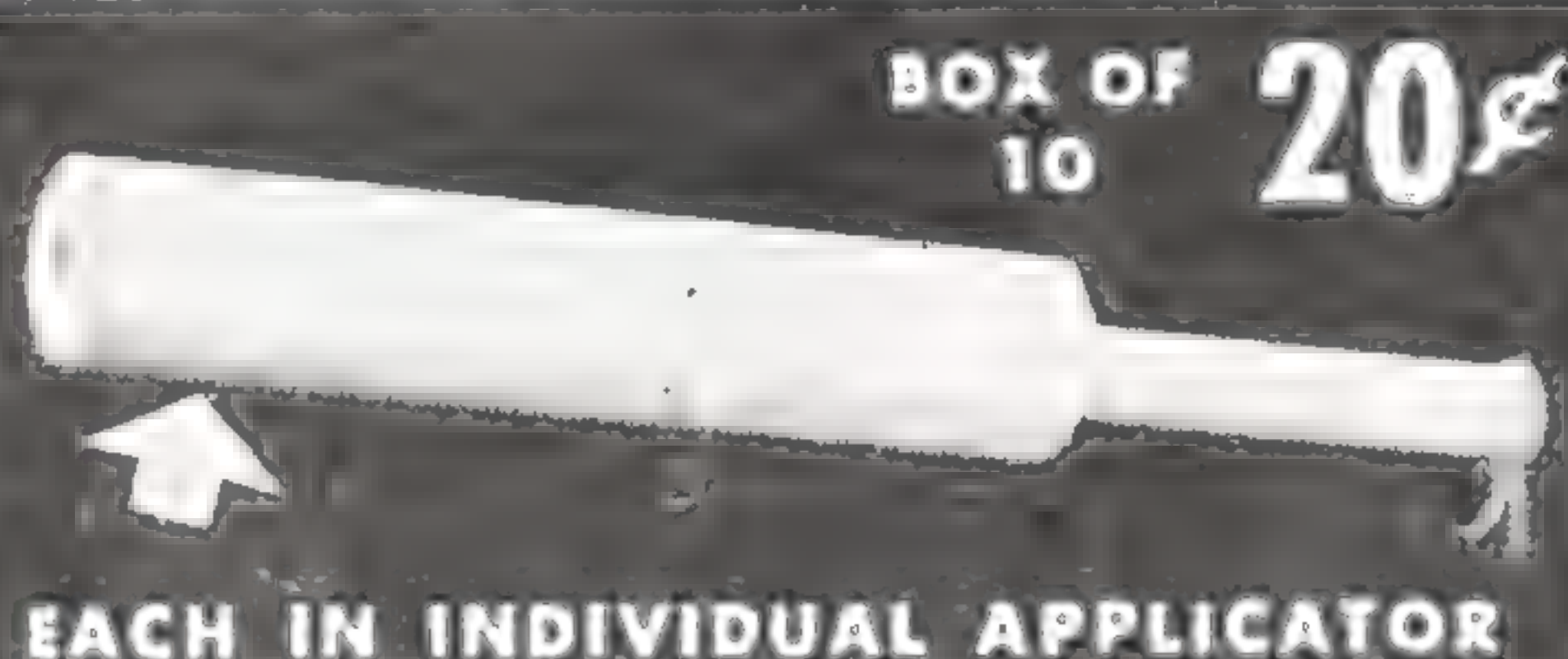


## Why I switched to Meds



—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without *internal* sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!



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with them. He is one of the most appreciative people I know and never forgets a kindness done him. He loves to pick up small gifts for people that strike him as appropriate and he doesn't wait for Christmas, either.

Here's a story about Gene that I think you'll enjoy. The mother of a little girl, an ardent fan, wrote to Gene, telling him that the child was in the hospital with a serious illness and asking for his photograph. Gene sent the picture and then phoned to ask if there was anything he could do. The mother replied that if Gene could drop in to see the child when she was well enough, it would make her deliriously happy. So, on the day she was ready to leave the hospital Gene arrived with an armful of gifts, carried the child down to the ambulance, rode home with her and carried her up to her room. And that's a day she'll never forget. Now, you know only your best friends will take time out to do things like that!

Victor McLaglen is another who is crazy about children. He has a "sports center" out at his ranch which he maintains for the really underprivileged children. He teaches them how to ride and do all sorts of healthful outdoor exercises and also teaches them to be good sports and self-reliant. Each year the kids take a trip to Catalina which Victor insists they must pay for themselves with money earned. So he helps them to put on corny little shows for which they charge a small admission fee, the proceeds being turned over to Victor for their "expenses." Of course they never know that what they make is only a small percentage of the cost. Victor makes up the difference, but the important thing is that the children feel they are paying their own way. . . .

LOUIS HAYWARD is another softie who gets a kick out of helping others. Not long ago he heard of a kid who was going through college on a scholarship and had a job waiting on tables but was handicapped by lack of decent clothes. Louis hunted him up and sent him an adequate wardrobe. He and his wife, Ida Lupino, are just as softhearted over animals. Their home is a real refuge for stray dogs and cats in distress and they fatten up the waifs and then find them good homes.

And here's a story I like about Otto Kruger, that quiet retiring soul who doesn't get nearly enough acting jobs for my pleasure. His hobby is gardening and his flowers are famous. Last year, just before Memorial Day, the papers carried a story that there would be few, if any, flowers on the soldiers' graves at Sawtelle. Otto and a little neighbor boy cleaned out his entire garden, canvassed all his friends' gardens and ended up by taking two station-wagon loads of flowers out to Sawtelle where they decorated every soldier's grave.

I can hear you say, "Has Hopper gone sentimental on us, or what?" Well, suppose I have . . . does us all good once in a while and I'm not ashamed of it. . . . Oh, sure! I can go on the alkaline side, too—but only when the subject warrants it!

The stories one could tell are as endless as the list of "nice guys" in our town. You all know Bob Hope, the time he so cheerfully gives to any benefit that asks his services, his unfailing thoughtfulness and generosity . . . Then there is Cary Grant who does so many generous things that don't get noised about. He's already given three parties for the crippled children at the Orthopaedic Hospital. . . . Edgar Bergen goes down himself, with his pal Charlie, to

help entertain the kids at hospitals.

Rudy Vallee is another who is not only generous with contributions but who has taken his whole troupe down to the hospital to give the kids a show. He's issued orders to Pat Hertzog, who works all of her time on behalf of these crippled children, that she is never to hesitate to call on him, as he considers it a privilege to give his time to such work. Clark and Carole Gable and Nelson Eddy are others who have also put on parties for these children.

And Kay Kyser, who is such a fall-guy for a sob story, is now, and has been for the past two months, entertaining our draftees in the various camps. Puts on his radio shows at flying fields or any place big enough for his gang and a microphone . . . Kay's a complete darling!

THERE'S Brian Donlevy, who came up the hard way and has never exchanged his old friends for a new set. He's a great homebody and loves to give stag dinners at which the guests include everybody he likes from prop men to top directors. You never see Brian's guest list in the society column—he's too busy remembering people who have been good to him in years gone by. No, that's not a Hollywood custom, but to do the men credit (and I'm not trying to curry favor, either), men in our town aren't nearly the snobs the women are. But then, society always has seemed a woman's game . . . guess they have more time for it. . . .

Fred Astaire, quiet and reserved, devoted to his family and almost never seen night-clubbing, is adored by all of his co-workers, who speak of him as "a real gentleman." Errol Flynn, who seems to be calming down from the "playboy" type, now that he's become a father, is well liked by his fellow workers. While in San Diego on "Dive Bomber" recently, he housed several of the workmen on his yacht.

Robert Taylor, Ronald Reagan, Franchot Tone, Bill Lundigan . . . all of them get high marks from those super-critics, the technical staff—and, believe me, they are a group that nobody can fool. You can have the best publicity man in the world and a fan mail that would choke a horse, but if you're not a "right guy" to the boys on the set, you're a bum and not getting by with the people who count.

My goodness! I almost forgot Guy Kibbee. Kind and jolly and generous to a fault. Years ago in a musical picture which wasn't very successful, I played Kibbee's wife and he stopped at my house every morning and drove me to location. One Sunday morning he phoned to ask if I could be ready a half-hour earlier. And what do you think we did? Drove all over town before finally locating a former actor pal who needed a financial lift. And Guy wouldn't go to location until he'd found him.

Here's another story on Guy that I got from a clerk in a sporting goods store. Guy's favorite pastime is fishing and every week or so he would come into the store and lovingly select the most elaborate equipment, enough to last him for years. Finally the clerk got so curious he asked Mrs. Kibbee about it. She laughed and told him that every time Guy goes fishing he runs across some young kid, a fellow enthusiast, fishing with the old string and bent pin equipment, with the result that Guy arrives home sheepish but happy, having taken a liking to the kid and presented him with his entire outfit!

Now, the next time you heave a rock at Hollywood, I hope you'll stop, look and listen . . . there's gold in them thar guys.



# George Brent Tells: "Why Ann and I Won't Marry"

(Continued from page 31)

a glorious sense of humor that keep her balanced."

So George Brent talked in his dressing room during the filming of Edward Small's picture "International Lady."

"The screen career girl," he went on, "is a special product of today. I've known many of them and their reactions are always the same. This career girl is absorbed in the excitement of her success and she basks in the dizzy independence it brings. Marriage must wait because it might interfere."

"Sometimes the career girl makes an attempt to leave her career, but seldom is it a success. The monotonous round of domestic duties and the simple pleasures afforded her in what we may call the ordinary life pall on her. She can't adjust herself to this new tempo and it proves a poor substitute for the thrills of acting in motion pictures."

"Film life is difficult, often it is cruel and heartbreaking, but it is never, never dull. It comes nearer spelling adventure than anything else that most people ever meet."

Once George told me that an important element in love was tenderness. As every woman knows, this is the vitalizing spark that imbues his film love scenes and today, talking to him, I caught his same persuasive quality. It spoke volumes for his understanding of feminine reactions.

Oddly enough, George Brent and Ann Sheridan were at the same studio for five years, seeing each other frequently, but never meeting. Then came the day when they were introduced and, suddenly, a spark flamed—they discovered each other!

There is no doubt that they are sincerely and deeply in love, but I really believe the foundation is a congenial friendship, made up of rare understand-

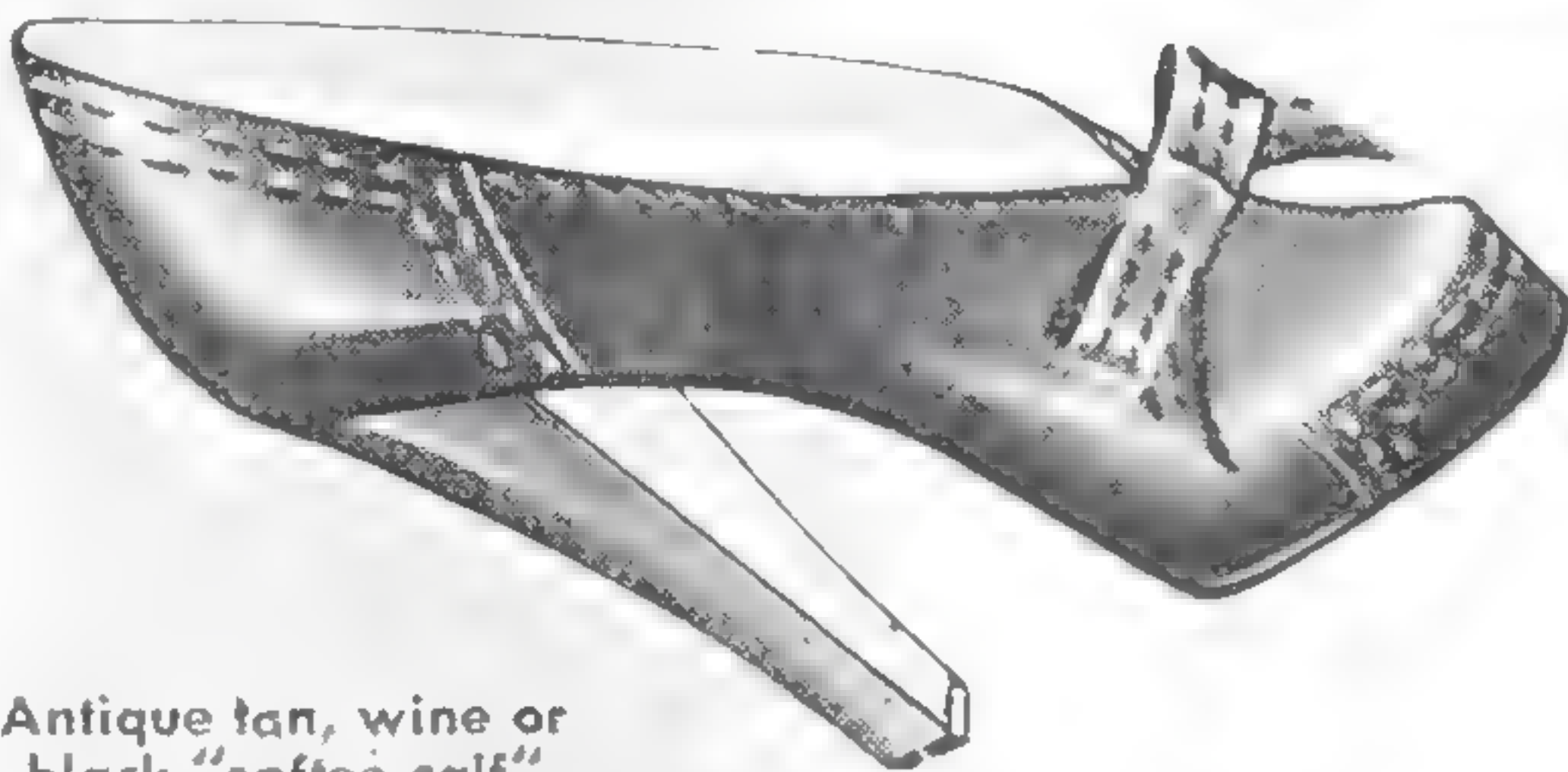


A figure that rates the whistles of all Saturday-afternoon knee-pants audiences: Buster Crabbe, starring in the Western series, "Adventures of Billy The Kid," for the Producers Releasing Corporation of America

"SMART AMERICA'S CHOICE"



is PARIS FASHION SHOES," says Rita Hayworth ... co-starring in "YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH" a Columbia production



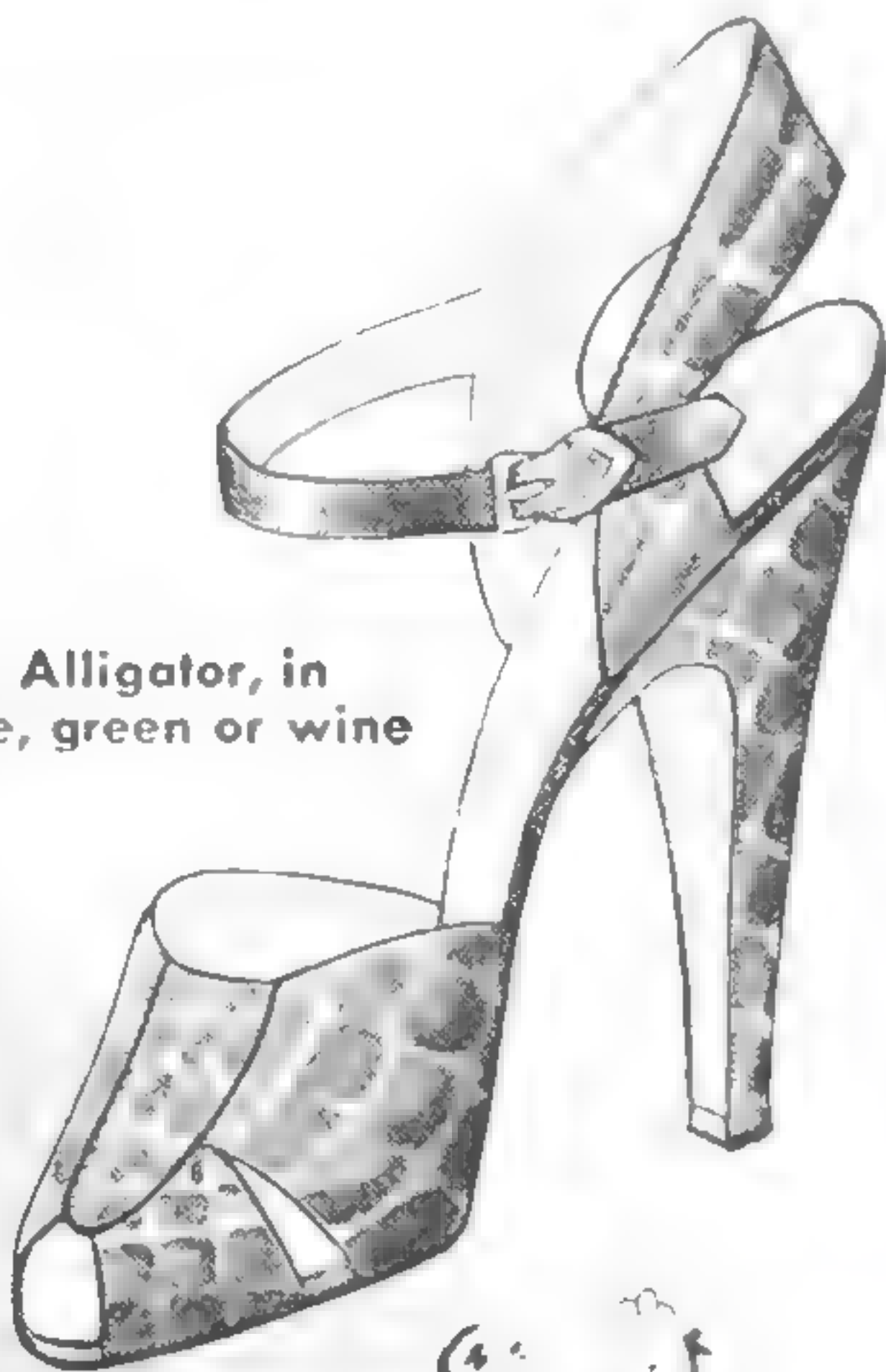
Antique tan, wine or black "softee calf"



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Antique tan, elasticized calf



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**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM**  
A new experience awaits you in the way this different cream cleanses! You see it not only loosens and rolls away the surface dirt and make-up but penetrates the outer pore openings and cleanses away the accumulations which daily lodge there. Leaves your skin clean, softened, and refreshed!

**PHILLIPS'**

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**CREAMS**

**SKIN CREAM**  
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30c and 60c

**CLEANSING CREAM**  
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ing, something very satisfying. Different in temperament, they yet share many of the fundamental qualities. Ann from Texas has won her own way. She's honest, frank, direct and devoid of all pretenses. She takes life as it comes without harboring the hurts and disappointments of yesterday. Brent from Ireland has touched life in its most exciting phases and now he is enjoying the comparative calm that comes after battle.

This romance has steadied Ann; she's gained poise and assurance from George's strength and masculinity. It has left its imprint on George, too. He's more approachable, laughs easily and often, and the old hurts seem to have faded away. I'd say that Ann is a sentimentalist who always keeps her sentimentalism under cover, while George is a romanticist touched with a bit of cynicism to keep his romanticism balanced.

**G**EORGE told me he had again leased the charming vine-covered English house on Toluca Lake, where he lived when he first started his film career at the near-by Warners studio.

He insists it is a happy house. He felt this when he first stepped into it years ago and even more definitely when he returned recently from his wanderings, which included owning a San Fernando Valley ranch and a Beverly Hills estate. It was like coming home and being welcomed personally by the cheerful living room that opens on tranquil gardens dipping into the tree-lined lake at the far end, the cosy dining room where dinner is always served by candlelight.

"I'm domestic in my tastes," George told me, "and I revel in the privacy of a home. Being quite self-sufficient I never become lonely. How could I when there are so many interesting things to read? I'm not good in a crowd where there are a lot of people milling around and I much prefer having a few good friends drop into my place to enjoy a congenial conversation.

"Ann's San Fernando Valley home is not far away and while we frequently dine out at some quiet spot where we can dance, too, we like having dinner at her place or mine. We ride horseback together and she's developed into a fearless horsewoman." Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, he added, "Ann is a grand little loafer, too. Thank heavens she's not one of these restless, chattering women who must be up and doing every minute. We take a couple of friends and slip down to my yacht whenever we have a chance and lazily cruise along the Coast or drop anchor over at Catalina Island. Complete relaxation! Believe me, there's nothing like it—the blue sea, the bluer sky, the sparkling sunshine, the salty air—it puts new life into you.

"I gave up my airplane a couple of years ago following a hunch. It was a good thing I did, for three men were killed in that very plane a few weeks later. So, more and more I am heeding my hunches. I can look back and see that every mistake I ever made was because I disregarded these silent warnings."

George has never seen Ann on the screen, although they made "Honeymoon for Three" together. However, he always visits her on the set when she is making a film.

"She's always fun," he said, "and though she is an exciting personality she is also a most comfortable companion. The future? We'll wait until it catches up with us. But I repeat, Ann and I are not planning to be married. Instead we shall go right on being happy as we are."

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## Oakie—on the Spot Things We Like about Jack

(Continued from page 48)

Zanuck's General than fly. It wouldn't have made any difference anyhow, for all Jack caught was the word General which he instantly abbreviated to "Gen." Good old "Gen."

Posing together for pictures, Jack threw the General into hysterics by confiding, "No use for you to try to look good. They'll only caption this picture, Jack Oakie and Friend'."

His honesty is bigger than the man himself, in pounds and square inches. He actually had the hemstitched audacity to try to steal scenes from Charlie Chaplin, the man who brought him back in "The Great Dictator." And he's so gosh-darned honest he sits up and tells you about it.

CHARLIE first suspected something was going on when he asked for a layback of some dialogue just spoken by him and Jack. The conversation sprang forth from the machine while Charlie listened attentively. Finally, turning to Oakie, Charlie said, "What are you going to me? Something's going on."

"Oh sure," Oakie grinned back. "I'm stealing your lines. You see, I begin my dialogue before you quite finish yours. That throws the attention to me."

From then on it was a race to see who could pick up the other's lines first.

Yes, we're dumbfounded at that honesty of his that has him saying, "Listen, honey, comedians are a peculiar tribe. They speak of each other as clever performers, but they don't like each other, never have, never will—and don't let anyone ever try to tell you differently." Now you beat that one for freshness and deep-rooted honesty and we'll move out of town.

His patience! It's a revelation, really. He'll go over and over a scene with newcomers, anxious to help unless (and you newcomers note this) they feel they know enough to put one over on Oakie. And then heaven help them.

Recently a starlet giggled coyly, "You can't steal a scene from me, Jack Oakie. We've got the camera right in front of me." Jack said nothing. When the scene was over the newcomer taunted, "Well, had you that time?"

"You sure did, honey, only—" "Only what?" Her voice held a note of suspicion.

"Well, honey, I knew this was going to be a close-up and you see the close-up camera was right over here on my side all the time."

Without a word she walked away. Babies should never try putting one over on Papa Oakie.

His patience in little things that usually upset a man, any man, is wonderful to behold.

We met at the Derby for lunch. For one thing, the table wasn't steady and tipped every time Jack touched it.

The waiter was nonplussed. "Now, my good man," began Oakie in a voice quiet as a bombardment over London, "I have a suggestion. A small suggestion. Let us say we take this piece of melba toast. Thus. Now, let us take the toast and place it thusly under this leg of the table. Presto, it works."

The table sobered up like a stew after ten bromides.

Then came annoyance number two. The Danish pastry he had ordered fixed just so (it was Jack's breakfast) turned out to be something else again. There were no complaints. He ate it. But about an hour later he quietly went through all the directions again and this time got it right. He ate that, too.

His generosity in the thing actors least like to give—their time—is another of the many reasons we like Oakie. He will and has sat for four hours with a writer in order to give a good story. And he never forgets to express his gratitude for a line, a word in a written paragraph.

His intelligence is an admiration-getter. He studies the psychology of every director under whom he works. He knows the type that encourages, the type that drives with mental whips as it were, the ones who withhold all comment until the shooting's over and then shower the deserving ones with praise.

He can analyze a scene and tell exactly what it needs, why it hasn't jelled, why it's off balance.

We like Oakie, too, for the lump that so obviously chokes his throat, that shuts off a stream of loud rowdiness as if a key had suddenly turned, the peculiar dewiness in the eyes set in that mugging pan when the name of his mother, the mother who adored him, is mentioned.

"It would have broken her heart to have known I was off the screen so long," he says. "I'm glad she never knew."

His bewildered hurt, the almost little-boy disappointment in not winning the Academy Award he so wanted and his friends hoped he'd win, endeared him to everyone.

"Beeg mouf" Oakie. Gay, spirited, childish-hearted, talented beyond our consideration, he'll remain forever a name not to be forgotten in Hollywood. A personality. A character. An actor.

For that we admire him.  
Okay, Oakie.

## Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 49)

It, anyway, it was at his suggestion that I toddled up town to see May Leslie, who was putting on an amateur show for the Cardiac Society. Now that was what those wealthy Wall Streeters called their club. Don't look at me. I know they have no more heart than a rice pudding. All they do is cause the old lump to go down like an elevator when it should be going up. Anyway, Miss Leslie liked my work and first thing I knew I took her advice and went on the stage. Yep, I left Wall Street flat and look what happened to it.

I don't like people who say they don't

like chorus boys. Why shucks, some of our best people have been chorus boys. Guys like Jimmy Cagney and Wally Beery and Pat O'Brien and yours truly, Louis Delaney Offield. That's my real name, you know. When the stage folks heard me talk so much about Oklahoma where I used to live they started calling me Oakie, even when Grapes of Wrath was still a line in a song. So I put the Jack in front of it and got kicked out of the chorus by Seymour Felix, the dance director. That's the second guy I'm grateful to.

Another of those "I don't like" things

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Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts 3 ways at the same time; helps stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.\*

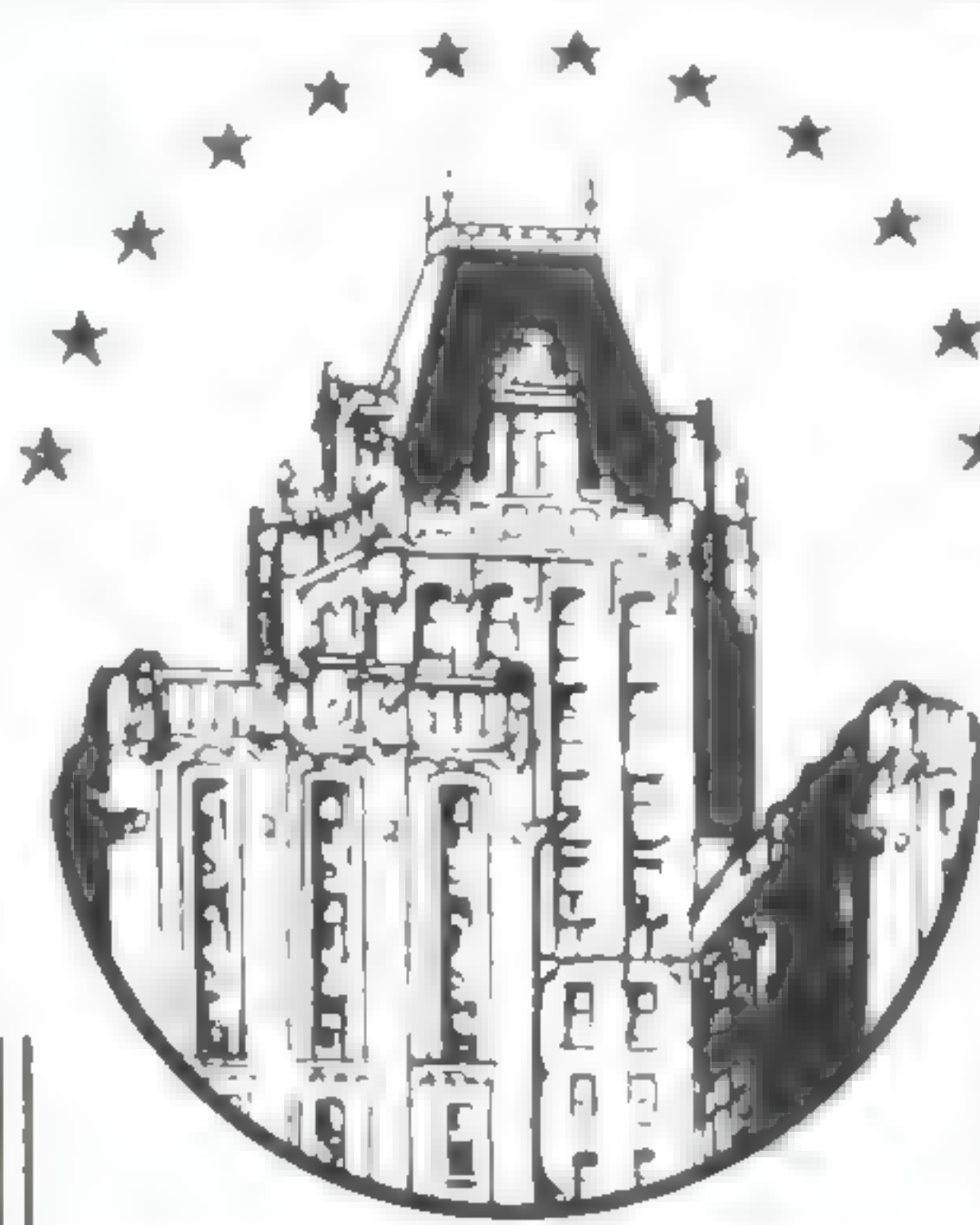
\*Just use as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

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is being mean and bitter. Am I mean and bitter to Seymour for kicking me out of the chorus? Am I sore because he said I was ornery for trying to do a solo instead of keeping in step? Am I hurt because he hated me for trying to be an individualist and do a little specialty in the lineup?

Am I? Well, anyway I'm not ungrateful. For after that job I got to know an awful lot about dogs. Not that I had a pooch, but times was just so tough I got down to eating dog food three times a day. It got so I took to chasing cats in the neighborhood. Even the lamp-posts along Thirty-sixth Street—

LIKE a guy who is grateful to vaudeville, good old vaudeville that I helped lay in its grave, heaven bless it. I don't like those actors that turn up their done-over noses at the good old variety halls. They saved my life when Lulu McConnell engaged me as her partner and we toured the circuits.

Now right here I'd hate myself if I said Hollywood called. Why, it couldn't even yap in those days and it didn't even glance in my direction, either. But nevertheless, old not-too-daunted Oakie took a slow boat through the Canal for movie town.

I don't like myself for being modest. (I put that in for laughs.) I don't approve of modesty in others, either. So when I met Wesley Ruggles at a party I persuaded him I was the people's choice for his new picture, "Finder's Keepers," and I was on my way and his way and Clara Bow's way and every newcomer's way that came on the Paramount lot in those days.

Those were the days! Bing arrived and I went into his first picture. A Frenchie named Chevalier hit town and I went into his first picture. A team called Burns and Allen arrived and I went into their first picture.

I house-broke every newcomer on that lot. Once, when I misbehaved, they brought out a guy named Hope to take my place. I'm still going and so is he.

I don't like some of the things I did. I wouldn't like myself if I pretended I did. But we had fun in those days. We worked hard. I made something like seventy-five pictures in all and I'm just getting my second wind.

Maybe I shouldn't like myself for being called a scene stealer. But a fellow has to take care of himself out here and

there's some pretty stiff competition. Once I remember when I was giving Vic McLaglen the old shove-around, with my hand on his arm to kinda keep him off balance, he picked me up and slammed me through two tons of scenery.

Ned Sparks is another guy you gotta watch. He can take a fellow's scene just by giving him the old fish eye.

Here's one I should put myself in the corner for. It was in "Little Men" that we made recently. I felt there should be a close-up when I opened the safe. The director says no, so I reached for the knob of the safe with my left hand.

Well, of course, it didn't match any of the other scenes when it was all put together, so what was left to do? A close-up, that's all.

NOW I know you're wondering why I don't say I don't like myself so fat. Well, it ain't so bad. Course, it slows me up a bit in the strenuous scenes. I don't dive off cliffs more than once, but otherwise me and my 185 pounds manage to get around.

I don't like anything that keeps me from my golf—except work. I play thirty-six holes every day I'm not at the studio and I don't like it when my score climbs the eighties.

I don't like the idea of not having more time for my job as Mayor of West Van Nuys. It's the real McCoy, too, no kidding about it. I've even got stationary with my name—Jack Oakie—Mayor of West Van Nuys on the letterhead. We have meetings twice every week and I make speeches. One time I didn't like myself was when I was up there telling 'em how I was going down to the Los Angeles Council and demand a new street light and some guy from the audience yells, "Suppose they say no?" I couldn't think of a comeback fast enough.

I know this isn't the theme song of this story, but I must put in a do-like here. Here it is. I'm glad I like this simple, honest small-town way of life. Honestly.

I don't like unhappiness in others or in myself. I don't like to cause it, either. I wouldn't like myself two cents' worth if I didn't tell you the happiness you've given me in your welcome to me after my absence from the screen. You've been so wonderful I—well, do you mind if I just say, it's a bit too close to Mr. Oakie's Cardiac Club to even talk about?

Thanks, folks. Look for me in "Navy Blues."

## "I'm Going to Be Somebody"

(Continued from page 57)

experience, might turn the theatrical tide for her. She did get further, but widely spaced, radio jobs, but though she was often called to try out for Broadway shows, she was never chosen.

The Dennis Cape Playhouse, however, remembered the little Scott girl and when the summer of 1937 came around, she was signed as its leading lady. Immediately she was in heaven. "I was playing really big-time roles in a big-time company," Martha says.

It was at Dennis that summer that she met Evelyn Varden, the character actress, who was to see to it that Martha got the role of Emily in "Our Town," the role that was to make her a star both of the theater and Hollywood. Of course, neither Martha nor Miss Varden knew the miracle of "Our Town" was going to happen that summer and our small heroine went through an awful autumn, after the Dennis company closed, when once more she couldn't get a look-in. But finally, in the first week of January,

Martha Scott got engaged—but not signed—for her first Broadway show.

The show was being put on by an unimportant theatrical manager who was operating on a shoestring and playing safe by not signing up any of the actors who were rehearsing for his play. This left the manager free to hire or fire the actors as he might wish. It also left Martha free to walk out of the play, though neither the manager nor Martha dreamed such a thing would happen.

It did, though, through the intervention of Evelyn Varden and through Martha's meeting with Jed Harris, the producer of "Our Town."

Now the stage production of "Our Town" was a much more experimental proceeding than was the movie of the same story. Jed Harris, a strange, dynamic producer, who had made millions producing such sure-fire material as "Broadway" and other comedy-melodramas, saw in "Our Town" a poetic study of life and death. The most impor-



tant and terrifically difficult role in it was that of a young girl who grows up, marries and dies in childbirth. Harris knew he had to have an extraordinary, sensitive girl for this role. Evelyn Varden, already engaged for the play, told him about Martha Scott. Harris immediately sent for Martha.

In her wild excitement Martha forgot that she had eaten no breakfast or lunch that day and when she walked in and saw the whole company waiting for her at five, and looked hastily at the script of *Emily* and saw what a glorious part it was, she also forgot about dinner. The big scene of the play, the scene that would break it or make it, depending entirely upon the performance, was the graveyard scene, where *Emily* enters the world of death. It was this scene that Harris gave Martha to read.

She does not know now how she ever got through that scene or what kept her from fainting with hysteria at the end of it. She does know that her tears and her nerves were nearly out of control when she finished and she could not sleep at all, when she got home that night, with Harris' contract tucked away in her purse and the awareness of the awful scene she would have to face next morning when she told the other manager she was walking out on him.

Worse scenes were in prospect for her, however. Harris forged "Our Town" from the steel of Martha Scott's ambition and emotions. The days passed over her like agonized dreams as hour after hour, day after day, Harris worked with her. The play was produced with no scenery and when the company went to Boston for the tryout they worked for two solid days and nights, with only three hours out for sleep. But Martha Scott was equal to it, more than equal, and by the

time the show got to Broadway all the street knew that a new star was born.

But for all its beauty and persuasion, "Our Town" was too saddening for a record-breaking run. This time when the movie offers came to Martha, she listened to them and signed with David Selznick to test for *Melanie*, in "Gone With the Wind."

"I CAME to Hollywood and just sat for three awful months," Martha says. She discovered she was merely one of a bunch of *Melanies*, who were thrown in with a bunch of *Scarletts*. Finally, at the end of a day, when some dozen other *Melanies* had been tested, she was put through her test. She was given a wig that was too big for her and a gown that was too small. Martha was as completely horrified as was Selznick at the result and she rushed back to Broadway, her newly found confidence once more completely destroyed.

Now before "Our Town," she had been a member of a radio serial called "Pepper Young's Family" and from that she had advanced to a serial written especially around her, "The Career of Alice Blair." She had given up *Alice* when she tried out for *Melanie*, but now she discovered through the producer of the show, Carleton Alsop, that he wasn't satisfied with the girl who had replaced her as *Alice* and that she, Martha, could have her old job back.

"It was so wonderful returning from that Hollywood snubbing to the warmth and friendliness of *Alice*," Martha says. "There I was, suddenly, Miss Importance. The writer of the show wanted to hear about my Hollywood experiences and wove some of them into the script of *Alice*. Joe Cotton, the leading man, was there, as he had been before, to help me

through all the scenes and tell me how wonderful I was, and there, for the first time, was Carl Alsop smiling at me a little. I had never liked him at all until then and he had never liked me either."

The thing was that handsome Carleton Alsop was bitter at that time with the tragic disillusion of an unhappy first marriage and wanted no part of romance. Martha, with a dozen swains dancing attendance on her, didn't have to bother flirting with a man who seemed hard to interest. Yet now, for the first time, she realized she had missed the guidance of Carleton Alsop all during her Hollywood stay and he realized for the first time that he had missed her on the show.

They began, then, a strange courtship. More and more, as the five-times-a-week show went on the air, little Martha Scott became aware that she was playing her scenes more to the tall man watching her in the control booth than she was to her invisible air public and more and more that man in the control booth became aware that he was listening to the sound of her voice, not with his detached critical mind, but with his rapidly beating heart.

ENTER now, Sol Lesser, who decided to make a movie of "Our Town" and who demanded, despite the awful *Melanie* tests, the original *Emily*. Martha and Carleton, facing another separation, talked it over with the sponsor of "Alice Blair" who promptly played Cupid and moved the whole radio serial to Hollywood.

That made everything wonderful, particularly since Martha went into "Our Town" and emerged a star. Frank Lloyd, seeing her, demanded her for "The Howards of Virginia" and she went into that



June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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and emerged an even greater star. Neither picture was a box-office hit, but her personal triumph was terrific. "Alice Blair," however, had not benefited by the move to Hollywood. It was really too highbrow for the product it advertised and the sponsors decided to close it down. Anyhow, those kindly people probably decided Alice had served her real mission since by now Carleton and Martha were completely in love. When Frank Lloyd asked Martha to go to Virginia for personal appearances with "The Howards" there, she begged Carl to go too and, with her mother, they made a pilgrimage to that exquisite state. It was spring and they were young and by the time they got to New York, they knew their love could only be fulfilled by marriage.

They were married in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, choosing it because it was the church across the street from the radio station where they had met.

They had to leave for the Coast that night, because Martha was due for "Cheers for Miss Bishop," and for the first five weeks after their arrival they never saw each other for more than five or ten minutes during the day, so busy were they. But they knew that none of that mattered, since they were going to have all their lives together. "Miss Bishop" emerged another Martha Scott triumph and she went hastily into "They Dare Not Love" at Columbia and one day Carleton rushed into the studio and onto the set, a thing he had declared he would never do.

## Casual Cyclone

(Continued from page 53)

murmured, taking a quick look at the Field face, almost without make-up, "wouldn't Wally Westmore throw a suit if he were here to see how Paramount's darling received a caller!"

If Miss Field does a spot of mind reading now and then, she chose to be gallant and ignore our thought waves. Instead, she motioned us to a nice comfortable seat. No odor of incense hung on the air; no phonograph record filled the place with Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; no evidence of last-minute prop-fixing, that eternal accessory of planned interviews, hit the reporter in the eye. Betty Field was going to play the role "straight."

We noticed that the lady has soft, doe-like eyes, high arched brows, a face nicely chiseled but angular and a figure that would rate a double look even by a man sprinting for a street car with the rain pelting him in the face.

HER manner is casual. She elects to plop down on a footstool over which there hangs a Picasso reproduction. Let her get started and in a trice she's galloping along with gusto on the theme of why I like New York, why I prefer it to Hollywood. Pin her down to her personal history and she's equally agreeable, although she's inclined to reel it off for you in a delicious clipped twang (a rare combination indeed!) one-two-three, telescoping important events into a single line and brushing aside high spots as if they were autograph hounds. This, mind you, from a girl so alive to dramatic values that as a moppet she rewrote Shakespeare so that she could play all the parts herself. The other kids were either extras or ticket sellers.

"It all started back in Morristown, New Jersey," Miss F. said, finally, submitting to the inevitable, "although if

"I've found it," he cried to Martha.

"Found what?"

"Our home. I've bought it. Can you get away right now to come see it?"

The director let her go and Martha rushed to their car. Carl drove some twenty miles away from Hollywood down into the peaceful Valley, to a spot where the mountains ring the cloudless sky completely, to a spot where the golden hills roll gently and where a nature seems to be singing an eternal love song. There on a hillside Martha saw a low white rambling ranch house being put up, with trees and a pool on one side of it and stables for two horses on the other.

"That's it," said Carl, watching her shining eyes.

"Oh, darling, it's perfect," said Martha as Carl, who is six feet three, carried her over the doorstep.

It is Bob Montgomery who provides the tag line to Martha Scott's story. Bob had come out to look at the Alsop ranch and Martha said they might buy an additional seven acres.

"All this and seven too," said the wife Montgomery.

So that, currently, is what Martha calls her home. The only change is that she and Carl have decided not to buy the extra seven acres. They are hoping for seven children instead.

For the brilliance of the career that lies ahead of her is assured. "So if I can just have Carl and children, it will be perfect. Though how it can be any more perfect than my life is now I can't imagine," says Martha Ellen.

you really want to be literal-minded you ought to say something about Boston where I was born and Newton where I was educated—vaguely. We moved to New Jersey just in time for me to enroll as a sophomore in the Morristown High School.

"In Boston, come to think of it, I learned impromptu acting, I guess you call it that. Anyway, when I was eight maybe nine, I'd stop people on the street and pretend I was someone else. If they believed me, I knew my pretending was good. In time I got to feel like a nurse's edition of Helen Hayes. Once I pretended I was Uncle Tom, but instead of believing me the man only laughed. No flop heaven forbid—will ever be able to compare that moment of high tragedy.

"As a sophomore at Morristown High I must have traipsed around like a theological student who has felt 'the call.' I knew Bernhardt's life history better than I knew the details of the War of the Roses or the list of American presidents as far as Abe Lincoln.

"Now and then touring companies on Broadway shows would land in Morristown and there would be George Field's daughter lolling around the stage door waiting to catch a glimpse of the star as they hopped into a cab or swung down the alley, like Bert Lytell, for instance, gay as you please and as friendly as... well, a Fuller brush salesman.

"It got so that good folk in Morristown were offering up prayers for my speedy recovery, I guess. Meanwhile, the patient continued to grow worse.

"Then I took to writing letters—letters to anyone who had ever dreamed of being a producer. I'd write pages telling them about how I could act, how I did, give a fig about salary and always omitting the fact that I had just turned fourteen. Very seldom they'd write back.



ostly they wouldn't. It didn't matter much. I kept up this literary blitzkrieg full tilt."

At this point, Miss Field interrupted her story to ask us how the writing trade was coming along these days. She was about to get started on Picasso when we d her back, subtly, to the subject at hand. But Miss Field had lost the spirit, developed. She was ready to complete her epic with:

"After that you might just say I was lucky. I did a few shows on Broadway, someone in the picture industry caught show one night and here I am."

From here on out it was strictly a struggle along, but eventually a wonderful story emerged.

Betty's parents emphatically did not ve to call in a psychiatrist to mend her wayward daughter. Direct action was spared by a tip-off from one of Betty's ums that the secretary of Rowland G. Edwards, whose stock company was at at moment encamped in near-by New- k, lived next door to the theater. What d our Betty do? Why she wrote a ter, of course, a magnificent letter akin the storied message that Leonardo Vinci composed to a potential sponsor, scribing the virtues, charms and attri- tes of the sender.

No message came by return post, car- er pigeon or dog sled. But these literary d manners on the part of producers l not discourage Betty. It was old hat now. She was eating a piece of ice- x cake one night at dinner when the ephone rang and she jumped up to swer it at her mother's suggestion. u could have swatted her down when e found out who was on the wire. It s Mr. Edwards' secretary, no less, and armuring something like, "How would u like to be one of our extras next ek? We're doing "Shanghai Gesture"

with Florence Reed and . . . ."

"Sold," said Mistress Betty, hanging up on him.

Opening night Betty Field will relive until Gabriel blows his horn. There she was actually on stage, looking like a Shanghai little Miss Muffet, watching the dazzling Miss Reed reel off her celebrated interpretation of *Madame Goddam*. Our heroine was stationed there beside a lat- ticework, hands in sleeves and swooning over the Reed lady's performance, when the aforementioned latticework came crashing to the floor, ker-plop. Not even that brought our Betty out of her trance.

**T**HANKS to her colossal success as a mute celestial, the company director called on her often the next few weeks to help out. Her most spectacular role, with sound, no less, was in a whoopse- daisy thriller when Betty, playing an Irish maid, strolls into Suite 28-D and finds the mysterious guest a welter of gore and wounds. Whereupon it was her duty to come flying out and shriek, "Murder! Murder!"

It was this fat part that made up Betty's mind, which means that the wishes of her parents were as durable as cellophane. She booted education out of her life. Instead of finishing up the curriculum of Morristown High, Betty Field, flushed with success, steam- rolled her father into sending her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, where, to say the least, a fourteen-year-old actress can do starring roles, even if they are only workshop propositions.

How much Betty Field got out of the American Academy can best be judged by this statement of hers:

"There I began to learn what real acting is."

On the other hand, directors over at

the Academy will regale you for hours on the theme of the little Morristown typhoon who zoomed through the place with such gusto that the faculty could never get enough of her. She listened to everything that was said in class as though it were scripture, turned in her assignments long before they were due and cavorted with such zest in the acting roles given her that you'd have thought she was playing to a first-night audience instead of some twenty supersophisti- cates.

The difference between Miss Field and her stage-struck chums at the Academy is that the little dynamo never showed up graduation night to get her diploma. The reason for her absence, as a proud director made quick to explain, was that Betty had her a job—on Broadway—and was probably right this minute on stage. Everyone cheered.

"Sing and Whistle" lasted just about that long and Betty Field, alumna of the American Academy, was on the loose again, hounding the producers' offices and telling about her triumphs in Mada- gascar, Madrid and Montevideo. In vir- tually no time she was signed up again. This time she was packed off to London, at sixteen, mind you, to do a few minor chores in "She Loves Me Not," all about those valiant Princeton men and what they wouldn't do for alma mater.

S. L. M. N. did not linger in London long enough for anyone in the cast to pick up a British accent. Betty was back before she had even gotten around to making that jaunt to Shakespeare's grave at Stratford-on-Avon.

She was hardly unpacked before she landed a job in "Page Miss Glory," a play with real speaking lines for Betty, according to the original script. By opening night her part was cut down to where she could recite her whole stint

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in fourteen seconds. But it didn't matter much. Miss Glory wasn't paged many nights, thanks to the lacing it took from the critics.

HERE the good fairies deserted her. Now were ushered in the years of the locust, when she lived the galling life of a fugitive from rent tariffs, food bills and assorted levies. Never one to take a rebuff lying down, she hunted up odd jobs, posing for fashion pictures and toiling as a model.

In time the pressure eased enough so that she was able to snag acting parts again. They were all understudy assignments. She didn't see an audience for almost two seasons.

What sent her soaring up into the stratosphere again was the announcement that George Abbott, her favorite producer, was sending out a road company of "Three Men on a Horse." Wasting no time, she barged in on Mr. Abbott, reminded him that she had been in "Page Miss Glory," which he had directed, and notified him that she wanted a part in the saga of the three men.

Mr. Abbott blinked with surprise. He was sure she had made a mistake.

"I was the girl in the green dress," she reminded him. "Now do you remember?"

Mr. A. grinned.

"Of course, I do. You played the little sub-deb who lisped: 'Really, Mr. Schnitzel!'"

"The very one."

"Do you have any particular part in mind, Miss Field?"

"Uh huh. The lead."

Mr. Abbott almost choked on his cigar. Were his old ears deceiving him?

They were not, as his caller made quick to explain. But forcefully.

Betty Field got the job.

George Abbott has never rued the day that Betty Field talked him into handing her a lead role in his boisterous comedy. Hinterland critics showered her with rave notices. Audiences guffawed at the antics of the demi-soubrette. She even panicked the actors with her constant ad-libbing.

When she returned from the grand tour,

her acting career was settled for good. Over the next three or four years she appeared in six Abbott productions, important roles every last one of them. The goofy waitress in "Boy Meets Girl," who longs to go to high school as soon as she's had a baby; the wacky dame in "Room Service," who doesn't know from nothing; the silly, diffident maiden in "What A Life," who makes life so hectic for Henry Aldrich. Et cetera. Et cetera.

It was her deportment in "What A Life" that sent Paramount scouts to the telegraph offices with frantic memoranda that both play and leading lady be bought and signed up, respectively. The S.O.S. brought quick results.

THE day Paramount snared Miss Betty Field her heart, emphatically, did not stand still as she set down her autograph on the contract. As a matter of fact, she was wondering how long it would be before she would be back in New York, top-drawer town in the Field notion of life.

This same nonchalance she carried with her to Hollywood. She did not roar into town. She did not bring along retinue. She did not hire an advance man.

Betty Field dropped into Hollywood as casually as a summer cloud drifts over a green field, as they say, put up at sepulchral residential hotel and reported for work.

That was before "What A Life," "Seventeen" and the magnificent "Of Mice and Men," which catapulted her across the public ken. And before "Victory" which clinched her reputation. Not to mention, "Shepherd of the Hills," which outlined it in red.

Today it's the same Betty Field who back in Hollywood to do "New Orleans Blues" for Warners.

She's totally unknown in the night-club sectors. She does not belong to the dance patrol that greets the California sun dressed in white tie and long dress. She makes none of the la-de-da parties. She steers clear of gossip columns. She's not going steady. She's not engaged. In fact, she's not even in love.

Betty Field is busy being an actress.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

### ✓✓ Sergeant York (Warners)

It's About: The life of America's great hero of World War I

EVEN if being an American has never given you any special glow, we guarantee you'll go forth from this picture ablaze. The story of Alvin C. York, simple-hearted Tennessee farmer, who single-handed cleaned out a nest of German gunners, killing twenty and capturing 132, has been told many times but never with the driving conviction of this superb film. As a conscientious objector at the start, York's experience is all the more powerful to those of us who have questioned war as a moral solution.

Gary Cooper, as York, portrays the living hero with moving dignity. You'll spot a new star in lovely Joan Leslie, his sweetheart. Walter Brennan, as pastor of the hills, Margaret Wycherly, as Ma York, Stanley Ridges, as York's commanding officer, in fact the entire cast are splendid.

Seeing "Sergeant York" is an adventure into the soul of America.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the Hall of Film Fame.

### ✓ Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)

It's About: The return of a father to the mountain folk who hate him.

STRAIGHT from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel come the people of the hill country to tell their story of love and hate, superstition and greed, with a softening of purpose or aim.

Harry Carey, the Good Shepherd who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son, years before, is perfectly cast. Carey is the Good Shepherd. John Wayne as the son grows with one purpose—revenge on the man who deserted his mother—is forceful in his simple directness. Betty Field, the girl who loves Wayne, Beulah Bondi, the aunt who instills hate in him and Ma Lawrence, the simpaton of the family are just about tops.

Coupled with the tremendous simplicity of story is the beauty of the color shots. Seldom has there been such true color perfection on the screen.

It's a different story, something to take one out of today's chaos and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: A straight-to-the-heart film.



## ✓ Out of the Fog (Warners)

It's About: *The revolt among the weak and the long-suffering.*

IRWIN SHAW'S play, "The Gentle People," has been rewritten and re-themed, may we say, to fit the needs of the screen. It emerges a beautifully executed picture, splendidly acted and directed, vitally conceived and sustained. But whether it will satisfy your entertainment hunger is another question. It is a bit on the arty side, you know.

Gentle little people are Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen, who find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield. But Garfield doesn't stop at his bleeding of the pair—oh no, he must add to their troubles by upsetting the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino.

When the pair can endure no more, Fate steps in and helps, as we are led to believe it always does with gentle people. Eddie Albert is good in a small role.

Your Reviewer Says: Thought-provoking fare.

## ✓✓ Underground (Warners)

It's About: *The operators of the illegal radio in Germany.*

ONE of the best of the so-called propaganda pictures dealing with conditions in Germany is this story telling of that brave band of German men and women who fight against the Nazi system. It is good because its premise is built on fact we know to be true. There are no attempts made to color conditions or to exaggerate brutality. In a straightforward manner the story tells of a young German chemist, Philip Dorn, who, unknown to his family, is the voice of the illegal radio, that voice that speaks out of the night telling honest Germans of their betrayal. When Dorn's brother, Jeffrey Lynn, returns from the front, he falls in love with Philip's accomplice and in an attempt to rescue her from the underground workers he unknowingly plunges his brother and family into horrors.

It's gripping, timely, thrilling from the very first moment to the last. But we must warn those who will have no part of pictures dealing with subversive activities, this is a picture of Germany and its times. If you welcome that sort of fare, prepare for a fine treat.

Your Reviewer Says: A chiller.

## ✓ Moon over Miami (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Poor girls in search of rich husbands.*

A TYPICAL Hollywood musical of the better type, bright, gay, glittering, glorious, with hummable tunes and eye-filling color is Mr. Zanuck's box-office darling, "Moon over Miami."

The story has Betty Grable and Carole Landis, Texas car hops, inheriting just enough long green to get them, in company with Auntie Charlotte Greenwood, to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. Sister Carole acts as secretary, Aunt Charlotte as maid.

Who should be in Miami ready and waiting for the harvest time but Robert Cummings and his friend Don Ameche, play boys extraordinary. Just which girl gets which is something you'll find out for yourself. Anyway, the story itself is

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sublimated to music, rhythm, color, song and such scenery!

The cast is just right for its roles, with Jack Haley a comic riot.

Your Reviewer Says: The musical of the month.

## ✓✓ Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The Nazis pursue an English big-game hunter.*

FOR sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this edge-of-the-seat-picture.

The direction of Fritz Lang, himself a German who fled the Nazis, is brilliant. English George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Walter Pidgeon (an American who plays an Englishman) better than any German could possibly play it. Pidgeon will soar right to the top after this one. Surprise of surprises, Joan Bennett, as the little Cockney who befriends Pidgeon in his escape from Sanders, rates a "best."

We won't reveal the plot, but you'll go home with something you didn't bring with you and that, my friends, will be goose pimples. That we promise you.

Your Reviewer Says: A thriller-killer.

## ✓ They Met In Bombay (M-G-M)

It's About: *The adventures of jewel thieves in the far East.*

FOLK, we'll be honest and tell you right off it's the same old story of two jewel thieves, a glamour gal and a he-joy boy, trying to outsmart each other and ending up regenerated as all get out. In fact, we've lived all through it in many a little B. But you put Gable in there with Rosalind Russell as a partner and you have a picture the audience will love.

There are several amusing twists involving Gable with an English garrison in China. In fact, spots of freshness keep popping out at the most unexpected moments.

Your Reviewer Says: Amusing, tongue-in-the-cheek entertainment.

## ✓ The Big Store (M-G-M)

It's About: *The Marx Brothers carry on in a department store.*

IF THIS really be the cinema swan song of the Marx Brothers, as threatened, they are retiring on a high note of comedy and one they can be proud of. It's the Zanies at their best with plenty of able support in the golden-voiced, melting-eyed Tony Martin, the stony-faced, warbling thrush, Virginia O'Brien, who kills 'em with her "Go to Sleep, My Baby" number, to say nothing of side-wheeler Henry Armetta.

The plot? Since when have Marx riots had plots? Anyway, this time the boys find themselves in a department store, so Heaven help the working girls, is all we can say.

Chico and Harpo give out with a terrific piano duet, Groucho sings and contorts weirdly (could that have been dancing?) and Harpo harps delightfully.

Your Reviewer Says: A panic in every department.

## ✓ The Get-Away (M-G-M)

It's About: *A secret agent who poses as an imprisoned criminal.*

A REMAKE of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," this rapid-paced, snappy-actioned prison drama is still

good entertainment. It's good not only because the story still bears up but because it is so very well acted by such newcomers as Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. Here are three winners or we miss our guess.

Charles Winninger, the drunken doctor, plays the role made so memorable by Lionel Barrymore and Charles plays it for all it's worth. Sterling is the young agent who makes a prison friend of Dailey and even escapes with him in order to discover the top ringleader of the mob. Dailey is a most convincing thug.

It's chockful of suspense and twisty plot corners and unless you're too fed up with gangster fare, you'll like it.

Your Reviewer Says: Cops and Robbers, only more so.

## West Point Widow (Paramount)

It's About: *A nurse who conceals her motherhood to protect her husband.*

A VERY nice little movie that gets a very nice little pat on the back—that's our verdict. Anne Shirley is pretty, attractive and talented. As the nurse who keeps secret her motherhood in order that her West Point husband may graduate, Shirley is very good. Very nice, too, is Richard Carlson as the amorous young interne who has no idea of Anne's dilemma. And very cute are Sharon Lynne and Deanna Jean Hall who play Shirley's baby at various ages.

Richard Denning is quite handsome as the West Pointer. We admire the cute little romantic twist at the end of the story, too.

In fact we are quite pleased and content with such a goodish little "B."

Your Reviewer Says: A well-behaved and well brought-up little movie.

## ✓ Tight Shoes (Mayfair-Universal)

It's About: *The awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch.*

IT'S a small-sized panic, a Damon Runyon click, translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact. Even gangster Broderick Crawford talks like a Runyon-conceived racketeer and the results of Crawford's purchase of a pair of too tight shoes from shoe clerk John Howard are typical of Damon's special brand of droll nonsense.

The rise of Howard to a position of political achievement, his near marriage to the wrong girl, Binnie Barnes, that results in a bride and groom free-for-all, are plain ridiculous. Anyway it tickled us pink and left us with a jolly, to say nothing of a contented feeling that all was right in the little world of the B movies.

Crawford is too wonderful in his role. Anne Gwynne is cute as Howard's girl.

Your Reviewer Says: If this shoe pinches put it on immediately.

## Knockout (Warners)

It's About: *The ups and downs of a young fighter.*

ARTHUR KENNEDY seems hardly the type to be playing a hard-fisted young fighter, yet he comes through in believable form. Anthony Quinn as the manager who double-crosses young Kennedy when he marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring is quite a menace.



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If all this sounds overly familiar to you, believe me you're not imagining it. This is probably the oldest movie formula in existence.

Your Reviewer Says: Little programmer.

## Angels With Broken Wings (Republic)

It's About: A couple who can't marry.

JUST everybody at Republic, it seems, is in there, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey, Tom Kennedy and Leni Lynn. The ado concerns a couple in love, Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander, who are afraid to marry for fear Sidney's Mexican divorce from his former wife, Binnie Barnes, proves illegal.

The way everybody pitches in to straighten things out is a caution.

Your Reviewer Says: Stay home and knit.

## The Richest Man in Town (Columbia)

It's About: Small-town rivalry between banker and publisher.

CERTAINLY there are no such goings-on as these in small towns.

Oh well, who cares, when Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan people the cast. In fact, these two old rivals in love and civic affairs make up for the puny little story that ain't worth a nickel.

Your Reviewer Says: The poorest story in town.

## ✓ The Parson of Panamint (Paramount)

It's About: The adventures of a fighting parson in the great West.

HOLLYWOOD'S little white father of the Old West stories, producer Harry Sherman of the "Hopalong Cassidy" series, has brought us another grand story of the West, a story dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty among the best and worst of the people of a small Western town.

Phillip Terry as the fighting, fearless parson is a comer if we ever saw one.

Your Reviewer Says: A new idea in Western drama.

## Paper Bullets (Producers' Releasing Corp.)

It's About: The ultimate fate of three orphanage children.

IT ISN'T such a very bad little picture despite its short scope, its tiny budget and its cast without a draw name. The story follows the life thread of three people who, as children, lived in an orphanage. Jack LaRue becomes a racketeer, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term for the worthless playboy she loves and John Archer becomes an engineer. Linda Ware sings two songs that could have been left unsung as far as the picture's advancement is concerned.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to write home about.

## San Antonio Rose (Universal)

It's About: How entertainers revive a night club.

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When a night club is closed by a band of racketeers, an orchestra consisting mainly of the Merry Macs and Robert Paige take over the place and with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden, chorus girls, they manage to put it over. The night-club background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music.

Jane Frazee and Robert Paige as the hero and heroine are both very attractive and their singing, too, is very charming. The comedy is carried capably by Eve Arden and Shemp Howard.

Your Reviewer Says: No plot, much music.

## I Was a Prisoner on Devil's Island (Columbia)

It's About: The eternal triangle on, of all places, Devil's Island.

**Q**UITE a lot takes place in this incredible little melodrama, all about a sailor, Donald Woods, who's sentenced to three years on Devil's Island; the crooked prison doctor, Edward Ciannelli; and the doctor's unhappy wife, Sally Eilers, who is in love with Woods. Everybody has a terrible time until a fever epidemic breaks out on the Island and it's dis-

covered that the doctor has been selling the drug needed to cure the epidemic.

Both Sally Eilers and Donald Woods are okay in their roles, but their dialogue doesn't make the story believable.

Your Reviewer Says: Dull thriller.

## ✓ The Bride Came C. O. D. (Warners)

It's About: An aviator and an eloping heiress stranded in the desert.

**H**EADLINES—Bette Davis goes slapstick! What's more, Bette never pulls a single punch—falling into cactus beds, seat first; having cactus needles extracted from her—er—posterior; howling and yowling and carrying on like crazy. With her in bedlam is Jimmy Cagney, the aviator who agrees with Bette's father, Eugene Pallette, to foil his daughter's elopement with Jack Carson, stuff-shirt orchestra leader. When Jimmy's plane bearing the bride-to-be comes a cropper in the desert, the pair seek refuge in a ghost town. Even the ghosts are dumfounded at the ensuing proceedings.

It's not the best comedy in the world by a long shot, but it will do until a better one comes along. Harry Davenport is a love of an old desert character.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright as the desert sun.

## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

✓✓ **PENNY SERENADE**—Columbia: Simple and lifelike is this tender, human document of two people who adopt a child and find happiness and sorrow. Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever seen and Irene Dunne as his wife is not far behind. Edgar Buchanan also scores roundly. It's charming and heart-touching, a picture that you'll long remember. (July)

**PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE**—M-G-M: Far below the standard of the *Kildare* series is this installment. *Dr. Kildare* goes into the courtroom to stand trial for malpractice, the suit being brought against him by ice skater Bonita Granville who emerges from an operation a paralytic. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day do their best. (August)

✓ **POT O' GOLD**—Roosevelt-U. A.: Lively and entertaining is Producer James Roosevelt's first full-length film all about how Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard take over Charles Winniger's radio show and launch the famous Pot-O' Gold program. The music of Horace Heidt and his band is a treat for swing lovers. (July)

**POWER DIVE**—Paramount: Lacking the pretentiousness of most air pictures, this is nevertheless a mighty entertaining little number with a whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill you. Richard Arlen is the aviator who tries to prevent his young brother Don Castle from following in his footsteps, and Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Cliff Edwards round out the cast. (July)

✓ **RAGE IN HEAVEN**—M-G-M: Gripping fare is this dramatic picture of a psychopathic case, played by Robert Montgomery, who marries refugee Ingrid Bergman and eventually involves her and his best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. It's exciting and novel and the performances are outstanding. (June)

**REACHING FOR THE SUN**—Paramount: This comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and out in the country is very interesting in spots, but in others unbelievable and dull. Joel McCrea is the man who wants to get away from it all and Ellen Drew is his wife who tries to hold him to his work in a great automobile factory. Albert Dekker is the heavy. (July)

✓ **RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE**—Disney-RKO Radio: Robert Benchley's roaming through the Disney Studios gives you a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins when Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney the idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon" and of course it ends with Bob in a projection room viewing the finished picture. The whole family will love this new, novel and different entertainment. (July)

**REPENT AT LEISURE**—RKO-Radio: It's all been told before, the story of the rich bride-to-be

who walks out on her fortune-hunter fiancé and marries the poor boy who loves her for herself, but the splendid performance of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor redeem the timeworn plot and make it a pretty good little picture. (July)

**RIDE ON, VAQUERO**—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, as the *Cisco Kid*, cleans up a band of kidnappers in his usual engaging way. Chris-Pin Martin is the Kid's dependable pal and Mary Beth Hughes again plays the dance-hall girl. (July)

**ROAR OF THE PRESS**—Monogram: Newspaper reporter Wally Ford finds himself assigned to a murder story right after his marriage to Jean Parker, with complications setting in one right after the other. Wally Ford's a good actor and deserves better; as a good audience, so do you. (August)

**ROOKIES ON PARADE**—Republic: You'll listen to Bob Crosby's warbling, laugh at the antics of Marie Wilson and Cliff Nazarro, enjoy the singing of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen and go home refreshed. The Army camp routines are very cute and newcomer Bill Shirley is the surprise of the show. (August)

**ROUNDUP, THE**—Paramount: Richard Dix again proves himself one of the best Western actors in this triangle picture of the old West. Preston Foster is the ex-fiance of Dix's wife, Patricia Morison, and his return to see her creates doubt and jealousy. Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly add to the doings. (June)

**SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS**—RKO-Radio: Second in the series, this story of a runaway boy, Bobs Watson, maintains the high standard of the first. Guy Kibbee is so human and natural as *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fixit, that it's a homey, comfortable picture everyone will enjoy. (August)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—20th Century-Fox: Cops and Robbers in today's London, with Henry Wilcox as a crook who's wounded at Dunkirk and has his face remodeled to look exactly like lost banker, John Loder. Both Nancy Kelly, Loder's wife, and Scotland Yard are fooled by the impersonation until Inspector Edmund Gwenn gets on the trail. (July)

✓ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Warners: Too brutal for top entertainment is this remake of Jack London's sea story with Edward G. Robinson as the psychopathic, bestial captain who terrorizes his crew. Ida Lupino plays the derelict waif rescued by John Garfield, member of Robinson's crew. (June)

**SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS**—Columbia: Showgirl Joan Bennett takes a job in stuffy Franchot Tone's Wall Street office in order to convince him that she'd be a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard, but before she gets through, Tone is

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humanized and his office nearly wrecked. It's good summer fare. (August)

✓ **SHINING VICTORY**—Warners: Although rather heavy and slow in pace, this love story of a famous psychiatrist is a fine, intellectually told movie. James Stephenson as the surly doctor is a splendid actor and shows much charm; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as his assistant, Donald Crisp and George P. Huntley Jr., as fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are all excellent. (August)

✓ **SIS HOPKINS**—Republic: Judy Canova sweeps this musical on to success as the Hoosier girl who goes to college with her rich cousin Susan Hayward, with Charlie Butterworth financing the education. The story's full of gags and Bob Crosby adds the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy. (June)

**SLEEPERS W'EST**—20th Century-Fox: Lloyd Nolan, as detective Michael Shayne, does his sleuthing on a fast train. Lynn Bari's the girl reporter, Mary Beth Hughes, a defense witness. The plot's awfully complicated. (June)

✓ **SUNNY**—RKO-Radio: The gay, lilting music, the dancing of Anna Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the singing of John Carroll and the clowning of Edward Everett Horton combine to make this a picture of complete charm. (August)

✓ **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**—Korda-U. A.: Powerfully wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great and tragic love that defied traditions and nations. Vivien Leigh plays the beautiful and notorious Lady Hamilton who desperately loves England's naval hero, Laurence Olivier, and both their performances are magnificent. It's a great picture. (June)

✓ **THAT NIGHT IN RIO**—20th Century-Fox: Lavish color, risqué dialogue, Carmen Miranda's songs and much whoop-la are all part of this gorgeous musical that's a riot of fun. Don Ameche plays a dual role as an American entertainer who's hired to impersonate a South American baron. Alice Faye is the luscious wife of the Baron, which leads to many complications. (June)

✓ **THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING**—Lubitsch-U. A.: The Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this gay, frothy comedy of marriage, with Merle Oberon as the wife who, bored with husband Melvyn Douglas, becomes infatuated with erratic pianist Burgess Meredith. Adult. (June)

**THEY DARE NOT LOVE**—Columbia: George Brent is an Austrian prince and Martha Scott an Austrian refugee who meet and fall in love in this tale of Nazi invasion, but excellent performances cannot overcome the slow tempo. (July)

**TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM**—Columbia: Rudy Vallee sings, Ann Miller dances, Glen Gray and Eddie Duchin's orchestras supply the rhythm, Brenda and Cobina and the Three Stooges are pretty corny, Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane supply the love interest, but all this good talent is wasted in this B musical. (August)

**TOO MANY BLONDES**—Universal: One of the worst pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time is this bad little number about a singer, Rudy Vallee, and his jealous wife, Helen Parrish, who save up for a divorce. (August)

✓ **TOPPER RETURNS**—Hal Roach-U. A.: One third mystery and two thirds comedy is this newest "Topper" story, with ghost Roland Young aiding ghost Joan Blondell to solve the mystery of her murder. Billie Burke is still the confused Mrs. Topper and Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads. (June)

**VERY YOUNG LADY, A**—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers deserves better than this modified remake of Simone Simon's picture, "Girls' Dormitory," in which she plays the schoolgirl who gets a crush on professor John Sutton. Jane's crush causes the faculty much concern and the audience no little amusement, but it's Nancy Kelly who gets Mr. Sutton. (July)

**WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE**—Warners: This hackneyed story has Humphrey Bogart as the hard-boiled owner of a second-rate circus who picks up Eddie Albert and makes a lion-tamer of him. But Eddie falls in love with Bogart's innocent little sister, Joan Leslie, so Bogart tries to get rid of him. Sylvia Sydney is the circus fortune teller. (July)

**WASHINGTON MELODRAMA**—M-G-M: When millionaire Frank Morgan befriends chorus girl Anne Gwynne, he finds himself blackmailed by Dan Dailey Jr. You won't care very much. (July)

✓ **WOMAN'S FACE, A**—M-G-M: You'll find yourself completely held by the gripping intensity of this. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the scarred woman who fights back at a world that shuns her and Conrad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who teaches her love. (July)

✓ **ZIEGFELD GIRL**—M-G-M: Lavish and gorgeous is this musical extravaganza which tells of three girls, Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Hedy Lamarr, who enter the Follies and meet happiness and defeat. Jimmy Stewart, Charles Winninger, Philip Dorn and Ian Hunter are all very good, but it's Lana's picture. (July)

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A contradiction? Yes, but history is full of them. During the darkest days of the Napoleonic Wars the vaccine

for smallpox was made famous. Pasteur and Lister revolutionized medicine while armies were marching in Europe. Some of surgery's greatest advances were made during the last World War.

Today the world is again torn with strife. Yet here in America we are taking our first steps toward that better, happier life of which humanity has always dreamed.

No one man is responsible. Hundreds of "hunger fighters" in hundreds of laboratories have worked for years at the problems of nutritional chemistry. Since the turn of the century they have learned more about our food and its relation to health than in all the centuries that went before. And now, what they found is beginning to affect the lives of one hundred and thirty million people in this land.

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People are being educated to eat the right foods. New methods of processing are helping to keep many good foods good. Scientific methods are being applied to improve the nutritive value of the staples. The farmer, the manufacturer, the distributor, the scientist are joining hands to put abundant health within the reach of all.

It's a big job. One of the biggest that America has ever undertaken. But from it will come the biggest of all possible rewards. We are building an impregnable defense of national health today and ensuring for our children the greatest heritage that one generation has ever bequeathed to the next.

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## How to Have Fun without Beauty

(Continued from page 55)

"I've been overweight all my life and heavens knows I'm nothing to look at, but I've always had fun. That's because I didn't waste my opportunities in front of a mirror.

"You simply can't be yourself and have a balanced sense of values if you must keep scanning yourself in the mirror all the time, looking for something wrong and wondering if you are as glamorous as Sadie Glutz down the block. It isn't smart to make your face and body your whole world.

"Let me give you a very valuable tip: The less you think of yourself, the more interesting and popular you are going to be and the more fun you're going to get out of life.

"A glamour girl is always a damper because she introduces too much self-consciousness. She can't feel natural herself and no one feels natural around her. She is also the target of envy and spite. Unconsciously we all build up our resistance at the sight of a beautiful woman. Cattish, perhaps, but true.

"You disarm people when you have a sense of humor, when you can laugh at yourself and when they feel you are unaffected and natural. After all, the most important thing in the world is friends. And a plain girl always seems to have the most friends. Did you ever wonder why?

"Well, anyone can have friends by putting people at ease. So I say that if you are too beautiful you should conceal the fact; if you are too clever you should hide it. Never allow the world to suspect you're playing down to it. Humans resent that.

"How can a plain girl be successful and popular? By making herself liked by other women. No woman can have social success or true happiness in life by being liked by men alone. In the old days women got ahead by being the favorites of men and by being admired by men. Today that doesn't help a girl. She must build on a less tricky foundation and be liked and respected by

women to gain real popularity. She must have the backing of women to be successful.

"A girl can gain the friendship of women by being unaffected, jolly and considerate, by thinking less about her beauty and more about how to please others. In doing so she can have a grand time herself. Any girl can be a success who will remember this."

When asked what was the essence of giving a good party, Miss Maxwell said: "Discretion. By selecting your guests with great care. This is the one time to forget friendships. Each guest must mean something to your party. There will be many people who feel they should be invited and may be hurt because they are not—but in this you must be firm, if you want your parties to be popular.

"**PICK** people you know will be congenial. Be sure they are good mixers and that among them are those who have something to give to the others. Remember that a keen sense of humor is a golden asset for any guest to possess. Never forget that the responsibility for your guests' entertainment is yours alone and that the time to meet it is when you make out your invitation list, not after you are stuck with a roomful of people whose ideas, ideals and likes are as far apart as the poles."

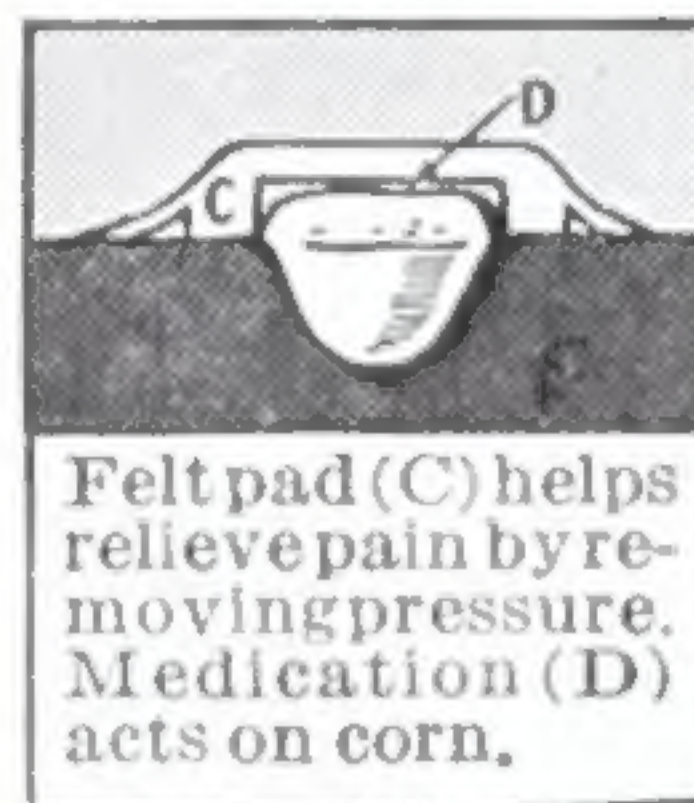
"But," we suggested, "suppose a girl wants to be popular with the men. Some of them get that way, you know."

"Yes," agreed Miss Maxwell a bit dryly, "it seems I've noticed that in the darker corners of some of my parties. And it also seems to me that it's the girl or woman with the ready wit, the ability to be natural and to give and take that raises Ned with my squires and sends me out into the garden hunting for roving males that are trailing her. Look about you. Who is it that makes the best marriage, who has the best job, who is always welcome for the week end? The glamorous beauty? Not where I've been—and Elsa's been around."



A word to the wise is sufficient, but Elsa Maxwell takes no chances and herewith backs it up by taking glamour for a ride on a bearskin rug

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## FILM SHOWS RED CROSS Part in National Defense



**T**HE part the American Red Cross plays in national defense is graphically depicted in the one-reel film, "Marching With Old Glory", recently released. With Narrator Lowell Thomas, this ten-minute panorama of the Red Cross in action provides a conception of this great humanitarian organization which, to many, comes as a complete revelation.

It goes into army camps and homes of draftees and shows how the Red Cross maintains a close link between the two. It goes into hospitals caring for the sick and disabled service men and shows Red Cross nurses, called to the colors, ministering to the men, while volunteers of the organization's Hospital and Recreation Corps provide entertainment and recreational programs for the convalescent. It goes into the thousands of Red Cross workrooms and shows how 1,000,000 volunteers are preparing 40,000,000 surgical dressings for the Army and Navy, and providing many articles for Uncle Sam's fighting men as well as for war refugees abroad. And it shows how the Red Cross is establishing a reservoir of 200,000 units of blood plasma for use by the Army and Navy in emergency transfusions.

Excepting foreign war relief, which is financed from special funds, Red Cross activities are supported from annual membership dues and gifts. This past year tasks confronting the Red Cross have grown tremendously with further expansion in sight. This year's membership campaign is the most important since 1917, as millions of members are needed to help carry on the work. During the annual Roll Call November 11-30 everyone throughout the country is invited to join the Red Cross and, should any persons be missed, they are urged to call their Red Cross chapter and arrange for membership.

## Casts of Current Pictures

**"ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS"**—Republic. Screen play by George Carleton Brown and Bradford Ropes. Original story by George Carleton Brown. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: Sybil Barton, Binnie Barnes; Don Pablo Vincente, Gilbert Roland; Mary Wilson, Mary Lee; Billy Wilson, Billy Gilbert; Jane Lord, Jane Frazee; Steve Wilson, Edward Norris; Charlotte Lord, Katharine Alexander; Punchey, Leo Gorcey; Lois Wilson, Lois Ranson; Leni Lord, Leni Lynn; Marilyn Lord, Marilyn Hare; Guy Barton, Sidney Blackmer; Gus, Tom Kennedy.

**"BIG STORE, THE"**—M-G-M. Screen play by Sid Kuller, Hal Fimberg and Ray Golden. Original story by Nat Perrin. Directed by Charles Riesner. Cast: Wolf J. Flywheel, Groucho Marx; Ravelli, Chico Marx; Wacky, Harpo Marx; Tommy Rogers, Tony Martin; Joan Sutton, Virginia Grey; Martha Phelps, Margaret Dumont; Mr. Grover, Douglass Dumbrille; Fred Sutton, William Tannen; Peggy Arden, Marion Martin; Kitty, Virginia O'Brien; Guiseppi, Henry Armetta; and Six Hits And A Miss.

**"BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST"**—M-G-M. Screen play by Anita Loos. Story by Ralph Wheelwright. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Cast: Edna Gladney, Greer Garson; Sam Gladney, Walter Pidgeon; Dr. Max Breslar, Felix Bressart; Charlotte, Marsha Hunt; Mrs. Kahly, Fay Holden; Mr. Kahly, Samuel S. Hinds; Mrs. Keats, Kathleen Howard; Mr. Keats, George Lessey; Allan Keats, William Henry; Judge, Henry O'Neill; Damon, John Eldredge; Zeke, Clinton Rosemond; Cleo, Theresa Harris; G. Harrington Hedger, Charlie Arnt; Mrs. Giltworth, Cecil Cunningham; Mrs. Loring, Ann Morriss; Sammy, Richard Nichols; Tony, Pat Barker; Helen, Mary Taylor.

**"BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE"**—Warners. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. Directed by William Keighley. From the story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman. Cast: Joan Winfield, Bette Davis; Steve Collins, James Cagney; Tommy Keenan, Stuart Erwin; Lucius K. Winfield, Eugene Pallette; Allan Brice, Jack Carson; Peewee, George Tobias; Pop Tolliver, Harry Davenport; Sheriff McGee, William Frawley; Hinkle, Edward Brophy; Judge Sobler, Harry Holman.

**"GET-AWAY, THE"**—M-G-M. Screen play by Wells Root and W. R. Burnett. Story by J. Walter Ruben and Wells Root. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Cast: Jeff Crane, Robert Sterling; Dr. Josiah Glass, Charles Winninger; Maria Theresa O'Reilly, Donna Reed; Warden Alcott, Henry O'Neill; Sonny Black, Dan Dailey, Jr.; Jim Duff, Don Douglas; "Moose", Ernest Whitman; Parker, Grant Withers; Sam, Chester Gan; Hutch, Charles Wagenheim.

**"I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND"**—Columbia. Screen play by Karl Brown. Story by Osso and Edgar Van Eyss. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: Claire, Sally Eilers; Joel Grant, Donald Woods; Dr. Martel, Edward Ciannelli; Guissart, Victor Kilian; Commandant, Charles Halton; Jules, Dick Curtis; Gerault, John Tyrrell.

**"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"**—Paramount. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor. Based on a play by Clare Boothe. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: Cindy Lou Bethany, Mary Martin; Lloyd Lloyd, Don Ameche; Dick Rayburn, Oscar Levant; Gwen Abbott, Virginia Dale; Myra Stanhope, Barbara Jo Allen; Top Rumson, Raymond Walburn; Aunt Lily Lou, Elizabeth Patterson; Bert Fisher, Jerome Cowan; Polly, Connie Boswell; George, Rochester; John Scott Trotter, John Scott Trotter; Uncle Jeff, Minor Watson.

**"KNOCKOUT"**—Warners. Screen play by M. Coates Webster. From a story by Michael Fessier. Directed by William Clemens. Cast: Johnny Rocket, Arthur Kennedy; Angela Grinnelli, Olympe Bradna; Gloria Van Ness, Virginia Field; Trego, Anthony Quinn; Pinky, Cliff Edwards; Tom Rossi, Cornel Wilde; Allison, Richard Ainley; Louis Grinnelli, William Edmunds; Denning, Frank Wilcox.

**"MAN HUNT"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Based on the novel by Geoffrey Household. Directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: Captain Thorndike, Walter Pidgeon; Jerry, Joan Bennett; Quive-Smith, George Sanders; Mr. Jones, John Carradine; Vaner, Roddy McDowall; Lady Risborough, Heather Thatcher; Lord Risborough, Frederick Worlock; Captain Jensen, Roger Imhof; Whiskers, Egon Brecher; Major, Lester Matthews; Farnsworth, Holmes Herbert; Postmistress, Eily Malyon; Police Lieutenant, Arno Frey; Ambassador, Fredrik Vogeding; Umbrella Man, Lucien Prival; Reeves, Herbert Evans.

**"MOON OVER MIAMI"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Brown Holmes. From a play by Stephen Powys. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: Phil O'Neil, Don Ameche; Kay Latimer, Betty Grable; Jeffrey Bolton, Robert Cummings; Susan Latimer, Charlotte Greenwood; Jack O'Hara, Jack Haley; Barbara Latimer, Carole Landis; Connie Fentress, Cobina Wright, Jr.; Jennie May, Lynne Roberts; Mr. Lester, Robert Conway; William Bolton, George Lessey; Specialties, Condos Brothers; Jack Cole & Co.; Brearley, Robert Greig; Reynolds, Minor Watson; Mr. Pretto, Fortunio Bonanova; Proprietor, George Humbert; Postman, Spencer Charters; Band Leader, Mel Ruick.

**"OUT OF THE FOG"**—Warners. Screen play by Robert Rossen, Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. From the play, "The Gentle People," by Irwin Shaw. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Cast: Stella Goodwin, Ida Lupino; Harold Goff, John Garfield; Jonah Goodwin, Thomas Mitchell; George Watkins, Eddie Albert; I. Propotpin, George Tobias; Olaf Johnson, John Qualen; Florence Goodwin, Aline MacMahon; Assistant D.A., Jerome Cowan; Caroline Pomponette, Odette Myrtil; Eddie, Leo Gorcey; Officer Magruder, Robert Homans; Sam Pepper, Bernard Gorcey; Judge Moriarity, Paul Harvey.

**"PAPER BULLETS"**—Producers' Releasing Corp. Original story and screen play by Martin Mooney. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: Rita Adams, Joan Woodbury; Mickey Roma, Jack LaRue; Donna Andrews, Linda Ware; Bob Elliott, John Archer; Scribbler, Vince Barnett; Jimmy Kelly, Allan Ladd; Kurt Parrish, Gavin Gordon; Harold Dewitt, Philip Trent; Chief Flynn, William Halligan.

**"PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE"**—Paramount. Screen play by Harold Shumate and Adrian Scott. Based on the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by William McGann. Cast: Chuckawalla Bill Redfield, Charlie Ruggles; Mary Mallory, Ellen Drew; Reverend Philip Pharo, Phillip Terry; Bob Deming, Joseph Schildkraut; Jonathan Randall, Porter Hall; Judge Arnold Mason, Henry Kolker; Mrs. Tweedy, Janet Beecher; Crabapple Jones, Clem Bevans; Chappie Ellerton, Douglas Fowley; Jake Waldren, Paul Hurst; Joaquin, Frank Puglia.

**"RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE"**—Columbia. Screen play by Fanya Foss and Jerry Sackheim. Story by Jerry Sackheim. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: Abb Crothers, Frank Craven; Pete Martin, Edgar Buchanan; Mary Martin, Eileen O'Hearn; Tom Manning; Roger Pryor.

**"SAN ANTONIO ROSE"**—Universal. Screen play by Hugh Wedlock Jr., Howard Snyder and Paul Gerard Smith. Original story by Jack Lait Jr. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: Hope Holloway, Jane Frazee; Con Conway, Robert Paige; Gabby Trent, Eve Arden; Jigsaw Kennedy, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Benny the Bounce, Shemp Howard; Mona Mitchell, Mary Lou Cook; Harry, Joe McMichael; Ted, Ted McMichael; Phil, Judd McMichael; Willoughby, Richard Lane; Alex, Louis DaPron.

**"SERGEANT YORK"**—Warners. Original screen play by Abem Finkel and Harry Chandler and Howard Koch and John Huston. Based upon the diary of Sergeant York. Directed by Howard Hawks. Cast: Alvin C. York, Gary Cooper; Pastor Rosier Pile, Walter Brennan; Gracie Williams, Joan Leslie; Major Buxton, Stanley Ridges; "Pusher" Ross, George Tobias; Ike Botkin, Ward Bond; Mother York, Margaret Wycherly; Rosie York, June Lockhart; Buck Lipscomb, Noah Beery, Jr.; George York, Dickie Moore; Bert Thomas, David Bruce.

**"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS, THE"**—Paramount. Screen play by Grover Jones and Stuart Anthony. Based on the novel by Harold Bell Wright. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Cast: Young Matt, John Wayne; Sammy Lane, Betty Field; Daniel Howitt, Harry Carey; Aunt Mollie, Beulah Bondi; Old Matt, James Barton; Andy Beeler, Samuel S. Hinds; Granny Becky, Marjorie Main; Wash Gibbs, Ward Bond; Pete, Marc Lawrence; Coot, John Qualen; Mr. Palestrom, Fuzzy Knight.

**"THEY MET IN BOMBAY"**—M-G-M. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Anita Loos and Leon Gordon. Based on a story by John Kafka. Directed by Clarence Brown. Cast: Gerald Meldrick, Clark Gable; Anya Von Duren, Rosalind Russell; Captain Chang, Pete Lorre; Duchess of Beltravers, Jessie Ralph; The General, Reginald Owen; Inspector Cressney, Matthew Boulton; Hotel Manager, Edward Ciannelli; Maitre d'Hotel, Luis Alberni; Carmencita, Rosina Galli; Bolo, Jay Novello.

**"TIGHT SHOES"**—Universal. Screen play by Leonard Spigelgass and Art Arthur. Original story by Damon Runyon. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Cast: Jimmy, John Howard; Sybil, Binnie Barnes; Speedy, Brod Crawford; Ruth, Anne Gwynne; Amalfi, Leo Carrillo; Grover, Samuel S. Hinds; Okay, Shemp Howard; McGrath, Richard Lane; Mrs. Rupert, Sarah Padden; Blooch, Ed Gargan; District Attorney, Selmer Jackson.

**"UNDERGROUND"**—Warners. Screen play by Charles Grayson. Story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: Kurt Franken, Jeffrey Lynn; Eric Franken, Philip Dorn; Sylvia Helmut, Kaaren Verne; Fraulein Gessner, Mona Maris; Alex, Peter Whitney; Heller, Martin Kosleck; Dr. Franken, Erwin Kalser; Frau Franken, Ilka Gruning; Professor Baumer, Frank Reicher.

**"WEST POINT WIDOW"**—Paramount. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly. Based on a story by Anne Wormser. Directed by Robert Siodmak. Cast: Nancy Hull, Anne Shirley; Jimmy Krueger, Richard Carlson; Rhody Graves, Richard Denning; Daphne, Frances Gifford; Mrs. Willits, Maude Eburne; Mrs. Graves, Janet Beecher; Dr. Spencer, Cecil Kellaway; Joe Martin, Archie Twitchell; Sophie, Lillian Randolph; Miss Hinkle, Patricia Farr; Jennifer, Sharon Lynne and Deanna Jean Hall; Mr. Metapoulos, Eddie Conrad.



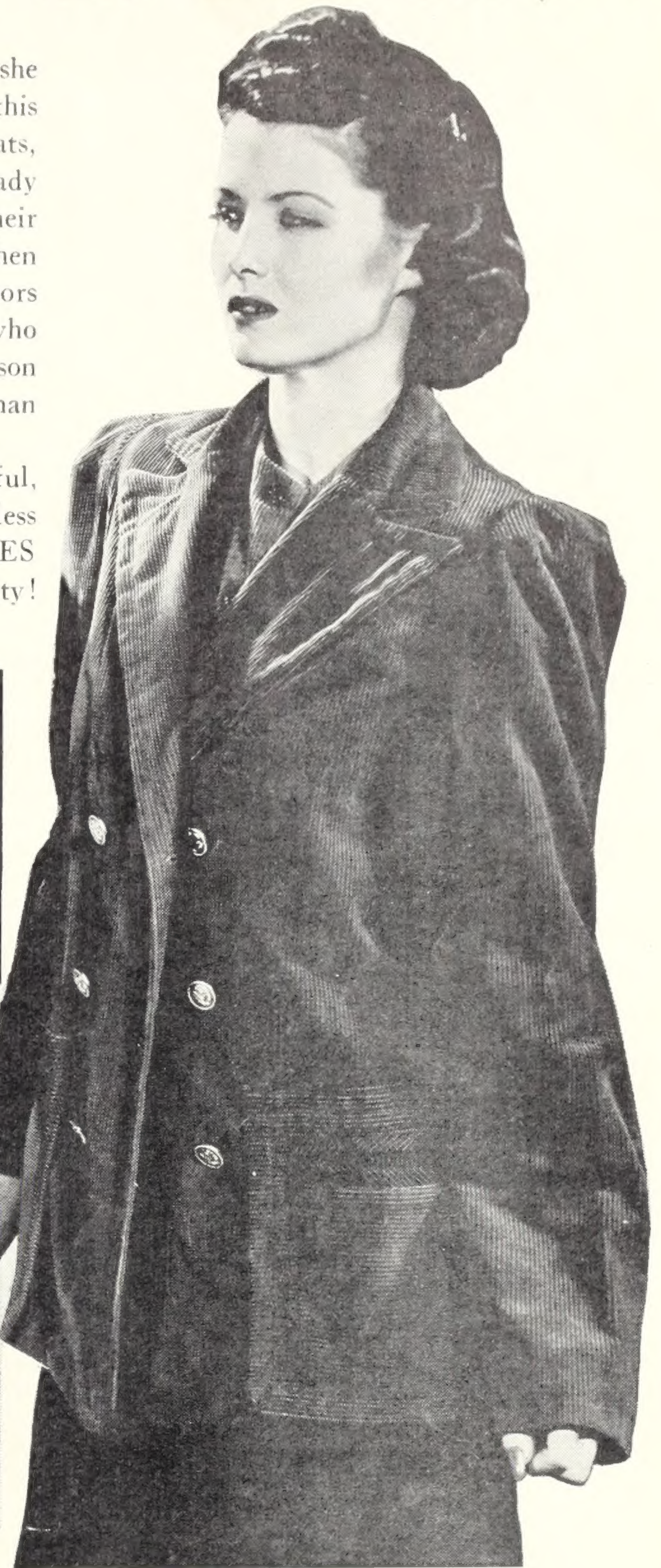
# She Scorned the Neighbors Who Loved Her...

WHEN city-bred Christine Lawson settled down in Oakdale she detested the straight-laced traditions, the prying eyes of this dreary town. Why, she asked, must everyone know what she eats, how she lives, what she does? Her good-natured neighbors were ready to accept her, but they were small town folk and she snubbed their offered friendship. But disaster was inevitably hers . . . and when death threatened to crush her entire world, how did those neighbors answer her frenzied call? What did they say to the woman who ridiculed their most sacred customs. And how did Christine Lawson painfully learn that the love of a neighbor is the greatest asset a man or woman possesses?

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